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"Glory to God in the highest,
On Earth peace"

Luke, Ch. 2, V. 13, 14.

PUBLISHED BY CHALMERS & COLENS. GLASGOW.

THE
CHRISTIAN PSALMIST;

OR,

HYMNS,

SELECTED AND ORIGINAL.

BY

JAMES MONTGOMERY,

AUTHOR OF "THE WORLD BEFORE THE FLOOD," AND OTHER POEMS.

WITH

AN INTRODUCTORY ESSAY.

"The liveliest emblem of Heaven that I know upon earth is, when the people of God, in the deep sense of his excellence and bounty, from hearts abounding with love and joy, join together, both in heart and voice, in the cheerful and melodious singing of his praises."—BAXTER'S SAINTS' REST.

GLASGOW:

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1825.

INTRODUCTORY ESSAY.

SONGS and Hymns, in honour of their Gods, are found among all people who have either religion or verse. There is scarcely any pagan poetry, ancient or modern, in which allusions to the national mythology are not so frequent as to constitute the most copious materials, as well as the most brilliant embellishments. The poets of Persia and Arabia, in like manner, have adorned their gorgeous strains with the fables and morals of the Koran. The relics of Jewish song which we possess, with few exceptions, are consecrated immediately to the glory of God, by whom indeed, they were inspired. The first Christians were wont to edify themselves in psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs; and though we have no specimens of these left, except the occasional doxologies ascribed to the redeemed in the book of Revelation, it cannot be doubted that they used not only the psalms of the Old Testament, literally, or accommodated to the circumstances of a new and rising Church, but that they had original lays of their own, in which they celebrated the praises of Christ as the Saviour of the world. In the middle ages, the Roman Catholic and Greek churches stately adopted singing as an essential part of public worship; but this, like the reading of the Scriptures, was too frequently in an unknown tongue, by an affectation of wisdom, to excite the

reverence of ignorance, when the learned, in their craftiness, taught that "Ignorance is the mother of devotion;" and Ignorance was very willing to believe it. At the era of the Reformation, psalms and hymns, in the vernacular tongue, were revived in Germany, England, and elsewhere, among the other means of grace of which Christendom had been for centuries defrauded.

The translation of the Psalms by Sternhold, Hopkins, and others, in the reign of Edward VI. with some slight improvements, keeps its place to this day in many churches of the English Establishment. The merit of faithful adherence to the original has been claimed for this version, and need not to be denied, but it is the resemblance which the dead bear to the living; and to hold such a version forth (which some learned men have lately done) as a model of standard psalmody for the use of Christian congregations, in the nineteenth century, surely betrays an affectation of singularity, or a deplorable defect of taste. A few nervous or pathetic stanzas may be found here and there, for it was impossible, in so long an adventure, to escape falling into a better way now and then.

Nearly as inanimate, though a little more refined, are the Psalms of Tate and Brady, which, about a century ago, were honoured by the royal authority to be sung in those churches which chose to receive them. But they have only partially superseded their fore-runners; many people preferring the rude simplicity of the one to the neutral propriety of the other. There are, however, even among these, several passages of considerable worth, such as one would wish that all the rest had been. The 139th Psalm has been deservedly commended.

A third version, by the Rev. James Merrick, of Oxford, was published at a later period, for which the king's license to introduce it into the churches could not be obtained. It is only wonderful that the privilege should ever have been sought, on the recommendation of men of learning and taste, in behalf of a work of such immeasurable verbiage, as these paraphrases exhibit. Take a specimen from Psalm 85th :
" Righteousness and Peace have kissed each other :"

" With mutual step advancing there,
 Shall *Peace and Justice*, heavenly pair,
 To lasting compact onward move,
 Seal'd by the *kiss* of sacred love."

Here it must be evident, that the four words in italics, express the whole sense of the text, and that all the rest is garniture. Yet Merrick was an elegant scholar, and no mean poet. His version of Simeon's song, (page 96 in this collection) and the hymn, " Behold yon new-born infant grieved," (page 275) are creditable. There is a compactness and economy both of matter and words in some stanzas of the latter, which Pope himself never exceeded. An abridgment, or rather a series of extracts from Merrick's volume, might be made a truly valuable help to public devotion, as may be seen by reference to the 39th Psalm, given in the present Selection, (page 57) where five stanzas, culled from seventeen, form a most affecting funeral meditation.

Of modern imitations of the Psalms, it is not necessary to give an opinion here. Without disparagement to the living or the dead,—and to borrow the idea of an Italian poet,* in reference to the lyre of

* Angelo da Costanzo.

Virgil,—it may be said, that the harp of David yet hangs upon the willow, disdaining the touch of any hand less skilful than his own.

But turning more directly to the subject of these remarks, in connection with the contents of this volume—though our elder poets, down even to the Revolution, often chose to exercise their vein on religious topics; *since* that time there has been but one who bears a great name among them, who has condescended to compose *hymns*, in the commonly accepted sense of that word. Addison, who has left several which may be noticed hereafter, though he ranks in the first class of prose writers, must take a place many degrees lower in verse. Cowper, therefore, stands alone among “the mighty masters” of the lyre, as having contributed a considerable number of approved and popular hymns, for the purposes of public or private devotion. Hymns, looking at the multitude and mass of them, appear to have been written by all kinds of persons, except poets; and why the latter have not delighted in this department of their own art, is obvious. Just in proportion as the religion of Christ is understood and taught in primitive purity, those who either believe not in its spirituality, or have not proved its converting influence, are careful to avoid meddling with it; so that, if its sacred mysteries have been less frequently and ostentatiously honoured by the homage of our poets within the last hundred and fifty years than formerly, they have been less disgraced and violated by absurd and impious associations. The offence of the cross has not ceased; nay, it exists, perhaps, most inveterately, though less apparently, in those countries where the religion of the state has been refined from the gross superstitions of

the dark ages; for there the humbling doctrines of the Gospel are, as of old, a stumbling-block to the self-righteous, and foolishness to the wise in their own esteem. Many of our eminent poets have belonged to one or the other of these classes; it cannot be surprising, then, that they either knew not, or contemned "the truth as it is in Jesus."

There is an idle prejudice, founded upon the misapprehension of a passage in Dr. Johnson's life of Waller, and a hint of the like nature in his life of Watts,—that sacred subjects are unfit for poetry, nay, incapable of being combined with it. That their native majesty and grace cannot be heightened by any human art of embellishment, is most freely admitted; but that verse, as well as prose, may be advantageously associated with whatsoever things are true, honest, just, pure, lovely, and of good report, in religion, we have the evidence of the Scriptures themselves, "in the law of Moses, and in the Prophets, and in the Psalms," where they testify concerning Christ and his sufferings, in strains the most exalted that poesy can boast. We have evidence to the same effect in many of the most perfect and exquisite compositions of uninspired poets, both in our own and in other countries. The Editor of "THE CHRISTIAN PSALMIST" hopes to have an early opportunity of showing, that Dr. Johnson's assertion respecting the incompatibility of poetry with devotion, is not nearly so comprehensive as it has been ignorantly assumed to be; and that what he has actually asserted on this head, is invalidated by matter of fact, the only satisfactory test of the truth of such positions. At present it will be sufficient to affirm, in despite of this oracle of criticism,—which, when examined closely, will be found as ambiguous, and as ca-

pable of being explained to nothing, as other oracles were wont to be,—that, had our greatest poets possessed the religious knowledge of our humblest writers of hymns, they might have been the authors of similar compositions, not less superior to the ordinary run of these, than their own best poems are above the incorrigible mediocrity of their contemporaries. But in their default, we are not without abundant proof, that hymns may be as splendid in poetry as they are fervent in devotion; and in this volume will be found many popular pieces, the untaught workmanship of men who had no names in literature, but whose piety inspired them to write in verse, and sometimes with a felicity which the most practised masters of song might envy, but, unless the “ Spirit gave them utterance,” could not compass with their utmost art.

Let us give an example from each of three favourite poets of the last generation, who, had they consecrated their talents to the service of the sanctuary, would have been of all others the most likely to have originated hymns, uniting the charms of poesy with the beauties of holiness :—

“ See the wretch, that long has tost
On the thorny bed of pain,
At length repair his vigour lost,
And breathe and walk again :
The meanest floweret of the vale,
The simplest note that swells the gale,
The common sun, the air, the skies,
To him are opening Paradise.”

Gray's Fragment on Vicissitude.

It cannot be questioned that this is genuine poetry; and the beautiful, but not obvious thought in the last couplet, elevates it far above all common-place. Yet

there is nothing in the style, nor the cast of sentiment, which might not be employed with corresponding effect on a sacred theme, and in the texture of a hymn. Indeed, the form of the stanza, and the tone that tells of personal experience in the fact which the writer mentions, remind one strongly of the vivid feeling and fluent versification of Charles Wesley in some of his happiest moods; while the concluding idea is precisely the same with that of Dr. Watts, in a hymn which would not have discredited Gray himself :—

“ The opening heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
When Jesus shows his merey mine,
And whispers, ‘ I am his.’ ”

The following stanzas are almost unrivalled in the combination of poetry with painting, pathos with fancy, grandeur with simplicity, and romance with reality :—

“ How sleep the brave, who sink to rest,
By all their country's wishes blest !
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy-hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung ;
There Honour comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay,
And Freedom shall awhile repair
To dwell a weeping hermit there.”

Collins. 1746.

The unfortunate author of these inimitable lines, a little while before his death,—in a lucid interval of that madness to which “ a wounded spirit” had driven him,—was found by a visitor, with the Bible in his

hand. "You see," said the poor sufferer, "I have only one book left; but it is the best!" Oh! had he found that one, that best book earlier, and learned to derive from it those comforts which it was sent from heaven to convey to the afflicted, could not *he* have sung the "death of the righteous," in numbers as sweet, as tender and sublime, as these on "the death of the brave?" Christian views and scriptural images, might here have been quite as harmoniously blended with human regrets and blessed remembrances.

But we proceed to exhibit a third specimen of an English lyric, very different from either of the former:—

"The wretch, condemn'd with life to part,
Still, still on hope relies;
And every pang that rends his heart
Bids expectation rise.

Hope, like the glimmering taper's light,
Adorns and cheers the way;
And still, as darker grows the night,
Emits a brighter ray."

Is *this* poetry? Every reader feels that it is. Yet, if the same ideas were to be given in prose, they could not well be more humbly arrayed. Nothing can be more simple, nothing more exquisite; and hymns, in the same pure and natural manner, might be adapted to every subject in alliance with religion. But by whom? Not by one who had only the delicate ear, the choice expression, the melodious measures, and the fine conceptions of Goldsmith; but by him who, to all these, should add the piety of Watts, the ardour of Wesley, and the tenderness of Doddridge. Had Goldsmith possessed these latter qualifications, (and they were all within his reach,) would *he* not have left

hymns as captivating in their degree, as any of those few, but inestimable productions, which have rendered him the most delightful of our poets, to the greatest number of readers.

It may be superciliously answered, that all this is mere speculation ; and it may be reasonably demanded, that some examples of hymns of merit should be adduced, to establish beyond dispute the possible union of poetry with devotion. This *shall* be done in the sequel ; at present, we will only offer a small extract from one of the best known hymns of the only great poet of our country who has written such things ; and we offer it as worthy of being classed with the foregoing quotations from Gray, Collins, and Goldsmith, and as showing, that a heart, filled with the peace of God, has language suitable to its enjoyments, and capable of communicating a sense of them to every other heart not dead to sympathy :—

“ The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree,
And seem by thy sweet bounty made
For those that follow Thee.

There, if thy Spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode,
Oh, with what peace, and joy, and love,
She communes with her God !

There, like the nightingale, she pours
Her solitary lays,
Nor asks a witness to her song,
Nor sighs for human praise.”

Now, if this be *not* poetry, the one-and-twenty enormous and unreadable volumes of Chalmers' English Poets, containing some four or five millions of lines, must be burnt down to the size of “ THE CHRISTIAN

PSALMIST," before they will yield a *residuum* of finer standard. Yet will a profane world never be "smit with the love of *Sacred Song*." The language of devotion, whether in prose or rhyme, cannot be relished, because it is not understood, by any but those who have experienced the power of the Gospel, as bringing salvation to them that believe; for the same reason that the Bible itself is neither acceptable nor intelligible to those who are not taught by the Spirit of God. To such, though "I speak with the tongues of men and of angels" about divine things, "I am as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal." To those, on the other hand, who have "tasted the good word of God, and felt the powers of the world to come," it will be easy to comprehend, that poetry and piety may be as surely united on earth, as they are in heaven before the throne, in the songs of angels and the spirits of just men made perfect.

A hymn ought to be as regular in its structure as any other poem; it should have a distinct subject, and that subject should be simple, not complicated, so that whatever skill or labour might be required in the author to develope his plan, there should be little or none required on the part of the reader to understand it. Consequently, a hymn must have a beginning, middle, and end. There should be a manifest gradation in the thoughts, and their mutual dependence should be so perceptible that they could not be transposed without injuring the unity of the piece; every line carrying forward the connection, and every verse adding a well-proportioned limb to a symmetrical body. The reader should know when the strain is complete, and be satisfied, as at the close of an air in music; while defects and superfluities should be felt by him as

annoyances, in whatever part they might occur. The practice of many good men, in framing hymns, has been quite the contrary. They have begun apparently with the only idea in their mind at the time; another, with little relationship to the former, has been forced upon them by a refractory rhyme; a third became necessary to eke out a verse, a fourth to begin one; and so on, till, having compiled a sufficient number of stanzas of so many lines, and lines of so many syllables, the operation has been suspended; whereas it might, with equal consistency, have been continued to any imaginable length, and the tenth or ten thousandth link might have been struck out, or changed places with any other, without the slightest infraction of the chain; the whole being a series of independent verses, collocated as they came, and the burden a cento of phrases, figures, and ideas, the common property of every writer who had none of his own, and therefore found in the works of each, unimproved, if not unimpaired, from generation to generation.—Such rhapsodies may be sung from time to time, and keep alive devotion already kindled; but they leave no trace in the memory, make no impression on the heart, and fall through the mind as sounds glide through the ear, —pleasant, it may be, in their passage, but never returning to haunt the imagination in retirement, or, in the multitude of the thoughts, to refresh the soul. Of how contrary a character, how transcendantly superior in value as well as in influence, are those hymns, which, once heard, are remembered without effort, remembered involuntarily, yet remembered with renewed and increasing delight at every revival! It may be safely affirmed, that the permanent favourites in every collection are those, which, in the requisites before-

mentioned, or for some other peculiar excellence, are distinguished above the rest. This is so remarkably the case with the compositions of Watts, Wesley, and Newton, the most prolific writers of this class, that no further illustration is needful than a recurrence to their pages, when it will be found, that the most neglected are generally inferior in literary merit to the most hackneyed ones, which are in every body's mouth, and every body's heart.

It may be added, that authors, who devote their talents to the glory of God, and the salvation of men, ought surely to take as much pains to polish and perfect their offerings of this kind, as secular and profane poets bestow upon their works. Of these, the subjects are too often of the baser sort, and the workmanship as frequently excels the material; while, on the other hand, the inestimable materials of hymns,—the truths of the everlasting Gospel, the very thoughts of God, the very sayings of Christ, the very inspirations of the Holy Ghost,—are dishonoured by the meanness of the workmanship employed upon them; wood, hay, straw, and stubble, being built upon foundations which ought only to support gold, silver, and precious stones; work that will bear the fire, and be purified by it. The faults in ordinary hymns are vulgar phrases, low words, hard words, technical terms, inverted construction, broken syntax, barbarous abbreviations that make our beautiful English horrid even to the eye, bad rhymes, or no rhymes where rhymes are expected, but above all, numbers without cadence. A line is no more metre because it contains a certain concatenation of syllables, than so many crotchets and quavers, pricked at random, would constitute a bar of music. The syllables in every divi-

sion ought to "ripple like a rivulet," one producing another as its natural effect, while the rhythm of each line, falling into the general stream at its proper place, should cause the verse to flow in progressive melody, deepening and expanding like a river to the close; or, to change the figure, each stanza should be a poetical tune, played down to the last note. Such subservience of every part to the harmony of the whole, is required in all other legitimate poetry, and why it should not be observed in that which is worthiest of all possible pre-eminence, it would be difficult to say; why it is so rarely found in hymns, may be accounted for from the circumstance already stated, that few accomplished poets have enriched their mother tongue with strains of this description.

From the foregoing remarks, (if correct,) it may be gathered, that though we have hymns without number, few of them lay claim to great literary merit. There are, however, unequivocal examples of every species of excellence desirable or attainable. In the present collection, among the older specimens, No. 131, page 127, "In Thee I live, and move, and am," &c. is nervous and full of thought, though there are some homely phrases. Two stanzas may be quoted:—

"The daily favours of my God

I cannot sing at large:

Yet let me make this holy boast,

I am the Almighty's charge.

• • • • •

O let my house a temple be,

That I and mine may sing

Hosannas to thy Majesty,

And praise our heavenly King."

No. 213, page 188, "Thousands of thousands stand

around," &c. is of the same character, in a higher degree,—more energetic, but more quaint and rugged:—

" How great a being, Lord, is thine,
Which doth all beings keep !
Thy knowledge is the only line
To sound so vast a deep.

* * * * *
Thine upper and thy nether springs
Make both thy worlds to thrive ;
Under thy warm and sheltering wings
Thou keep'st two broods alive.

Thy arm of might, most mighty King,
Both rocks and hearts doth break ;
My God, Thou canst do any thing,
But what should prove Thee weak."

Bishop Kenn has laid the church of Christ under abiding obligations by his three hymns, Morning, Evening and Midnight. Had he endowed three hospitals he might have been less a benefactor to posterity. There is exemplary plainness of speech, manly vigour of thought, and consecration of heart, in these pieces. The well known *doxology*, " Praise God from whom all blessings flow," &c. is a masterpiece at once of amplification and compression :—amplification, on the burthen, " Praise God," repeated in each line ;—compression, by exhibiting God as the object of praise in every view in which we can imagine praise due to Him :—praise, for all *his* blessings, yea, for " *all* blessings," none coming from any other source,—praise, by every creature, specifically invoked, " here below," and in heaven " above,"—praise, to Him in each of the characters wherein He has revealed Himself in his word—" Father, Son, and Holy Ghost." Yet this comprehensive verse is sufficiently simple,

that by it "out of the mouths of babes and sucklings praise might be perfected;" and it appears so easy, that one is tempted to think hundreds of the sort might be made without trouble. The reader has only to try, and he will quickly be undeceived, though the longer he tries the more difficult he will find the task to be. There are two volumes of Bishop Kenn's works in prose and verse, which the writer of these strictures has never seen. It is probable that they contain at least three more hymns like those which we have; if so, it is lamentable that such lights should remain hid under a bushel.

Passing by Mrs. Rowe and the mystical rhymers of her age, we come to the greatest name among hymn-writers,—for we hesitate not to give that praise to Dr. Isaac Watts, since it has pleased God to confer upon him, though one of the least of the poets of his country, more glory than upon the greatest either of that or any other, by making his "Divine Songs" a more abundant and universal blessing than the verses of any uninspired penman that ever lived. In his "Psalms and Hymns," (for they must be classed together,) he has embraced a compass and variety of subjects, which include and illustrate every truth of revelation, throw light upon every secret movement of the human heart, whether of sin, nature, or grace, and describe every kind of trial, temptation, conflict, doubt, fear, and grief; as well as the faith, hope, charity, the love, joy, peace, labour, and patience of the Christian, in all stages of his course on earth; together with the terrors of the Lord, the glories of the Redeemer, and the comforts of the Holy Spirit, to urge, allure, and strengthen him by the way. There is in the pages of this evangelist, a word in season for

every one who needs it, in whatever circumstances he may require counsel, consolation, reproof, or instruction. We say this, without reserve, of the materials of his hymns; had their execution always been correspondent with the preciousness of these, we should have had a "*Christian Psalmist*" in England, next (and that only in date, not in dignity) to the "Sweet Singer of Israel." Nor is this so bold a word as it may seem. Dr. Watts's hymns are full of "the glorious Gospel of the blessed God;" his themes, therefore, are as much more illustrious than those of the son of Jesse,—who only knew "the power and glory" of Jehovah as he had "seen them in the sanctuary," which was but the shadow of the New Testament church,—as the face of Moses, holding communion with God, was brighter than the veil which he cast over it when conversing with his countrymen.

Dr. Watts may almost be called the inventor of hymns in our language; for he so far departed from all precedent, that few of his compositions resemble those of his fore-runners,—while he so far established a precedent to all his successors, that none have departed from it, otherwise than according to the peculiar turn of mind in the writer, and the style of expressing Christian truths employed by the denomination to which he belonged. Dr. Watts himself, though a conscientious dissenter, is so entirely catholic in his hymns, that it cannot be discovered from any of these (so far as we recollect) that he belonged to any particular sect; hence, happily for his fame, or rather, it ought to be said, happily for the Church of Christ, portions of his psalms and hymns have been adopted in most places of worship where congregational singing prevails. Every Sabbath, in every region of the

earth where his native tongue is spoken, thousands and tens of thousands of voices are sending the sacrifices of prayer and praise to God, in the strains which he prepared for them a century ago ; yea, every day, “ he being dead yet speaketh,” by the lips of posterity, in these sacred lays, some of which may not cease to be sung by the ransomed on their journey to Zion, so long as the language of Britain endures,—a language now spreading through all lands whither commerce, civilization, or the gospel, are carried by merchants, colonists, and missionaries.

It might be expected, however, that in the first models of a new species of poetry, there would be many flaws and imperfections, which later practitioners would discern and avoid. Such, indeed, are too abundant in Dr. Watts’s Psalms and Hymns ; and the worst of all is, that his authority stands so high with many of his imitators, that, while his faults and defects are most faithfully adopted, his merits are unapproachable by them. The faults are principally prosaic phraseology, rhymes worse than none, and none where good ones are absolutely wanted to raise the verse upon its feet, and make it go, according to the saying, “ on all-fours ;” though, to do the Doctor justice, the metre is generally free and natural, when his lines want every other qualification of poetry. Under this charge, much allowance must be made for the author, on recollection that these blemishes were far less offensive when he flourished, than they are in the present more fastidious age, which requires exacter versification, with *pure, perfect rhymes* ; not to gratify a craving ear with an idle jingle,—for bad rhymes are much more obtrusive than good ones,—but to form a running harmony through the verse, which is felt without be-

ing remarked, and yet so essential to the music of the whole, that the occasional flatness or absence of one is instantly recognised, and produces a sense of wrong; though, while the rhymes are true to their tone and their place, the frequent recurrence of them is no more noticed than the perpetual repetition of particles in every sentence that can be constructed; yet any omission or superfluity of these is immediately perceived and resented by correct taste. It is a great temptation to the indolence of hymn-writers, that the quarten measures have been so often used by Dr. Watts, without rhyme in the first and third lines. He himself confessed that this was a defect; and, though some of the most beautiful hymns are upon this model, if the thing itself be not a fault, it is the cause of half the faults that may be found in inferior compositions,—negligence, feebleness, and prosing.—In the following miscellany are given many of Dr. Watts's best performances, exemplifying that versatility of talent which could accommodate itself to every change of subject, style and character, within his boundless range of sacred enterprise.

Next to Dr. Watts as a hymn-writer, undoubtedly stands the Rev. Charles Wesley. He was probably the author of a greater number of compositions of this kind, with less variety of matter or manner, than any other man of genius that can be named. Excepting his "Short Hymns on Passages of Scripture," which of course make the whole tour of Bible literature, and are of very unequal merit,—Christian experience, from the deeps of afflictions, through all the gradations of doubt, fear, desire, faith, hope, expectation, to the transports of perfect love, in the very beams of the beatific vision,—Christian experience

furnishes him with everlasting and inexhaustible themes; and it must be confessed, that he has celebrated them with an affluence of diction, and a splendour of colouring, rarely surpassed. At the same time, he has invested them with a power of truth, and endeared them both to the imagination and the affections, with a pathos which makes feeling conviction, and leaves the understanding little to do but to acquiesce in the decisions of the heart. As the Poet of Methodism, he has sung the doctrines of the Gospel as they are expounded among that people, dwelling especially on the personal appropriation of the words of eternal life to the sinner, or the saint, as the test of his actual state before God, and admitting nothing less than the full assurance of faith as the privilege of believers:—

“ Faith, mighty faith, the promise sees,
Relies on that alone,
Laughs at impossibilities,
And says—‘ It shall be done.’

Faith lends her realizing light,
The clouds disperse, the shadows fly,
The Invisible appears in sight,
And God is seen by mortal eye !”

These are glimpses of our author's manner, broad indeed, and awful, but signally illustrative, like lightning out of darkness, revealing for a moment the whole hemisphere. Among C. Wesley's highest achievements may be recorded, “Come, O Thou traveller unknown,” &c. page 43, in which, with consummate art, he has carried on the action of a lyrical drama; every turn in the conflict with the mysterious Being against whom he wrestles all night, being marked with precision by the varying language of the speaker, accompanied by

intense, increasing interest, till the rapturous moment of discovery, when he prevails, and exclaims, "I know Thee, Saviour, who Thou art," &c.—The hymn, page 364, "Come on, my partners in distress," &c. anticipates the strains, and is written almost in the spirit, of the Church triumphant.—"Thou wretched man of sorrow," &c. and its companion-piece, "Great Author of my being," &c. page 278—9, are composed with equal strength and fervency of feeling,—feeling, congenial yet perfectly contrasted with that in the former instance; for here, instead of the society of saints and angels, he indulges lonely silent anguish, desiring "to live and die alone" with God, as if creature-communion had ceased with him for ever.—"Thou God of glorious majesty !" &c. page 158, is a sublime contemplation in another vein;—solemn, collected, unimpassioned thought, but thought occupied with that which is of everlasting import to a dying man, standing on the lapse of a moment between "two eternities."—The hymn on the Day of Judgment, "Stand the omnipotent decree," begins with a note, abrupt and awakening like the sound of the last trumpet. This is altogether one of the most daring and victorious flights of our author. Such pieces prove, that if Charles Wesley's hymns are less varied than might have been desired for general purposes, it was from choice, and predilection to certain views of the Gospel in its effects upon human minds, and not from want of diversity of gifts. It is probable, that the severer taste of his brother, the Rev. John Wesley, greatly tempered the extravagance of Charles, pruned his luxuriations, and restrained his impetuosity, in those hymns of his, which form a large proportion of the Methodist collection; the few which are under-

stood to be John's, in that book, being of a more intellectual character than what are known to be Charles's, while the latter are wonderfully improved by abridgment and compression, in comparison with the originals, as they were first given to the public.

Our further notices must be brief. The four hymns attributed to Addison are very pleasing. It is only to be regretted that they are not more in number, and that the God of Grace, as well as the God of Providence, is not more distinctly recognized in them.

All that can be imagined deficient in Addison's hymns, will be found to constitute the glory of Doddridge's. They shine in the beauty of holiness; these offsprings of his mind are arrayed in "the fine linen, pure and white, which is the righteousness of saints;" and, like the saints, they are lovely and acceptable, not for their human merit, (for in poetry and eloquence they are frequently deficient,) but for that fervent unaffected love to God, his service, and his people, which distinguishes them. Blessed is the man who can take the words of this devoted servant of Christ, and say, from similar experience,

"O happy day, that fix'd my choice

On Thee, my Saviour and my God," &c.—Page 224.

Or who, sitting down to commemorate the dying love of his Redeemer, can exclaim, "The King of heaven his table spreads," &c. page 221; or sing in higher mood, "Lord of the Sabbath, hear us pray," &c. page 215. And how dwelleth the love of God in that heart, which can hear unmoved, and without praying to be made a partaker of the same spirit, that sweet and humble appeal, "Do not I love Thee, O my Lord?" page 176. The fourth verse presents the

touchstone of Christian profession, experience, and practice :—

“ Hast Thou a lamb in all thy flock,
 I would disdain to feed ?
 Hast Thou a foe, before whose face
 I fear thy cause to plead ?

The hymns of the Rev. Augustus Toplady form a striking contrast with the mild and human tone of Doddridge's. There is a peculiarly ethereal spirit in some of these ; in which, whether mourning or rejoicing, praying or praising, the writer seems absorbed in the full triumph of faith, and, “ whether in the body or out of the body, caught up into the third heaven,” and beholding unutterable things. He evidently kindled his poetic torch at that of his contemporary, Charles Wesley ; and, though inferior in breadth and volume of flame, yet the light which it sheds is not less vivid and sparkling, while it may be said to be more delicate to the eye, and refreshing to the spirits, than that prodigality of radiance which the rival luminary cast alike on every thing it touched. Page 165, “ Rock of Ages, cleft for me,” &c. is well known and appreciated. “ Deathless principle, arise,” &c. page 251, is scarcely suitable to be sung ; but it may be uttered by “ the dying Christian to his soul,” with a joy which he alone can feel, and feel only at the height, in the last moment of time and the first of eternity. Had this poem appeared without name, it might have been confidently set down as the production of Charles Wesley, as one of Charles Wesley's loveliest progeny has been fathered upon Augustus Toplady : see page 155, “ Christ, whose glory fills the skies,” &c.

Another writer, less known than any of the preceding, yet worthy of honour both for the quantity and the quality of his hymns, was the Rev. B. Beddome, a Baptist minister. His compositions are calculated to be far more useful than attractive, though, on closer acquaintance, they become very agreeable, as well as impressive, being for the most part brief and pithy. A single idea, always important, often striking, and sometimes ingeniously brought out, not with a mere point at the end, but with the terseness and simplicity of the Greek epigram,—constitutes the basis of each piece. Many of these were composed as supplementary applications of the texts or main topics of his sermons, and they might supply pregnant hints both to ministers and people, who were disposed to turn them to profit in the same manner. His name would deserve to be held in everlasting remembrance, if he had left no other memorial of the excellent spirit which was in him, than the few humble verses, page 359:—

“ Let party names no more
The Christian world o’erspread,
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,
Are one in Christ their Head,” &c.

Of Cowper’s hymns, the Editor of this volume has already spoken in the Introductory Essay to his poems among the “ SELECT CHRISTIAN AUTHORS;” and with respect to the Rev. J. Newton’s, he expects to have a future opportunity of delivering his sentiments. He has, however, availed himself of both, to enrich the present collection with characteristic specimens.

Hymns of various degrees of merit, (but all in their measure truly valuable for devotional purposes,) by authors, whose names, so far as they could be traced,

are attached to their respective compositions in the Index, and others by anonymous writers, will be found in the following pages. Among these there are not a few, which will amply refute the slander, that hymns are necessarily the least intellectual or poetical species of literature. That noble ode, page 365, "The God of Abraham praise," &c. though the essay of an unlettered man, claims especial honour. There is not in our language a lyric of more majestic style, more elevated thought, or more glorious imagery; its structure, indeed, is unattractive, and, on account of the short lines, occasionally uncouth; but, like a stately pile of architecture, severe and simple in design, it strikes less on the first view than after deliberate examination, when its proportions become more graceful, its dimensions expand, and the mind itself grows greater in contemplating it.—There is a delightful hymn, page 123, "Jerusalem, my happy home," &c. by an unknown hand; but the hymn itself ought never to be unknown where there is a Church on earth training up candidates for the Church above. We must not violate the sanctity of this antepast of heaven, by quoting any fragment from it. Let the Christian himself, when his heart is most at home with God, when he is desiring "to depart and be with Christ, which is far better,"—let him *then* turn to this happy expression of his inmost feelings; for it is so meekly and unostentatiously adorned, that, in any other frame of mind, few readers would dwell long upon it.

From the Moravian hymn-book sundry extracts have been made. Every denomination of Christians has a language peculiar to itself, or rather a peculiar dialect of the mother tongue of all Christians, in which the most intelligible and acceptable conveyance of

evangelical truths may be made to its own members. Now, to strangers, this is not only less touching and beautiful, but frequently awkward, and even offensive. Hymns, therefore, ought always to be judged with a proportionate allowance by persons of different communions; and it requires no great stretch of Christian charity to do this; it is only "allowing for the wind," in calculating the course of an arrow, shot directly at the right mark, but falling short of it, from the archer himself neglecting to make that allowance in taking aim. No hymns *need* this indulgence so much as those of the Moravian Brethren, and none deserve it better; for there are none in which the apostolic determination, to "know nothing save Jesus Christ, and Him crucified," is more unremittingly realized. That hymn of this ancient church, page 265, "High on his everlasting throne," &c. though considerably abridged from the original, contains one of the most consistent allegories that can be found in verse, on the manner in which it has pleased God, by the ministry of the Gospel, to reclaim a lost world from the desolation which sin hath made. These few samples, out of many in this collection, are here cited to show, that hymns of the purest intrinsic worth, as well as high external embellishment, have been composed by humble men, whose names, though forgotten or cast out on earth, were written in heaven, where their glorified spirits may still be pursuing the occupation they loved below, in singing the new, the old, the everlasting "Song of Moses and the Lamb."

Of the following selection the Editor will only say, that he has endeavoured to present to the public, under four obvious and convenient heads, (though under each there are specimens which might be transferred

to another division,) some of the best hymns of the best authors and collections within his knowledge. . Nor can he doubt that, being founded upon the Scriptures, which were written by inspiration of God, these human imitations of the divine originals will be found “ profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness, that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works.” One of the most precious uses of the sacred oracles, is their infinite capability of personal application to the mind and the heart, the circumstances and duties of the Christian in every state of life, in every frame of spirit. Words of comfort, warning, counsel, or rebuke, unconsciously treasured up in the memory, often come home to the soul in unexpected moments, with all the demonstration of revealed truth; nay, sometimes with a power of reality, as though a voice from the excellent Glory had uttered them aloud in our hearing, or the still, small whisper of the Spirit had spoken them to our very selves. These, then, are inestimable means of grace, especially in times of trial and affliction. Now, in a smaller measure, yet in a measure most encouraging and edifying, the words, thoughts, images of hymns, are frequently remembered with delight, and spontaneously adopted, as though they were our own, for prayer, meditation, thanksgiving, and every other purpose, which, as Scripture auxiliaries, they are calculated to answer.

Next to the consecration of the greatest talents to the glory of God who gave them, their employment in the service of man, created in the image of God, fallen from it, and needing restoration by a Saviour, is surely the best and noblest use to which they can be dedicated. Kings are the fountains of honour, and bestow

a portion of their own dignity, without lessening it to themselves, in granting offices, titles, and *insignia* of their favour. It is the prerogative of genius to confer a measure of itself upon inferior intelligences. In reading the works of Milton, Bacon, and Newton, thoughts greater than the growth of our own minds are transplanted into them, and feelings more profound, sublime, or comprehensive, are insinuated amidst our ordinary train; while, in the eloquence with which they are clothed, we learn a new language, worthy of the new ideas that are created in us. Of how much pure and exalted enjoyment is he ignorant, who never entertained, as angels, the bright emanations of loftier intellects than his own? By habitual communion with superior spirits, we not only are enabled to think their thoughts, speak their dialects, feel their emotions, but our own thoughts are refined, our scanty language is enriched, our common feelings are elevated; and, though we may never attain their standard, yet, by keeping company with them, we shall rise above our own, as trees growing in the society of a forest, are said to draw each other up into shapely and stately proportion, while field and hedge-row stragglers, exposed to all weathers, never reach their full stature, luxuriance, or beauty. In the composition of hymns, men of wealthier imaginations, and happier utterance, may furnish to others of susceptible hearts the means of bodying forth their own conceptions, which would otherwise be a burden to their minds, or die in the birth, without the joy of deliverance. The most illiterate person, who understands his Bible, will easily understand the most elegant or emphatic expression of all the feelings which are common to all; and, instead of being passive un-

der them, when they are excited at particular seasons, he will avail himself of the songs put into his mouth, and sing them with gladness and refreshment, as if they were his own. Then, though, like Milton's, his genius can ascend to the heaven of heavens, or, like Shakespeare's, search out the secrets of Nature through all her living combinations,—blessed is the bard who employs his resources thus; who, from the fulness of his own bosom, pours his divinest thoughts, in his selectest words, into the bosoms of his readers, and enables them to appropriate the rich communications to their personal exigencies, without robbing him, or hindering others from partaking of the same abundant fountain of *human* inspiration,—a fountain flowing, like the oil, at the command of the prophet, from *one* vessel into as many as could be borrowed, without exhausting the first, though the whole were filled. If he who pens these sentiments knows his own heart,—though it has deceived him too often to be trusted without jealousy,—he would rather be the anonymous author of a few hymns, which should thus become an imperishable inheritance to the people of God, than bequeath another epic poem to the world, which should rank his name with Homer, Virgil, and “our greater Milton.”

After these strong words, but more especially after the freedom and severity which he has exercised in judging the performances of his predecessors, the Editor may offer, with many misgivings, the Hymns in the Fifth Part of the following collection, as his own. Tried by the standard which he has himself set up, every one of them would be found wanting. He might, perhaps, be able to assign reasons for the failure of each, independent of positive incapa-

city in himself; but the judgment he leaves with his readers, to whom he humbly presents these gleanings, under the perfect conviction that they will be thoroughly sifted, the chaff burnt up, and the grain, if there be any, gathered into the garner of the true Church.

J. M.

Sheffield, October, 1825.

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ERRATA.

Page 383, Hymn 479, verse 4, line 4, *for* wherein, *read* where'er.

392, 491, 3, 5, *for* their, *read* Him.

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PART FIRST.

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PART I.
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1.

The Creation.—Gen. i. 1. *Watts*

- 1 Now let a spacious world arise,
Said the Creator-Lord:
At once the obedient earth and skies
Rose at his sovereign word.
- 2 Dark was the deep; the waters lay
Confused and drown'd the land:
He call'd the light; the new-born day
Attends on his command.
- 3 He bade the clouds ascend on high;
The clouds ascend and bear
A watery treasure to the sky,
And float on softer air.
- 4 The liquid element below
Was gather'd by his hand;
The rolling seas together flow,
And leave the solid land.
- 5 With herbs and plants, a flowery birth,
The naked globe he crown'd,
Ere there was rain to bless the earth,
Or sun to warm the ground.

- 6 Then he adorn'd the upper skies;—
Behold the sun appears,
The moon and stars in order rise,
To make our months and years.
- 7 Out of the deep the almighty King
Did vital beings frame,
The painted fowls of every wing,
And fish of every name.
- 8 He gave the lion and the worm
At once their wonderous birth,
And grazing beasts of various form
Rose from the teeming earth.
- 9 Adam was framed of equal clay,
Though sovereign of the rest,
Designed for nobler ends than they,
With God's own image bless'd.
- 10 Thus glorious in the Maker's eye
The young creation stood;
He saw the building from on high,
His word pronounced it good.
- 11 Lord, while the frame of nature stands,
Thy praise shall fill my tongue;
But the new world of grace demands
A more exalted song.

2. *C. Wesley.*

Creation, Dissolution, and Renovation of all things.—
Gen. i. 1, &c.

- 1 By faith we know, the world was made
Formless at first and void:
We know, the Universe decay'd
Shall be by fire destroy'd:
But soon the co-eternal Son
We shall in glory view,
Jehovah sitting on his throne,
Creating all things new.

- 2 Such is my soul, confused and void,
With darkness palpable o'erspread,
Stripp'd of the living form of God,
Fallen emphatically dead,
'Till the eternal Spirit move,
And raise again the spark of love.
- 3 Expand thy wings, celestial Dove,
And brooding o'er my nature's night,
Call forth the ray of heavenly love,
Let there in my dark soul be light,
And fill the illustrated abyss
With glorious beams of endless bliss.
- 4 Let there be light, again command,
And light there in our hearts shall be,
We then through faith shall understand
Thy great mysterious Majesty,
And by the shining of thy grace
Behold in Christ thy glorious face.
- 5 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
In council join again
To restore thine image, lost
By frail apostate man:
O might I thy form express,
Through faith begotten from above,
Stamp'd with real holiness,
And filled with perfect love!
- 6 Father, see this living clod,
This spark of heavenly fire!
Lo, my soul, the breath of God,
Doth after God aspire:
Let it still to heaven ascend,
Till I my Principle rejoin,
Blended with my glorious end,
And lost in Love Divine.

3. *C. Wesley.**The Fall.*—Gen. iii. 6.

- 1 SHE saw; she took; she ate;
Death entered by the eye:
And parleying in a tempted state,
We lust; consent; and die!
- 2 But all mankind restored
Their Eden may retrieve:
And lo, by faith we see our Lord,
We touch, and taste, and live!
- 3 Jesus, thou art a tree
That makes the foolish wise,
And safely we may feed on thee,
And feast both heart and eyes:
- 4 Wisdom Divine thou art,
Received through faith alone;
And when thou dost thyself impart,
We know as we are known.

4. *Beddome**Lot looking towards Sodom.*—Gen. xix. 16, 17.

- 1 THIS world is all enchanted ground,
Oh whither shall I fly!
The vengeful flames are kindling round,
And if I stop, I die.
- 2 When some kind hand has brought me forth,
How lingering is my pace!
Lord, either drive me by thy wrath,
Or draw me by thy grace.
- 3 Oh let me not a moment waste,
On this destructive plain;
Hence let me flee with greater haste,
Till I the Zoar gain!

5. *C. Wesley**Abraham gathered to his people.*—Gen. xxv. 8.

- 1 Is God's peculiar people mine?
To them I then shall be

Gather'd beneath the Saviour's sign,
And Christ in glory see.

- 2 Gather'd into the Church above,
Whoe'er to Christ belong
Shall meet to sing the song of love,
The Lamb's eternal song.

6. *Logan*

Jacob at Bethel.—Gen. xxviii. 8.

- 1 O God of Bethel! by whose hand
Thy people still are fed;
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led.
- 2 Our vows, our prayers, we now present
Before thy throne of grace:
God of our fathers! be the God
Of their succeeding race.
- 3 Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.
- 4 O spread thy covering wings around,
Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode
Our souls arrive in peace.
- 5 Such blessings from thy gracious hand
Our humble prayers implore;
And thou shalt be our chosen God,
And portion evermore.

7. *C. Wesley*

Jacob wrestling with the Angel.—Gen. xxxii. 24.

PART FIRST.

- 1 COME, O thou traveller unknown,
Whom still I hold, but cannot see!
My company before is gone,
And I am left alone with thee.

With thee all night I mean to stay,
And wrestle till the break of day.

- 2 I need not tell thee who I am;
My misery and sin declare:
Thyself hast called me by my name:
Look on thy hands, and read it there:
But who, I ask thee, who art thou?
Tell me thy name, and tell me now.
- 3 In vain thou strugglest to get free,
I never will unloose my hold,
Art thou the Man that died for me?
The secret of thy love unfold:
Wrestling I will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature know.
- 4 Wilt thou not yet to me reveal
Thy new unutterable name?
Tell me, I still beseech thee, tell;
To know it now, resolved I am:
Wrestling I will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature know.
- 5 What though my shrinking flesh complain,
And murmur to contend so long?
I rise superior to my pain:
When I am weak, then I am strong:
And when my all of strength shall fail,
I shall with the God-man prevail.

PART SECOND.

- 1 YIELD to me now, for I am weak;
But confident in self-despair;
Speak to my heart, in blessings speak;
Be conquer'd by my instant prayer:
Speak, or thou never hence shalt move,
And tell me if thy name be Love.
- 2 'Tis Love! 'tis Love! thou diedst for me;
I hear thy whisper in my heart:
The morning breaks, the shadows flee,
Pure, Universal Love thou art:

To me, to all thy bowels move,
Thy nature, and thy name is Love.

3 My prayer hath power with God; the grace
Unspeakable I now receive;
Through faith I see thee face to face;
I see thee face to face and live:
In vain I have not wept and strove;
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

4 I know thee, Saviour, who thou art,
Jesus, the feeble sinner's friend:
Nor wilt thou with the night depart,
But stay and love me to the end:
Thy mercies never shall remove,
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

5 The Sun of Righteousness on me
Hath rose, with healing on his wings;
Wither'd my nature's strength: from thee
My soul its life and succour brings;
My help is all laid up above;
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

6 Contented now upon my thigh
I halt, till life's short journey end;
All helplessness, all weakness, I
On thee alone for strength depend;
Nor have I power from thee to move:
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

7 Lame as I am, I take the prey;
Hell, earth, and sin, with ease o'ercome;
I leap for joy, pursue my way,
And, as a bounding hart fly home;
Through all eternity to prove,
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

8. *i. Wesley*

Jacob dying amidst his children.—Gen. xlv. 4.

1 A FEW more days preserve me here;
And when from earth my spirit flies,
O let a child of mine be near,
A child of God, to close mine eyes!

- 2 Before its strong arrest I feel,
 Give me my death's approach to see,
 And having lived to serve thy will,
 Lord, let me then depart in thee.

9.

A father leaving his family to God.—Gen. xlviii. 21.

- 1 AMID the anguish and the strife,
 That shrinking nature fears,
 Look gently down, great Source of life,
 And dry death's starting tears!
- 2 Serene, like Jacob, we would die,
 And "gather up our feet;"
 Would chide the lingering hours and fly,
 Our Saviour-God to meet.
- 3 Our dearest comforts we could leave,
 With glory in our eyes;
 Would wipe the tears of those that grieve,
 And point them to the skies.
- 4 Our trembling lips, if thou art nigh,
 When life's sad hours are few,
 With joy shall say—"Behold we die,
 But God shall be with you."

10. *Lawood.*

The birth of Moses.—Exod. ii. 3.

- 1 TREMBLING with tenderest alarms,
 A mournful mother bore
 Her babe, close cradled in her arms,
 To Nile's green sloping shore.
- 2 Long bending o'er her sleeping child,
 With prayers and tears she stood;
 Then—with a look of sorrow wild—
 She launch'd him on the flood.
- 3 Forlorn, in ark of bulrush left,
 Misfortune's meekest child,
 Of every human hope bereft,
 Moan'd to the waters wild,

- 4 A guide unseen, along the strand,
The Egyptian Princess led;
The babe held out each little hand,
And tears resistless shed.
- 5 Soft pity touch'd her royal heart;
She drew him from the wave:
Christians, perform a nobler part,
The *soul* from ruin save.
- 6 Exposed to sin, and Satan's art,
We hasten to the grave;—
O Christians! act the Christian part,
Our souls from ruin save!

11. *C. Smart*

“*I am that I am.*”—Exod. iii. 14.

“TELL them I AM,” Jehovah said
To Moses, while earth shook with dread;
And smitten to the heart,
At once above, beneath, around,
All nature, without voice or sound,
Replied,—“O Lord! THOU ART.”

12.

Light shining in darkness.—Exod. x. 23.

- 1 WHILE Egypt lies enwrap't in night,
And horror reigns in every mind,
Where Israel dwells, there wondrous light
Diffuses peace and joy refined.
- 2 So grace shall round the righteous shine
In tents of poverty and wo;
While all the powers of wrath combine,
To lay their proud oppressors low.
- 3 Though all the world in darkness lies,
Where'er his ransom'd sons may rest,
The Sun of Righteousness shall rise,
In all his richest glories dress'd.

- 4 Through every scene of suffering here,
His light and comfort still prevail;
Nor can our faith admit a fear,
Should all the springs of nature fail.

13.

Balaam beholding Israel.—Numb. xxii. 9.

- 1 COME, let us stand upon the rock
Where Balaam stood, and wondering look
Upon the scene below;
The tents of Jacob goodly seem,
The people happy we esteem,
Whom God has favoured so.
- 2 The sons of Israel stand alone,
Jehovah claims them for his own,
His cause and theirs the same:
He saved them from the tyrant's hand,
Allots to them a pleasant land,
And calls them by his name.
- 3 Their toils have almost reached a close,
They soon are destined to repose
Within the promised land;
Its rising hills e'en now are seen,
Enriched with everlasting green,
Where Israel soon shall stand.
- 4 Fair emblem of a better rest,
Of which believers are possest,
Beyond material space!
E'en now we see the heavenly shore,
Where sin and sorrow are no more,
And long to reach the place.
- 5 Sweet hope! it makes the coward brave;
It makes a freeman of the slave,
And bids the sluggard rise:
It lifts a worm of earth on high,
Provides him wings, and makes him fly
To mansions in the skies.

14.

The Death of Moses.—Deut. xxxi. 49.

- 1 SWEET was the journey to the sky
The holy prophet tried;
“Climb up the mount,” said God, “and die,”
The prophet climb’d, and died.
- 2 Softly his fainting head he lay
Upon his Maker’s breast,
His Maker soothed his soul away,
And laid his flesh to rest.
- 3 In God’s own arms he left the breath
That God’s own Spirit gave;
His was the noblest road to death,
And his the sweetest grave.

15. *C. Wesley.*

The Family Vow.—Josh. xxviii. 15.

- 1 I AND my house will serve the Lord:
But first obedient to his word
I must myself appear:
By actions, words, and temper show
That I my heavenly Master know,
And serve with heart sincere.
- 2 I must the fair example set:
From those that on my pleasure wait
The stumbling-block remove;
Their duty by my life explain,
And still in all my works maintain
The dignity of love.
- 3 Easy to be entreated, mild,
Quickly appeased and reconciled,
A follower of my God:
A saint indeed I long to be,
And lead my faithful family
In the celestial road.
- 4 Lord, if thou didst the wish infuse,
A vessel fitted for thy use

Into thy hands receive;
 Work in me both to will and do,
 And show them how believers true
 And real Christians live.

16. *C. Wesley.*

Self-Examination.—Ruth ii. 19.

AT evening to myself I say,
 My soul, where hast thou glean'd to-day,
 Thy labours how bestowed?
 What hast thou rightly said, or done?
 What grace attained, or knowledge won,
 In following after God?

17. *Linwood*

Poor Children's Appeal to Christians.—1 Sam. iii. 2, &c.

- 1 IN Israel's fane, by silent night,
 The lamp of God was burning bright;
 And there by viewless angels kept,
 Samuel, the child, securely slept.
- 2 A voice unknown the stillness broke,
 "Samuel!" it call'd, and thrice it spoke;
 He rose,—he ask'd, whence came the word?
 From Eli? no:—it was the Lord.
- 3 Thus early call'd to serve his God,
 In paths of righteousness he trod;
 Prophetic visions fired his breast,
 And all the chosen tribes were bless'd.
- 4 Speak, Lord! and from our earliest days,
 Incline our hearts to love thy ways;
 Thy wakening voice hath reach'd our ear,
 Speak, Lord, to us; thy servants hear.
- 5 And ye, who know the Saviour's love,
 And richly all his mercies prove;
 Your timely, friendly aid afford,
 That we may early serve the Lord.

18. *C. Wesley.*

Birth, death, immortality.—Job i. 21.

- 1 NAKED into the world I came,
Naked I out of it shall go,
And soon this perishable frame
With mother earth shall rest below :
- 2 But O! my soul, if born again,
With glory clothed upon shall rise,
A place among the saints obtain,
And find its Father in the skies.

19.

The vain hopes of the wicked.—Job viii. 11—22.

- 1 THE rush may rise where waters flow,
And flags beside the stream ;
But soon their verdure fades and dies
Before the scorching beam.
- 2 So is the sinner's hope cut off ;
Or, if it transient rise,
'Tis like the spider's airy web,
From every breath that flies.
- 3 Fix'd on his house, he leans ; his house,
And all its props decay :
He holds it fast ; but while he holds,
The tottering frame gives way.
- 4 Fair in his garden, to the sun
His boughs with verdure smile ;
And, deeply fix'd, his spreading roots
Unshaken stand a while.
- 5 But forth the sentence flies from heaven,
That sweeps him from his place ;
Which then denies him for its lord,
Nor owns it knew his face.
- 6 Lo ! this the joy of wicked men,
Who heaven's high laws despise ;
They quickly fall ; and in their room,
As quickly others rise.

- 7 But, for the just, with gracious care
 God will his power employ;
 He'll teach their lips to sing his praise,
 And fill their hearts with joy.

20. *C. Wesley.*

God unsearchable.—Job xi. 7.

- 1 SHALL foolish, weak, short-sighted man
 Beyond archangels go,
 The great almighty God explain,
 Or to perfection know?
 His attributes divinely soar
 Above the creature's sight,
 And prostrate seraphim adore
 The glorious Infinite.
- 2 Jehovah's everlasting days
 They cannot number'd be,
 Incomprehensible the space
 Of thine immensity;
 Thy wisdom's depths by reason's line
 In vain we strive to sound,
 Or stretch our labouring thought to assign
 Omnipotence a bound.
- 3 The brightness of thy glories leaves
 Description far below;
 Nor man, nor angels' heart conceives
 How deep thy mercies flow:
 Thy love is most unsearchable,
 And dazzles all above;
 They gaze, but cannot count or tell
 The treasures of thy love!

21. *Watts.*

The resurrection of the body.—Job xix. 25.

- 1 My faith shall triumph o'er the grave;
 And trample on the tombs;
 My Jesus, my Redeemer lives,
 My God, my Saviour comes:

Ere long I know he shall appear,
In power and glory great;
And death, the last of all his foes,
Lie vanquish'd at his feet.

- 2 Then, though the worms my flesh devour,
And make my corpse their prey,
I know I shall arise with power,
On the last judgment-day:
When God shall stand upon the earth,
Him there mine eyes shall see;
My flesh shall feel a second birth,
And ever with him be.
- 3 Then his own hand shall wipe the tears
From every weeping eye;
And pains, and groans, and griefs, and fears,
Shall cease eternally.
How long, dear Saviour, O how long
Shall this bright hour delay?
Oh, hasten thy appearance, Lord,
And bring the welcome day.

22. *L. Misley*

Prayer for holiness.—Job xix. 25.

- 1 I know that my Redeemer lives,
And ever prays for me;
A token of his love he gives,
A pledge of liberty.
- 2 I find him lifting up my head,
He brings salvation near;
His presence makes me free indeed,
And he will soon appear.
- 3 He wills that I should holy be!
What can withstand his will?
The counsel of his grace in me
He surely shall fulfil.
- 4 The love of Christ I long to find,
In all its depth and height:

To comprehend the Eternal Mind,
And grasp the Infinite.

- 5 When God is mine, and I am his,
Of paradise possess'd,
I taste unutterable bliss,
And everlasting rest.
- 6 The bliss of those that fully dwell,
Fully in thee believe,
'Tis more than angel-tongues can tell,
Or angel-minds conceive.
- 7 Thou only know'st who did'st obtain,
And die to make it known;
The great salvation now explain,
And perfect us in one.

23. *C. Wesley.*

Self-abhorrence.—Job xlii. 6.

- 1 APPEAR, great God, appear to me,
That by myself abhor'd,
Ashamed I may forever be
Before my glorious Lord:
- 2 That only sight can pride abase,
Can force me to submit,
Which makes archangels veil their face,
And tremble at thy feet!

24. *Addison*

Glory to God in the highest.—Psalm viii.

- 1 THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim:
The unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes, to every land,
The work of an Almighty hand.

- 2 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And, nightly to the listening earth,
Repeats the story of her birth ;
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.
- 3 What though, in solemn silence, all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball?
What though no real voice, nor sound,
Amidst their radiant orbs be found?
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice ;
For ever singing, as they shine,
" The hand that made us is divine."

25. *Watts.*

The Sinner's portion, and the Saint's hope.—Psalm xvii.

- 1 LORD, I am thine; but thou wilt prove
My faith, my patience, and my love:
When men of spite against me join,
They are the sword, the hand is thine.
- 2 Their hope and portion lie below,
'Tis all the happiness they know,
'Tis all they seek; they take their shares;
And leave the rest among their heirs.
- 3 What sinners value, I resign;
Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine;
I shall behold thy blissful face,
And stand complete in righteousness.
- 4 This life's a dream, an empty show;
But the bright world to which I go
Hath joys substantial and sincere;
When shall I wake, and find me there?
- 5 O glorious hour! O blest abode!
I shall be near and like my God!

And flesh and sin no more control
The sacred pleasures of the soul.

- 6 My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound;
Then burst the chains with sweet surprise,
And in my Saviour's image rise.

26. *Montgomery.*

The Lord my Shepherd.—Psalm xxiii.

- 1 THE Lord is my shepherd, no want shall I know;
I feed in green pastures, safe-folded I rest;
He leadeth my soul where the still waters flow,
Restores me when wandering, redeems when opprest.
- 2 Thro' the valley and shadow of death tho' I stray,
Since Thou art my guardian, no evil I fear;
Thy rod shall defend me, thy staff be my stay,
No harm can befall, with my Comforter near.
- 3 In the midst of affliction my table is spread;
With blessings unmeasured my cup runneth o'er;
With perfume and oil Thou anointest my head;
O what shall I ask of thy Providence more?
- 4 Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful God,
Still follow my steps till I meet Thee above;
I seek,—by the path which my forefathers trod
Thro' the land of their sojourn,—thy kingdom of love.

27. *Ryland.*

Resignation.—Psalm xxxi. 15.

- 1 SOVEREIGN Ruler of the skies,
Ever gracious, ever wise!
All my times are in thy hand,
All events at thy command.
- 2 Thou did'st form me in the womb,
Thou wilt guide me to the tomb:
All my times shall ever be
Order'd by thy wise decree:

- 3 Times of sickness, times of health ;
Times of penury and wealth ;
Times of trial and of grief ;
Times of triumph and relief :
- 4 Times temptation's power to prove,
Times to taste a Saviour's love ;
All is fix'd—the means and end,
As shall please my heavenly Friend.
- 5 Plagues and deaths around me fly ;
Till he bids I cannot die ;
Not a single shaft can hit,
Till the God of love sees fit.

28. *Herwick*

Man a pilgrim on the earth.—Psalm xxxix. *Herwick*

- 1 O LET me, heavenly Lord, extend
My view to life's approaching end !
What are my days ? A span their line—
And what my age, compared with thine ?
- 2 Our life advancing to a close,
While yet its earliest dawn it knows,
Swift through an empty shade we run,
And vanity and man are one.
- 3 Oh ! how thy chastisements impair
The human form, however fair !
How frail the strongest frame we see,
If Thou its mortal doom decree !
- 4 God of our fathers ! here as they
We walk, the pilgrims of a day ;
As transient guests, thy works admire,
And instant to our home retire.
- 5 Spare me a little while, oh ! spare ;
And nature's failing strength repair ;
Ere, life's short circuit wander'd o'er,
I perish, and am seen no more.

29. *Bp. Lush**The Soul thirsting after God.*—Psalm xlii.

- 1 As pants the wearied hart for cooling springs,
That sinks exhausted in the summer's chase;
So pants my soul for thee, Great King of kings!
So thirsts to reach thy sacred dwelling-place.
- 2 On bitter tears my pining soul hath fed,
While taunting foes deride my deep despair;
“ Say, where is now thy great Deliverer fled?
“ Thy mighty God—abandoned wanderer, where?”
- 3 Oft dwell my thoughts on those thrice happy days,
When to thy courts I led the willing throng;
Our mirth was worship, all our pleasure praise,
And festal joys still closed with sacred song.
- 4 Why throb, my heart? Why sink, my saddening
soul?
Why droop to earth with various woes oppress'd?
My years shall yet in blissful circles roll,
And peace be yet an inmate of this breast.
- 5 By Jordan's banks with devious steps I stray,
O'er Hermon's rugged rocks and deserts drear:
E'en there thy hand shall guide my lonely way,
There thy remembrance shall my spirit cheer.
- 6 In rapid floods the vernal torrents roll,
Harsh sounding cataracts responsive roar;
Thine angry billows overwhelm my soul,
And dash my shattered bark from shore to shore.
- 7 Yet thy sure mercies ever in my sight,
My heart shall gladden through the tedious day;
And, 'midst the dark and gloomy shades of night,
To thee I'll duly tune the grateful lay.
- 8 Rock of my hope! great Solace of my heart!
Oh! why desert the offspring of thy care,
While taunting foes thus point the invidious dart—
“ Where is thy God? abandon'd wanderer, where?”

- 9 Why faint, my soul? Why doubt Jehovah's aid?
Thy God, the God of mercy still shall prove;
Within his courts thy thanks shall yet be paid;—
Unquestion'd be his faithfulness and love.

30. *Watts.*

The Backslider restored.—Psalm li.

- 1 THOUGH I have grieved thy Spirit, Lord,
His help and comfort still afford:
And let a wretch come near thy throne
To plead the merits of thy Son.
- 2 A broken heart, my God, my King,
Is all the sacrifice I bring;
The God of grace will ne'er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice.
- 3 My soul lies humbled in the dust,
And owns thy dreadful sentence just;
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
And save the soul condemn'd to die.
- 4 Then will I leave the world thy ways;
Sinners shall learn thy sovereign grace;
I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,
And they shall praise a pardoning God.

31. *Loddridge*

Longing for the House of God.—Psalm lxxxiv.

- 1 LORD of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of thy love,
Thy earthly temples are!
To thine abode
My heart aspires,
With warm desires,
To see my God.
- 2 The sparrow, for her young,
With pleasure seeks a nest;
And wandering swallows long
To find their wonted rest:

My spirit faints,
With equal zeal,
To rise and dwell
Among thy saints.

3 O happy souls that pray
Where God appoints to hear!
O happy men that pay
Their constant service there!
They praise thee still;
And happy they
That love the way
To Zion's hill.

4 They go from strength to strength,
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heaven appears.
O glorious seat,
When God our King
Shall thither bring
Our willing feet!

5 To spend one sacred day,
Where God and saints abide,
Affords diviner joy
Than thousand days beside:
Where God resorts,
I love it more
To keep the door
Than shine in courts.

6 God is our sun and shield,
Our light and our defence;
With gifts his hands are fill'd,
We draw our blessings thence:
He shall bestow
On Jacob's race
Peculiar grace
And glory too.

7 The Lord his people loves;
His hand no good withholds

From those his heart approves,
 From pure and pious souls:
 Thrice happy he,
 O God of hosts
 Whose Spirit trusts
 Alone in thee.

32. *Watts*

All nations exhorted to praise God.—Psalm c.

- 1 BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
 Ye nations, bow with sacred joy ;
 Know that the Lord is God alone ;
 He can create, and He destroy.
- 2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
 Made us of clay, and formed us men ;
 And when like wandering sheep we strayed,
 He brought us to his fold again.
- 3 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs ;
 High as the heavens our voices raise ;
 And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
 Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.
- 4 Wide as the world is thy command ;
 Vast as eternity thy love :
 Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand,
 When rolling years shall cease to move.

33.

The soul excited to praise God.—Psalm ciii.

- 1 O BLESS the Lord, my soul !
 His grace to thee proclaim :
 And all that is within me join
 To bless his holy name.
 O bless the Lord, my soul !
 His mercies bear in mind ;
 Forget not all his benefits,
 The Lord to thee is kind.
- 2 He will not always chide ;
 He will with patience wait :

His wrath is ever slow to rise,
 And ready to abate.
 He pardons all thy sins,
 Prolongs thy feeble breath;
 He healeth thine infirmities,
 And ransoms thee from death.

- 3 He clothes thee with his love,
 Upholds thee with his truth,
 And, like the eagle, He renews
 The vigour of thy youth.
 Then bless his holy name,
 Whose grace hath made thee whole;
 Whose loving-kindness crowns thy days;—
 O bless the Lord, my soul!

34. *C. Wesley*

Gratitude for deliverance.—Psalm cxvi.

- 1 MY soul, through my Redeemer's care,
 Saved from the second death I feel;
 My eyes from tears of dark despair,
 My feet from falling into hell.
- 2 Wherefore to him my feet shall run;
 My eyes on his perfections gaze;
 My soul shall live for God alone,
 And all within me shout his praise.

35. *Kitts.*

Vows paid in the sanctuary.—Psalm cxvi.

- 1 WHAT shall I render to my God
 For all his kindness shown?
 My feet shall visit thine abode,
 My songs address thy throne.
- 2 Among the saints that fill thine house,
 My offerings shall be paid;
 There shall my zeal perform the vows
 My soul in anguish made.
- 3 How much is mercy thy delight,
 Thou ever-blessed God!

How dear thy servants in thy sight !
How precious is their blood !

4 How happy all thy servants are !
How great thy grace to me !
My life which thou hast made thy care,
Lord, I devote to thee.

5 Now I am thine, for ever thine,
Nor shall my purpose move ;
Thy hand hath loosed my bonds of pain,
And bound me with thy love.

6 Here in thy courts I leave my vow,
And thy rich grace record ;
Witness, ye saints, who hear me now,
If I forsake the Lord.

12 36. *Watts.*

Breathing after holiness of life.—Psalm exix.

1 O THAT the Lord would guide my ways
To keep his statutes still !
O that my God would grant me grace
To know and do his will.

2 O send thy Spirit down to write
Thy law upon my heart !
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
Nor act the liar's part.

3 From vanity turn off my eyes :
Let no corrupt design,
Nor covetous desires arise
Within this soul of mine.

4 Order my footsteps by thy word,
And make my heart sincere,
Let sin have no dominion, Lord,
But keep my conscience clear.

5 My soul hath gone too far astray,
My feet too often slip ;
Yet I have not forgot thy way,
Restore thy wandering sheep.

- 6 Make me to walk in thy commands,
 'Tis a delightful road;
 Nor let my head, or heart, or hands,
 Offend against my God.

37. *Watts.*

Going to the Temple.—Psalm cxxii.

- 1 How did my heart rejoice to hear
 My friends devoutly say,
 "In Zion let us all appear,
 And keep the solemn day!"
- 2 I love her gates, I love the road;
 The church adorned with grace
 Stands like a palace built for God,
 To show his milder face.
- 3 Up to her courts with joys unknown
 The holy tribes repair;
 The Son of David holds his throne,
 And sits in judgment there.
- 4 He hears our praises and complaints;
 And while his awful voice
 Divides the sinners from the saints,
 We tremble and rejoice.
- 5 Peace be within this sacred place,
 And joy a constant guest!
 With holy gifts and heavenly grace
 Be her attendants blest!
- 6 My soul shall pray for Zion still,
 While life or breath remains;
 There my best friends, my kindred dwell,
 There God my Saviour reigns.

38.

Brotherly Love.—Psalm cxxxiii.

- 1 How sweet, how heavenly is the sight,
 When those who love the Lord
 In one another's peace delight,
 And so fulfil his word!

- 2 O may we feel each brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part;
May sorrows flow from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart!
- 3 Free us from envy, scorn, and pride,
Our wishes fix above;
May each his brother's failing hide,
And show a brother's love.
- 4 Let love, in one delightful stream,
Through every bosom flow;
And union sweet, and fond esteem,
In every action glow.
- 5 Love is the golden chain that binds
The happy souls above;
And he's an heir of heaven that finds
His bosom glow with love.

39. *Milton*

God praised for his mercies.—Psalm cxxxvi.

- 1 LET us, with a gladsome mind,
Praise the Lord, for he is kind:
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 2 He, with all-commanding might,
Fill'd the new-made world with light:
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 3 All things living he doth feed:
His full hand supplies their need:
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 4 He his chosen race did bless,
In the wasteful wilderness:
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 5 He hath with a piteous eye,
Look'd upon our misery:

For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

- 6 Let us then, with gladsome mind,
Praise the Lord, for he is kind :
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

40.. *Watts.*

God All-seeing.—Psalm cxxxix.

- 1 LORD, thou hast search'd and seen me through ;
Thine eye commands with piercing view
My rising and my resting hours,
My heart and flesh with all their powers.
- 2 My thoughts, before they are my own,
Are to my God distinctly known ;
He knows the words I mean to speak
Ere from my opening lips they break.
- 3 Within thy circling power I stand ;
On every side I find thy hand ;
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
I am surrounded still with God.
- 4 Amazing knowledge, vast and great !
What large extent ! what lofty height !
My soul, with all the powers I boast,
Is in the boundless prospect lost.
- 5 " O may these thoughts possess my breast,
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest ;
Nor let my weaker passions dare
Consent to sin, for God is there !"

41.

The Folly of Self-dependence.—Prov. iii. 5.

- 1 THE swift not always in the race
Shall seize the crowning prize ;
Not always wealth and honour grace
The labour of the wise.

- 2 Fond mortals but themselves beguile
When on themselves they rest:
Blind is their wisdom, weak their toil,
By thee, O Lord, unblest'd.
- 3 Evil and good before thee stand,
Thy missions to perform;
The blessing comes at thy command,
At thy command the storm.
- 4 O Lord, in all our ways we'll own
Thy providential power,
Intrusting to thy care alone
The lot of every hour.

42. *Logan*

The Latter Day's Glory.

- 1 BEHOLD ! the mountain of the Lord
In latter days shall rise
On mountain tops, above the hills,
And draw the wondering eyes.
- 2 To this the joyful nations round,
All tribes and tongues shall flow;
Up to the hill of God, they'll say,
And to his house, we'll go.
- 3 The beam that shines from Zion hill
Shall lighten every land;
The King who reigns in Salem's towers
Shall all the world command.
- 4 Among the nations he shall judge;
His judgments truth shall guide;
His sceptre shall protect the just,
And quell the sinners pride.
- 5 No strife shall rage, nor hostile feuds
Disturb those peaceful years;
To ploughshares men shall beat their swords,
To pruning-hooks their spears.
- 6 No longer hosts encountering hosts,
Shall crowds of slain deplore;

They hang the trumpet in the hall,
And study war no more.

- 7 Come then, O house of Jacob ! come
To worship at his shrine,
And, walking in the light of God,
With holy beauties shine.

43.

A Light to lighten the Gentiles.—Isa. ix. 2—8.

- 1 THE race that long in darkness pined
Have seen a glorious light ;
The people dwell in day who dwelt
In death's surrounding night.
- 2 To hail thy rise, thou better Sun !
The gathering nations come,
Joyous, as when the reapers bear
The harvest-treasures home.
- 3 For thou our burden hast removed,
And quell'd the oppressor's sway ;
Quick as the slaughter'd squadrons fell,
In Midian's evil day.
- 4 To us a child of Hope is born,
To us a Son is given ;
Him shall the tribes of earth obey,
Him, all the hosts of heaven.
- 5 His name shall be the Prince of Peace,
For evermore adored,
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
The great and mighty Lord.
- 6 His power increasing still shall spread ;
His reign no end shall know ;
Justice shall guard his throne above,
And peace abound below.

44.

The Pilgrim's Song.—Isa. xxxv. 8—10.

- 1 SING, ye redeemed of the Lord,
Your great Deliverer sing ;

- Pilgrims, for Zion's city bound,
Be joyful in your king.
- 2 See the fair way his hand hath made,
How peaceful and how plain :
The simplest traveller shall not err,
Nor seek the road in vain.
- 3 No ravening lion shall destroy,
Nor lurking serpent wound ;
Safety, support, and heavenly joy,
Through all the way are found.
- 4 A hand divine shall lead you on,
Along the blissful road ;
Till to the sacred mount ye rise,
And city of your God.
- 5 There garlands of immortal joy,
Shall bloom on every head ;
While pain, and sorrow, and distress,
Like shadows all are fled.
- 6 Proceed in your Redeemer's strength,
Pursue his footsteps still ;
And let the prospect cheer your eyes,
While you ascend the hill.

45.

Christ's Advent foretold.—Isa. xlii. 1—13.

- 1 BEHOLD my servant ! see Him rise
Exalted in my might !
Him have I chosen, and in Him
I place supreme delight.
- 2 On Him, in rich effusion pour'd,
My Spirit shall descend ;
My truths and judgments He shall show
To earth's remotest end.
- 3 Gentle and still shall be his voice,
No threats from Him proceed ;
The smoking flax He shall not quench,
Nor break the bruised reed.

- 4 The feeble spark to flames he'll raise,
The weak will not despise;
Judgment he shall bring forth to truth,
And make the fallen rise.
- 5 The progress of his zeal and power
Shall never know decline,
Till foreign lands, and distant isles,
Receive the law divine.
- 6 He who erected heaven's bright arch,
And bade the planets roll,
Who peopled all the climes of earth,
And form'd the human soul.
- 7 Thus saith the Lord, Thee have I raised,
My prophet thee install;
In right I've raised thee, and in strength
I'll succour whom I call.
- 8 I will establish with the lands
A covenant in thee,
To give the Gentile nations light,
And set the prisoners free.
- 9 Asunder burst the gates of brass;
The iron fetters fall;
And gladsome light, and liberty,
Are straight restored to all.
- 10 I am the Lord, and by the name
Of great Jehovah known;
No idol shall usurp my praise,
Nor mount into my throne.
- 11 Lo! former scenes, predicted once,
Conspicuous rise to view;
And future scenes, predicted now,
Shall be accomplish'd too.
- 12 Sing to the Lord in joyful strains;
Let earth his praise resound,
Ye who upon the ocean dwell,
And fill the isles around.
- 13 O city of the Lord! begin
The universal song;

And let the scatter'd villages
The cheerful notes prolong.

- 14 Let Kedar's wilderness afar
Lift up its lonely voice,
And let the tenants of the rock
With accents rude rejoice;
- 15 Till midst the streams of distant lands,
The islands sound his praise;
And all combined, with one accord,
Jehovah's glories raise.

46. *C. Wesley.*

Hope against hope.—Isa. l. 10.

- 1 WHO is the weak believer, who
Doth still his dreary way pursue,
Inspired with true religious fear,
And following Christ with heart sincere?
Obedient to thy Saviour's voice,
Yet canst thou not in Him rejoice,
Or taste the comforts of his grace,
Or find a God who hides his face?
- 2 Jesus is vanished from thy sight:
No glimpse of bliss, or gleam of light
To cheer thee in the desert way,
Or promise a return of day;
No evidence of things unseen,
But wars without, and fears within,
No witness of thy sins forgiven,
No ray of hope on this side heaven!
- 3 Poor, tempted soul, what can'st thou do?
Hope against hope, that God is true;
His nature in his name confess,
His wisdom, power, and righteousness.
The Lord, whom now thou canst not see,
Whate'er He is, He is for thee;
Expect, and thou shalt surely prove,
That God in Christ is perfect love.

- 4 Till then, on Him thy spirit stay,
 Whose death hath borne thy sins away;
 Conform'd to Jesus in his blood,
 With him cry out—"My God, my God!
 My God, my God, I hold thee fast,
 Till nature's latest pang is past,
 Into thy hands my soul resign,
 And then—Thou art for ever mine."

47. *C. Wesley.*

The Lord mighty to save.—Isa. li. 9.

- 1 ARM of the Lord, awake, awake,
 Thine own immortal strength put on!
 With terror clothed, hell's kingdom shake,
 And cast thy foes with fury down!
- 2 As in the ancient days appear!
 The sacred annals speak thy fame:
 Be now omnipotently near,
 To endless ages still the same.
- 3 By death and hell pursued in vain,
 To Thee the ransom'd seed shall come;
 Shouting their heavenly Zion gain,
 And pass, through death, triumphant home.

48. *J. Wesley*

The Gospel Invitation.—Isa. lv. 1.

- 1 Ho! every one that thirsts, draw nigh;
 ('Tis God invites the fallen race)
 Mercy and free salvation buy;
 Buy wine, and milk, and gospel-grace.
- 2 "Come to the living waters, come!
 Sinners, obey your Maker's call;
 Return, ye weary wanderers home,
 And find my grace is free for all.
- 3 "See from the Rock a fountain rise!
 For you in healing streams it rolls;
 Money ye need not bring, nor price,
 Ye labouring, burthen'd, sin-sick souls.

- 4 “ Nothing ye in exchange shall give,
Leave all you have, and are, behind ;
Frankly the gift of God receive,
Pardon and peace in Jesus find.
- 5 “ Why seek ye that which is not bread,
Nor can your hungry souls sustain ?
On ashes, husks, and air ye feed ;
Ye spend your little all in vain.
- 6 “ In search of empty joys below,
Ye toil with unavailing strife :
Whither, ah ! whither would ye go ?
I have the words of endless life.
- 7 “ Hearken to me with earnest care,
And freely eat substantial food ;
The sweetness of my mercy share,
And taste that I alone am good.
- 8 “ I bid you all my goodness prove,
My promises for all are free :
Come taste the manna of my love,
And let your souls delight in me.
- 9 “ Your willing ear and heart incline,
My words believingly receive ;
Quicken'd your souls by faith divine,
An everlasting life shall live.”

49. *Doddridge*

Effects of the Gospel.—Isa. lv. 10.

- 1 MARK the soft-falling snow
And the diffusive rain ;
To heaven, from whence it fell,
It turns not back again ;
But waters earth
Through every pore,
And calls forth all
Its secret store.
- 2 Array'd in beauteous green
The hills and valleys shine,

And man and beast is fed
 By providence divine;
 The harvest bows
 Its golden ears,
 The copious seed
 Of future years.

- 3 "So," saith the God of grace,
 "My gospel shall descend,
 Almighty to effect
 The purpose I intend;
 Millions of souls
 Shall feel its power,
 And bear it down
 To millions more.

- 4 Joy shall begin your march,
 And peace protect your ways,
 While all the mountains round
 Echo melodious praise;
 The vocal groves
 Shall sing the God,
 And every tree
 Consenting nod."

50. *C. Wesley.*

The wretchedness of the wicked.—Isa. lvii. 20, 21.

- 1 THEY must be as the troubled sea,
 They cannot rest who know not thee,
 Whose working hearts, disturb'd within,
 Cast up the mire of actual sin.
- 2 No peace the wicked e'er can know,
 While hastening to their place below,
 But trouble must with sin remain,
 Sad earnest of eternal pain.

51. *C. Wesley.*

Answers to Prayer.—Isa. lxv. 24.

- 1 OFT hast thou, Lord, in tender love,
 Prevented my request,

And sent thy Spirit from above
An unexpected guest:

- 2 Oft when my prayer was scarce begun
Thou didst thy grace impart,
And make thy pardoning mercy known,
And seal it on my heart.
- 3 Why this profusion of thy grace
On such a worm as me?
Father, I ask in fixed amaze,
Explain the mystery.
- 4 How canst thou to a sinner's cry
Incline thy pitying ear?
Thou hear'st mine Advocate on high,
And wilt forever hear.

52. *C. Wesley.*

Self-deceivers.—Jeremiah vii. 4.

- 1 THE men who slight thy faithful word
In their own lies confide,
These are the temple of the Lord,
And heathens all beside.
The temple of the Lord are these,
The only church and true,
Who live in pomp, and wealth, and ease,
And Jesus never knew.
- 2 The temple of the Lord—they pull
Thy living temples down,
And cast out every gracious soul
That trembles at thy frown:
The church—they from their pale expel
Whom thou hast here forgiven:
And all the synagogue of hell
Are the sole heirs of heaven!
- 3 O would'st thou, Lord, reveal their sins,
And turn their joy to grief,
The world, the Christian world convince
Of damning unbelief;

The formalists confound, convert,
 And to thy people join,
 And break, and fill the broken heart
 With confidence divine.

53. *C. Wesley.*

Late Repentance.—Jeremiah viii. 20.

- 1 THE harvest of my joys is past,
 The summer of my comforts fled,
 Yet am I unredeem'd at last,
 And sink unsaved among the dead,
 If on the margin of the grave,
 Thou canst not in a moment save.
- 2 Destroy me not by thy delay,
 Delay is endless death to me:
 But the last moment of my day
 Is as a thousand years to Thee.
 Come, Jesus, while my head I bow,
 And show me thy salvation now!

54. *C. Wesley.*

Profane families warned.—Jeremiah x. 25.

- 1 TREMBLE, ye families profane,
 Where the great God is not adored,
 Who take the name of Christ in vain,
 But do not invoke your Lord;
 Regardless of his smile or frown,
 Ye pull his heaviest judgments down.
- 2 Before the threatened curse takes place,
 And sweeps your prayerless souls to hell,
 Daily unite to implore his grace,
 Invite him in your tents to dwell,
 Let every house his worship show,
 And every heart his presence know.

55. *C. Wesley.*

The deceitfulness of the heart.—Jer. xvii. 9.

- 1 How often, Lord, have I believed
 Myself instead of thee,

Ten thousand, thousand times deceived
 By my credulity!
 In every victory of grace
 I thought the conflict o'er:
 So strong my hill of holiness,
 I can be moved no more.

2 But O, how desperately proud
 My wretched heart unknown,
 Which told me "I am filled with God,
 And all the work is done!"
 It whispered "I am saved from sin,
 And need no farther care,
 If now I feel it not within,
 It is no longer there."

3 Yet surely, Lord, I may expect
 Thy promises fulfill'd,
 Thine image stamp'd on thine elect,
 Thy truth and mercy seal'd:
 Thou wilt in that appointed day
 Thy Spirit's might employ,
 Thrust out the foe, its relics slay,
 And finally destroy.

4 Thy sanctifying word is sure;
 Thy word concerning me
 Shall make me free indeed, and pure
 From all iniquity.
 Then shall my heart no more deceive,
 While by my Saviour known,
 Whate'er I am to thee I leave,
 And trust to thee alone.

56. *C. Wesley.*

The chaff distinguished from the wheat.—Jer. xxiii. 28.

1 WHAT is the chaff, the word of man,
 When set against the wheat?
 Can it a dying soul sustain,
 Like that immortal meat?

2 Thy word, O God, with heavenly bread
 The children doth supply,

And those who by thy word are fed
Their souls shall never die.

57. *C. Wesley.*

The word of God coming with power.—Jer. xxiii. 29.

- 1 JESUS, Lord, our hearts inspire
With that true word of thine;
Kindle now that heavenly fire
To brighten and refine;
Purify our faith like gold,
All the dross of sin remove;
Melt our spirits down, and mould
Into thy perfect love.
- 2 If thou dost thy gospel bless,
If thou apply the word,
Then our broken hearts confess
The hammer of the Lord:
Fully, Lord, thy hammer use,
Force the nations to submit,
Smite the rocks, and break and bruise
The world beneath thy feet.

58. *C. Wesley.*

Hope in the end.—Jer. xxxi. 17.

- 1 I TAKE thee at thy gracious word:
Let it accomplish'd be:
According to thy promise, Lord,
In death remember me!
- 2 O seal it on my heart;
And when I life resign,
My hope if in my end thou art,
Thou art for ever mine.

59. *C. Wesley.*

The dying Parent.—Jer. xlix. 11.

- 1 O THOU faithful God of love,
Gladly I thy promise plead,

Waiting for my last remove,
Hastening to the happy dead,
Lo, I cast on thee my care,
Breathe my latest breath in prayer.

2 Trusting in thy word alone,
I to thee my children leave;
Call my little ones thine own,
Give them all thy blessings, give,
Keep them while on earth they breathe,
Save their souls from endless death.

3 Whom I to thy grace commend
Into thine embraces take,
Be her sure immortal Friend,
Save her for my Saviour's sake;
Free from sin, from sorrow free,
Let my widow trust in thee.

4 Father of the fatherless,
Husband of the widow prove;
Me and mine persist to bless,
Tell me, we shall meet above,
Seal the promise on my heart,
Bid me then in peace depart.

60. *C. Wesley.*

Covenanting with the Lord.—Jer. l. 5.

1 COME let us use the grace divine,
And all with one accord
In a perpetual covenant join
Ourselves to Christ our Lord;
Give ourselves up through Jesus' power
His name to glorify,
And promise in this sacred hour
For God to live and die.

2 The covenant we this moment make
Be ever kept in mind!
We will no more our God forsake,
Or cast his words behind;

We never will throw off his fear,
 Who hears our solemn vow :
 And if thou art well-pleased to hear,
 Come down, and meet us now !

- 3 Thee, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 Let all our hearts receive,
 Present with thy celestial host
 The peaceful answer give ;
 To each the covenant-blood apply
 Which takes our sins away,
 And register our names on high,
 And keep us to that day !

61. *C. Wesley.*

The vision of dry bones.—Ezek. xxxvii. 1, &c.

- 1 CAUGHT by the Almighty hand,
 That Spirit of the Lord,
 Carried beyond myself I stand,
 A witness of his word ;
 I see the book unsealed,
 Least of the prophets' sons,
 I mark Ezekiel's valley filled
 With visionary bones !

- 2 Many they are and dry,
 Spread through the open vale,
 Millions of lifeless souls they lie
 Within the Christian pale :
 I pass the churches through,
 The scattered bones I see,
 And Christendom appears in view
 An hideous Calvary.

- 3 Can these dry bones perceive
 The quickening power of grace,
 Or Christian infidels retrieve
 The life of righteousness ?
 All-good, almighty Lord,
 Thou know'st thine own design,
 The virtue of thine own great word,
 The energy divine.

4 Now for thy mercy's sake
 Let thy great word proceed,
 Dispensed by whom thou wilt, to wake
 The spiritually dead;
 Send forth to prophesy
 Thy chosen messenger,
 And thou the gospel word apply,
 And force the world to hear.

5 Hear ye dry bones, and feel
 The word of truth and grace:
 I will in you myself reveal,
 I will your spirits raise;
 (Jehovah speaks the word)
 The promise is for you,
 Ye shall be gradually restored,
 And fashioned all anew:

6 Lord, while at thy command
 Thy servants prophesy,
 O let it spread through every land,
 The sound of Jesus nigh!
 The dead professors shake,
 And with thy quickening breath,
 Dispose their senseless souls to wake
 Out of the sleep of death.

62. *C. Wesley.*

Prayer at stated times.—Daniel vi. 10.

1 THUS, Lord, throughout my life would I
 At stated times thy grace implore,
 At morning, noon, and night, draw nigh
 Thy throne, to worship and adore;
 For mercy every moment pray,
 And never from thy praises cease,
 But glide insensibly away
 To raptures of eternal bliss.

2 Let the infernal lion roar,
 I still approach thy throne of grace,
 Daily present, as heretofore,
 My sacrifice of prayer and praise:

Before my God by Satan's host
 Found on my knees might I but be,
 I'll glory that my life it cost,
 And die from man, to live with thee.

63.

A door of Hope opened.—Hos. ii. 15.

- 1 AWAKE, our souls, and bless his name,
 Whose mercies never fail;
 Who opens wide a door of hope
 In Achor's gloomy vale.
- 2 Behold the portal wide display'd,
 The buildings strong and fair;
 Within are pastures fresh and green,
 And living streams are there.
- 3 Enter, my soul, with cheerful haste,
 For Jesus is the door;
 Nor fear the serpent's wily arts,
 Nor fear the lion's roar.
- 4 O may thy grace the nations lead,
 And Jews and Gentiles come,
 All travelling through one beauteous gate
 To one eternal home.

64. *Beddome*

Inconstancy lamented.—Hos. vi. 4.

- 1 THE wandering star, and fleeting wind,
 Are emblems of the fickle mind;
 The morning cloud and early dew
 Bring our inconstancy to view.
- 2 But cloud and wind, and dew and star,
 Only a faint resemblance bear;
 Nor can there aught in nature be
 So changeable and frail as we.
- 3 Our outward walk and inward frame,
 Are scarcely through an hour the same;
 We vow, and straight our vows forget,
 And then those very vows repeat.

- 4 We sin forsake, to sin return;
Are hot, then cold, now freeze, now burn;
Now sink to hell, in dark despair,
Then soar to heaven, and triumph there.
- 5 With flowing tears, Lord, we confess
Our folly and unsteadfastness;
When shall these hearts more stable be,
Fix'd by thy grace alone on thee!

65. *Beddome*

The Guidance of God's Holy Spirit.—Hos. xi. 3.

- 1 THAT we may walk with God,
He forms our hearts anew;
Takes us, like Ephraim, by the hand,
And teaches us to go.
- 2 He by his Spirit leads,
In paths before unknown;
The work to be performed is ours,
The strength is all his own.
- 3 Assisted by his grace,
We still pursue our way;
And hope at last to reach the prize,
Secure in endless day.
- 4 'Tis he that works to will,
'Tis he that works to do;
His is the power by which we act,
His be the glory too.

66. *Nelly*

The Restoration of Israel.—Amos vii. 2.

- 1 "By whom shall Jacob now arise?"
For Jacob's friends are few:
And (what might fill us with surprise)
They seem divided too.
- 2 "By whom shall Jacob now arise?"
For Jacob's foes are strong;
I read their triumph in their eyes,
They think he'll fail ere long.

- 3 "By whom shall Jacob now arise?"
 Can any tell by whom?
 Say, shall this branch that wither'd lies,
 Again revive and bloom?
- 4 Lord, thou can'st tell—the work is thine;
 The help of man is vain:
 On Jacob now arise and shine,
 And he shall live again.

67. *C. Wesley*

The Gourd of Jonah.—Jonah iv. 6, 7.

- 1 OUR joy is a created good;
 How soon it fades away,
 Fades (at the morning hour bestow'd)
 Before the noon of day.
- 2 Joy, by its violent excess,
 To certain ruin tends,
 And all our rapturous happiness
 In hasty sorrow ends.
- 3 In vain doth earthly bliss afford
 A momentary shade;
 It rises like the prophet's gourd,
 And withers o'er my head.
- 4 But of my Saviour's love possess'd,
 No more for earth I pine;
 Secure of everlasting rest
 Beneath the heavenly Vine.

68. *Doddridge*

For a day of National Humiliation.—Micah vi. 1, 2, 3.

- 1 HEARKEN, ye hills; ye mountains hear;
 Jehovah vindicates his laws;
 Trembling in silence at his bar,
 Thou earth, attend thy Maker's cause.
- 2 Israel, stand forth—present thy plea;
 And charge the Almighty to his face;
 Say, if his rules oppressive be;
 Say, if defective be his grace.

- 3 Eternal Judge, the action cease;
Our lips are seal'd in conscious shame:
'Tis ours, in sackcloth to confess,
And thine, the sentence to proclaim.
- 4 Ten thousand witnesses arise,
Thy mercies, and our crimes appear,
More than the stars that deck the skies,
And all our dreadful guilt declare.
- 5 How shall we come before thy face,
And in thine awful presence bow?
What offerings can secure thy grace,
Or calm the terrors of thy brow?
- 6 Thousands of rams in vain might bleed;
Rivers of oil might blaze in vain;
Or the first-born's devoted head
With horrid gore thine altar stain.
- 7 But thy own Lamb, all-gracious God,
Whom impious sinners dared to slay,
Hath sovereign virtue in his blood,
To purge the nation's guilt away.
- 8 With humble faith to that we fly;
With that be Britain sprinkled o'er;
Trembling no more in dust we lie,
And dread thy hand and bar no more.

69. *C. Wesley*

Unbelief repelled.—Hab. iii. 17, 18.

- 1 AWAY, my unbelieving fear!
Fear shall in me no more take place!
My Saviour doth not yet appear,
He hides the brightness of his face:
But shall I therefore let him go,
And basely to the tempter yield?
No—in the strength of Jesus, no—
I never will give up my shield.
- 2 Although the vine its fruit deny,
Although the olive yield no oil,

The withering fig-tree droop and die,
 The field elude the tiller's toil;
 The empty stall no herd afford,
 And perish all the bleating race,
 Yet will I triumph in the Lord,
 The God of my salvation praise.

- 3 Barren although my soul remain,
 And not one bud of grace appear,
 No fruit of all my toil and pain,
 But sin, and only sin is here;
 Although my gifts and comforts lost,
 My blooming hopes cut off I see,
 Yet will I in my Saviour trust,
 Whose matchless grace can reach to me.
- 4 In hope believing against hope,
 His promised mercy will I claim;
 His gracious word shall bear me up
 To seek salvation in his name.
 Soon, my dear Saviour, bring it nigh:
 My soul shall then outstrip the wind;
 On wings of love mount up on high,
 And leave the world and sin behind.

70. *Nelly*

The Suffering People of God.—Zeph. iii. 12.

- 1 "Poor and afflicted," Lord, are thine,
 Among the great unfit to shine;
 But though the world may think it strange,
 They would not with the world exchange.
- 2 "Poor and afflicted," 'tis their lot,
 They know it, and they murmur not;
 'Twould ill become them to refuse
 The state their Master deign'd to choose.
- 3 "Poor and afflicted," yet they sing,
 For Jesus is their glorious King;
 Through sufferings perfect now he reigns,
 And shares in all their griefs and pains.

- 4 "Poor and afflicted," but ere long
They join the bright celestial throng;
Their sufferings then will reach a close,
And heaven afford them sweet repose.
- 5 And while they walk the thorny way,
They oft are heard to sigh, and say—
"Dear Saviour, come, O quickly come!
And take thy mourning pilgrims home."

71.

Living waters.—Zech. xiv. 8, 9.

- 1 Now living waters flow
To cheer the humble soul;
From sea to sea the rivers go,
And spread from pole to pole.
- 2 Now righteousness shall spring,
And grow on earth again;
Jesus Jehovah be our King,
And o'er the nations reign.
- 3 Jesus shall rule alone,
The world shall hear his word;
By one bless'd name shall He be known,
The Universal Lord.

72. *R. H. Miller*

Rachel weeping for her children.—Matt. ii. 18.

- 1 WEEP, weep not o'er thy children's tomb,
O Rachel! weep not so:
The bud is cropt by martyrdom,
The flower in heaven shall blow.
- 2 Firstlings of faith! the murderer's knife
Hath miss'd its deadly aim;
The God, for whom they gave their life,
For them to suffer came.
- 3 Though evil were their days and few,
Baptized in blood and pain,
He knows them whom they never knew,
And they shall live again.

- 4 Then weep not o'er thy children's tomb,
 O Rachel! weep not so:
 The bud is cropt by martyrdom,
 The flower in heaven shall blow.

73.

The unfruitful trees cut down.—Matt. iii. 10.

- 1 THE Lord into his vineyard comes
 Our various fruit to see;
 His eye, more piercing than the light,
 Examines every tree.
- 2 Tremble, ye sinners, at his frown,
 If barren still ye stand;
 And fear that keenly-wounding axe,
 Which arms his awful hand.
- 3 Close to the root behold it laid,
 To make destruction sure:
 Who can resist the mighty stroke?
 Or who the fire endure?
- 4 Succeeding years thy patience waits;
 Nor let it wait in vain;
 But form in us abundant fruit,
 And still this fruit maintain.

74. *Bp. Heber*

Christ calling.—Matt. iv. 19.

- 1 How long the time since Christ began,
 To call in vain on me!
 Deaf to his warning voice, I ran
 Through paths of vanity.
- 2 He call'd me, when my thoughtless prime,
 Was early ripe to ill;
 I pass'd from folly on to crime,
 And yet He call'd me still.
- 3 He call'd me, in the time of dread,
 When death was full in view;
 I trembled on my feverish bed,
 And rose to sin anew.

- 4 Yet could I hear Him once again,
As I have heard of old,
Methinks He should not call in vain
His wanderer to the fold.
- 5 O Thou, that every thought dost know,
And answerest every prayer!
Try me with sickness, want or wo,
But snatch me from despair.
- 6 My struggling will by grace control,
Renew my broken vow:
—What blessed light breaks on my soul!
My God! I hear Thee now.

75.

God seeth in secret.—Matt. vi. 6.

- 1 OUR heavenly Father's piercing eye,
Sees through the darkest night;
In deep retirement He is nigh,
With heart-discerning sight.
- 2 There let that piercing eye survey
Our duteous homage paid;
With every morning's dawning ray,
And every evening's shade.
- 3 O God! may thy own heavenly fire,
The incense still inflame;
While my warm vows to thee aspire,
Through my Redeemer's name.
- 4 So shall the visits of thy love,
My soul in secret bless;
So shalt thou deign in worlds above,
Thy suppliant to confess.

76. *Bp. Heber*

"Save Lord! or we perish."—Matt. viii. 25.

WHEN through the torn sail the wild tempest is
streaming,
When o'er the dark wave the red lightning is gleam-
ing,

Nor hope lends a ray, the poor seaman to cherish,
We fly to our Maker; "Save, Lord! or we perish."

2 O Jesus! once rock'd on the breast of the billow,
Aroused by the shriek of despair from thy pillow,
Now seated in glory, the mariner cherish,
Who cries in his anguish, "Save, Lord! or we
perish."

3 And, oh! when the whirlwind of passion is raging,
When sin in our hearts his wild warfare is waging,
Then send down thy grace, thy redeemed to cherish,
Rebuke the destroyer; "Save, Lord! or we perish."

77. *Watts*

The blessedness of Gospel times.—Matt. xiii. 16.

1 How beauteous are their feet
Who stand on Zion's hill!
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal!

2 How charming is their voice!
How sweet the tidings are!
"Zion, behold thy Saviour King,
"He reigns and triumphs here."

3 How happy are our ears
That hear this joyful sound
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found!

4 How blessed are our eyes
That see this heavenly light!
Prophets and kings desired it long
But died without the sight.

5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.

6 The Lord makes bare his arm
Through all the earth abroad;
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

78. *C. Wesley.*

Christ with his assembled people.—Matt. xviii. 20.

- 1 CAN we believe thy precious word,
And not assemble in thy name,
Sure, if we meet, to meet our Lord,
And catch thy whisper, "Here I am!"
- 2 Where two or three with faithful heart
Unite to plead the promise given,
As truly in the midst Thou art,
As in the countless hosts of heaven.

79. *Mozavian*

Preparation to meet God.—Matt. xxv. 1—13.

- 1 ARE you form'd a creature new?
Have you proved the Cleanser's art?
Can you Christ in spirit view,
Purified through faith your heart?
Rise, to meet the Bridegroom, go,
Mingle with the virgin-row;
Oil you have, and need not fear,
Though this moment he appear.
- 2 These move on the narrow way,
Watchful, cheerful, free from toil,
Trim their lamps from day to day,
Adding still recruits of oil:
Doubly does the Spirit rest
On that happy peaceful breast,
Who himself to praying gives,
Who a life of watching lives.
- 3 Up, go forth to meet the Lamb,
Sleep and slumber far depart!
Let your lamps be all on flame,
Want of oil will wound the heart.
Gracious Sceptre of our King!
Thee we touch, and Thee we sing,
Under Thy propitious sway
Live we, grow we every day.

81. *C. Wesley*

The different lots of the righteous and the wicked.—

Matt. xxv. 10, 11.

- 1 How dreadful is the sinner's fate,
Who wakes, to sleep no more,
Who knocks and calls, alas, too late,
When death hath shut the door!
- 2 But we who now thy grace implore,
Shall now admitted be,
For if thy justice shut the door,
Thy mercy keeps the key.

82.

Christ served in ministering to his brethren.—Matt.

xxv. 40.

- 1 HIGH on a throne of radiant light
Dost Thou exalted shine;
What can my poverty bestow,
When all the worlds are thine?
- 2 But thou hast brethren here below,
The partners of thy grace,
And wilt confess their humble names
Before thy Father's face.
- 3 Thy face with reverence and with love
I in thy poor would see;
O rather let me beg my bread,
Than hold it back from thee.

83.

The Sower.—Mark iv. 3.

- 1 LORD of the harvest! God of grace!
Send down thy heavenly rain;
In vain we plant without thine aid,
And water too in vain.
- 2 May no vain thoughts, those birds of prey,
Defraud us of our gain;
Nor anxious cares, those baleful thorns,
Choke up the precious grain.

- 3 Ne'er may our hearts be like the rock
Where but the blade can spring;
Which scorch'd with heat becomes by noon
A dead, a useless thing.
- 4 Let not the joys thy gospel gives
A transient rapture prove;
Nor may the world by smiles and frowns
Our faith, and hope remove.
- 5 But may our hearts, like fertile soil,
Receive the heavenly word;
So shall our fair and ripen'd fruits
Their hundred-fold afford.

84.

Taking up the cross.—Mark viii. 34.

- 1 AND must I part with all I have,
Jesus, my Lord, for thee?
This is my joy, since thou hast done
Much more than this for me.
- 2 Yes, let it go:—one look from thee
Will more than make amends
For all the losses I sustain
Of credit, riches, friends.
- 3 Ten thousand worlds, ten thousand lives,
How worthless they appear,
Compared with thee, supremely good,
Divinely bright and fair!
- 4 Saviour of souls, while I from thee
A single smile obtain,
Though destitute of all things else,
I'll glory in my gain.

85. *g.*

Forsaking all to follow Christ.—Mark x. 28.

- 1 JESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave, and follow thee;
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou, from hence, my all shalt be;

Perish every fond ambition,
 All I've sought, or hoped, or known,
 Yet how rich is my condition,
 God and heaven are still my own.

2 Let the world despise and leave me;
 They have left my Saviour too;
 Human hearts and looks deceive me,
 Thou art not, like them, untrue;
 And whilst thou shalt smile upon me,
 God of wisdom, love, and might,
 Foes may hate, and friends disown me:
 Show thy face and all is bright.

3 Go, then, earthly fame and treasure,
 Come disaster, scorn, and pain,
 In thy service pain is pleasure,
 With thy favour loss is gain.
 I have called thee Abbá, Father,
 I have set my heart on thee,
 Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,
 All must work for good to me.

4 Man may trouble and distress me,
 'Twill but drive me to thy breast,
 Life with trials hard may press me,
 Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
 Oh! 'tis not in grief to harm me,
 While thy love is left to me,
 Oh! 't were not in joy to charm me
 Were that joy unmix'd with thee.

5 Soul, then know thy full salvation,
 Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care,
 Joy to find in every station
 Something still to do or bear.
 Think what spirit dwells within thee;
 Think what Father's smiles are thine,
 Think that Jesus died to win thee:
 Child of heaven canst thou repine?

6 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
 Arm'd by faith, and wing'd by prayer,

Heaven's eternal days before thee,
 God's own hand shall guide thee there.
 Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
 Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days,
 Hope shall change to glad fruition,
 Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

86. *Merrick*

The Song of Simeon.—Luke ii. 29. *Merrick*

- 1 'Tis enough—the hour is come;
 Now within the silent tomb
 Let this mortal frame decay,
 Mingled with its kindred clay;
 Since thy mercies oft of old
 By thy chosen seers foretold,
 Faithful now, and steadfast prove,
 God of truth, and God of love!
- 2 Since at length my aged eye,
 Sees the day-spring from on high!
 Those whom death had overspread
 With his dark and dreary shade,
 Lift their eyes, and from afar,
 Hail the light of Jacob's star;
 Waiting till the promised ray
 Turn their darkness into day.
- 3 Sun of Righteousness, to thee,
 Lo! the nations bow the knee;
 And the realms of distant kings
 Own the healing of thy wings;
 See the beams intensely shed,
 Shine on Sion's favour'd head!
 Never may they hence remove,
 God of truth, and God of love!

87.

Christ a complete Saviour.—Luke iv. 18, 19.

- 1 HARK, the glad sound, the Saviour comes!
 The Saviour promised long;

- Let every heart exult with joy,
And every voice be song!
- 2 On Him the Spirit, largely shed,
Exerts its sacred fire;
Wisdom and might, and zeal and love,
His holy breast inspire.
- 3 He comes! the prisoners to relieve
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.
- 4 He comes! from darkening scales of vice
To clear the inward sight,
And on the eye-balls of the blind,
To pour celestial light.
- 5 He comes! the broken hearts to bind,
The bleeding souls to cure,
And with the treasures of his grace
Enrich the humble poor.
- 6 The sacred year has now revolved,
Accepted of the Lord,
When Heaven's high promise is fulfill'd,
And Israel is restored.
- 7 Our glad hosannahs, Prince of Peace!
Thy welcome shall proclaim;
And heaven's exalted arches ring
With thy most honour'd name.

88. *Lord's Day.*

The one thing needful.—Luke x. 42.

- 1 Why will ye lavish out your years
Amidst a thousand trifling cares?
While in this various range of thought
The one thing needful is forgot?
- 2 Why will ye chase the fleeting wind
And famish an immortal mind?
While angels with regret look down
To see you spurn a heavenly crown?

- 3 Th' Eternal God calls from above,
And Jesus pleads his dying love;
Awaken'd conscience gives you pain;
And shall they join their pleas in vain?
- 4 Not so your dying eyes shall view
Those objects which ye now pursue;
Not so shall heaven and hell appear,
When the decisive hour is near.
- 5 Almighty God, thy power impart,
To fix convictions on the heart;
Thy power unveils the blindest eyes,
And makes the haughtiest scorner wise.

89. *Watts*

Joy in heaven over repenting sinners.—Luke xv. 7—10.

- 1 Who can describe the joys that rise
Through all the courts of paradise
To see a prodigal return,
To see an heir of glory born?
- 2 With joy the Father doth approve
The fruit of his eternal love;
The Son with joy looks down and sees
The purchase of his agonies.
- 3 The Spirit takes delight to view
The holy soul He formed anew;
And saints and angels join to sing
The growing empire of their King.

90.

The Prodigal Son.—Luke xv. 11—32.

- 1 THEE, O my God, and King,
My Father, thee I sing!
Hear, well-pleased, the joyous sound,
Praise from earth and heaven receive;
Lost,—I now in Christ am found.
Dead,—by faith in Christ I live.

- 2 Father, behold thy son ;
Through Christ I am thy own :
Stranger long to thee, and rest,
See the prodigal is come :
Open wide thine arms and breast,
Take the weary wanderer home.
- 3 Thine eye observed from far,
Thy pity look'd me near :
Me thy bowels yearn'd to see ;
Me thy mercy ran to find,
Empty, poor, and void of thee,
Hungry, sick and faint, and blind.
- 4 Thou on my neck didst fall,
Thy kiss forgave me all :
Still thy gracious words I hear,
Words that made the Saviour mine :
"Haste, for him the robe prepare,
"His be righteousness divine !"

91. *Watts*

The Pharisee and the Publican.—Luke xviii. 10.

- 1 BEHOLD how sinners disagree,
The Publican and Pharisee !
One doth his righteousness proclaim,
The other owns his guilt and shame.
- 2 This man at humble distance stands,
And cries for grace with lifted hands ;
That boldly rises near the throne,
And talks of duties he has done.
- 3 The Lord their different language knows,
And different answers he bestows ;
The humble soul with grace he crowns,
Whilst on the proud his anger frowns.
- 4 Dear Father, let me never be
Join'd with the boasting Pharisee ;
I have no merits of my own,
But plead the sufferings of thy Son.

92. *Beddome*

Sincerity.—John i. 47.

- 1 AM I an Israelite indeed,
Without a false disguise?
Have I renounced my sins, and left
My refuges of lies?
- 2 Say, does my heart unchanged remain
Or is it form'd anew?
What is the rule by which I walk;
The object I pursue?
- 3 Cause me, O God of truth and grace,
My real state to know!
If I am wrong, O set me right;
If right preserve me so.

93. *Beddome*

The brazen serpent.—John iii. 14.

- 1 WHEN poison spreading through their veins
Made Israel mourn their sin,
Eternal mercy eased their pains,
And healed the grief within.
- 2 A brazen serpent high was raised,
Salvation to procure;
The wounded looked, the living praised,
The dying found a cure.
- 3 Sinners who feel the deadly sting,
And mourn their follies past,
May now their sins and sorrows bring,
And free salvation taste.
- 4 See Jesus crucified and slain,
Behold him raised on high,
One look will save from endless pain,
Oh look, and never die!

94.

God is a Spirit.—John iv. 24.

- 1 God is a Spirit just and wise,
He sees our inmost mind;
In vain to heaven we raise our cries,
And leave our souls behind.
- 2 In spirit and in truth alone
We must present our prayer;
The formal and the false are known
Through the disguise they wear.
- 3 Their lifted eyes salute the skies,
Their bending knees the ground;
But God abhors the sacrifice,
Where not the heart is found.

95. *Newton*

Apostacy.—John vi. 67.

- 1 WHEN any turn from Zion's way,
Alas! what numbers do!
Methinks I hear my Saviour say,
"Wilt thou forsake me too?"
- 2 Ah, Lord! with such a heart as mine,
Unless thou hold me fast,
I feel I must, I shall decline,
And prove like them at last.
- 3 Yet thou alone hast power, I know,
To save a wretch like me;
To whom, or whither, could I go,
If I should turn from thee?
- 4 Beyond a doubt I rest assured
Thou art the Christ of God,
Who has eternal life secured
By promise and by blood.
- 5 No voice but thine can give me rest,
And bid my fears depart;
No love but thine can make me bless'd,
And satisfy my heart.

- 6 What anguish has that question stirr'd,
 If I will also go?
 Yet, Lord, relying on thy word,
 I humbly answer, No.

96. *Hilly.*

Christ the Forerunner.—John xiv. 2.

- 1 AND art Thou, gracious Master, gone,
 A mansion to prepare for me?
 Shall I behold Thee on thy throne,
 And there for ever sit with Thee?
 Then let the world approve or blame,
 I'll triumph in thy glorious name.
- 2 Should I, to gain the world's applause,
 Or to escape its harmless frown,
 Refuse to countenance thy cause,
 And make thy people's lot my own;
 What shame would fill me in that day,
 When Thou thy glory will display!
- 3 And what is man, or what his smile?
 The terror of his anger what?
 Like grass he flourishes a while,
 But soon his place shall know him not.
 Through fear of such a one shall I
 The Lord of heaven and earth deny!
- 4 No! let the world cast out my name,
 And vile account me if they will:
 If to confess the Lord be shame,
 I purpose to be viler still:
 For Thee, my God, I all resign,
 Content if I can call Thee mine.
- 5 What transport then shall fill my heart,
 When Thou my worthless name wilt own;
 When I shall see Thee as Thou art,
 And know as I myself am known!
 From sin and fear and sorrow free,
 My soul shall find its rest in Thee.

97.

The love of Christ in laying down his life.—John xv. 13.

- 1 My blessed Saviour, is thy love
So great, so full, so free?
Oh let me give my love, my heart,
My life, my all to Thee!
- 2 I love Thee for that glorious worth
In thy great self I see;
I love Thee for that shameful cross
Thou hast endured for me.
- 3 No man of greater love can boast
Than for his friend to die;
But for thy foes, Lord, thou wast slain;
What love with thine can vie?

98.

Behold the man!—John xix. 5.

- 1 BEHOLD the Man! how glorious He!
Before his foes He stands unawed,
And without wrong or blasphemy,
He claims equality with God.
- 2 Behold the man! by all condemn'd,
Assaulted by a host of foes;
His person and his claims contemn'd,
A man of sufferings and of woes.
- 3 Behold the man! He stands alone,
His foes are ready to devour;
Not one of all his friends will own
Their Master in this trying hour.
- 4 Behold the man! so weak he seems,
His awful word inspires no fear;
But soon must he, who now blasphemes,
Before his judgment-seat appear.
- 5 Behold the man! though scorn'd below,
He bears the greatest name above;
The angels at his footstool bow,
And all his royal claims approve.

99.

Redemption by Christ.—John xix. 30.

- 1 BEHOLD the Saviour on the cross,
A spectacle of wo!
See from his agonizing wounds
The blood incessant flow,
- 2 Till Death's pale ensigns o'er his cheek
And trembling lips were spread;
Till light forsook his closing eyes,
And life his drooping head.
- 3 'Tis finished—was his latest voice;
These sacred accents o'er,
He bow'd his head, gave up the ghost,
And suffer'd pain no more.
- 4 'Tis finish'd—The Messiah dies
For sins, but not his own;
The great redemption is complete,
And Satan's power o'erthrown.
- 5 'Tis finish'd—All his groans are past;
His blood, his pain, and toils,
Have fully vanquished our foes,
And crown'd him with their spoils.
- 6 'Tis finished—Legal worship ends,
And gospel ages run;
All old things now are past away,
And a new world begun.

100. *Newton*

"Lovest thou me?"—John xxi. 21.

- 1 'Tis a point I long to know,
Oft it causes anxious thought;
Do I love the Lord, or no?
Am I his, or am I not?
- 2 If I love, why am I thus?
Why this dull, this lifeless frame?
Hardly, sure, can they be worse,
Who have never heard his name!

- 3 Could my heart so hard remain,
Prayer a task and burden prove,
Every trifle give me pain,
If I knew a Saviour's love?
- 4 When I turn my eyes within,
All is dark, and vain, and wild :
Fill'd with unbelief and sin,
Can I deem myself a child?
- 5 If I pray, or hear, or read,
Sin is mix'd with all I do ;
You that love the Lord indeed,
Tell me, is it thus with you?
- 6 Yet I mourn my stubborn will,
Find my sin a grief and thrall ;
Should I grieve for what I feel,
If I did not love at all?
- 7 Could I joy his saints to meet,
Choose the ways I once abhorr'd,
Find, at times, the promise sweet,
If I did not love the Lord?
- 8 Lord, decide the doubtful case !
Thou who art thy people's sun,
Shine upon thy work of grace,
If it be indeed begun.
- 9 Let me love thee more and more,
If I love at all, I pray ;
If I have not loved before,
Help me to begin to-day.

101. *Biddome*

Partial convictions.—Acts xxiv. 25.

- 1 SAY, what is this I feel,
This trembling in my frame ;
Does it a contrite heart bespeak ?
Sure, Felix felt the same.
- 2 When conscience is alarmed,
My numerous sins I trace ;
Thus far a trembling soul may go,
Without renewing grace.

- 3 Do we our sins confess,
And all our sins forsake?
Do we to Jesus' blood repair,
And of his grace partake?
- 4 Lord, cleanse this soul of mine,
And all its powers renew;
Give me to know thy holy will,
Thy holy will to do!

102. *Biddesne.*

Justification and perseverance.—Rom. viii. 33.

- 1 SAY, who shall God's elect condemn?
'Tis Christ who for their ransom died;
Rising, He intercedes for them,
And they in Him are justified.
- 2 Not tribulation, nakedness,
The famine, peril, or the sword,
Nor persecution or distress,
Shall separate from Christ the Lord.
- 3 Nor life nor death, nor depth nor height,
Nor powers below, nor powers above,
Not present things, nor things to come,
Can change his purposes of love.
- 4 His sovereign mercy knows no bounds,
His faithfulness shall still endure;
And those who on his word rely,
Shall find his truth for ever sure.

103.

Love.—1 Cor. xiii.

- 1 LOVE suffers long; love envies not;
But love is ever kind;
She never boasteth of herself,
Nor proudly lifts the mind.
- 2 Love harbours no suspicious thought,
Is patient to the bad;
Grieved when she hears of sins and crimes,
And in the truth is glad.

- 3 Love no unseemly carriage shows,
Nor selfishly confined;
She glows with social tenderness,
And feels for all mankind.
- 4 Love beareth much, much she believes,
And still she hopes the best;
Love meekly suffers many a wrong,
Though sore with hardship press'd.
- 5 Love still shall hold an endless reign,
In earth and heaven above,
When tongues shall cease, and prophets fail,
And every gift but love.

104.

The Christian Graces.—1 Cor. xiii.

- 1 FAITH, Hope, and Love, now dwell on earth,
And earth by them is blest;
But faith and hope must yield to love,
Of all the graces best.
- 2 Hope shall to full fruition rise,
And faith be sight above:
These are the means, but this the end;
For saints for ever love.

105.

The house not built with hands.—2 Cor. v. 1.

- 1 Soon shall this earthly frame dissolved
In death and ruins lie;
But better mansions wait the just,
Prepared above the sky.
- 2 An house eternal built by God,
Shall lodge the holy mind;
When once those prison walls have fall'n
By which 'tis now confined.
- 3 Hence, burden'd with a weight of clay,
We groan beneath the load,
Waiting the hour which sets us free,
And brings us home to God.

- 4 We know that when the soul unclothed
Shall from this body fly,
'Twill animate a purer frame,
With life that cannot die.
- 5 Such are the hopes that cheer the just ;
These hopes their God hath given ;
His Spirit is the earnest now,
And seals their souls for heaven.
- 6 We walk by faith of joys to come,
Faith grounded on his word ;
But while this body is our home,
We mourn an absent Lord.
- 7 What faith rejoices to believe,
We long and pant to see ;
We would be absent from the flesh,
And present, Lord ! with thee.
- 8 But still, or here, or going hence,
To this our labours tend,
That, in his service spent, our life
May in his favour end.
- 9 For, lo ! before the Son, as Judge,
Th' assembled world shall stand,
To take the punishment or prize
From his unerring hand.
- 10 Impartial retributions then
Our different lives await ;
Our present actions, good or bad,
Shall fix our future fate.

106. *C. Wesley.**Christian warfare.*—Eph. vi. 10.

- 1 SOLDIERS of Christ arise,
And put your armour on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through his eternal Son ;
Strong in the Lord of Hosts,
And in his mighty power ;
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,
Is more than conqueror.

- 2 Stand then in his great might,
With all his strength endued ;
But take to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God :
That having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
Ye may o'ercome, through Christ alone,
And stand entire at last.

107.

The work of God in the soul.—Philipp. ii. 13.

- 1 'Tis God the Spirit leads,
In paths before unknown ;
The work to be perform'd is ours,
The strength is all his own.
- 2 Assisted by his grace,
We still pursue our way ;
And hope at last to reach the prize,
Secure in endless day.
- 3 'Tis he that works to will,
'Tis he that works to do ;
His is the power by which we act,
His be the glory too.

108. *C. Wesley*

Sorrowing not without hope.—1 Thess. iv. 13.

- 1 IF death my friend and me divide,
Thou dost not, Lord, my sorrow chide,
Or frown my tears to see ;
Restrain'd from passionate excess
Thou bidst me mourn in calm distress,
For them that rest in Thee.
- 2 I feel a strong immortal hope,
Which bears my mournful spirit up
Beneath its mountain-load :
Redeem'd from death, and grief, and pain,
I soon shall find my friend again
Within the arms of God.

- 3 Pass a few fleeting moments more
 And death the blessing shall restore
 Which death hath snatch'd away;
 For me thou wilt the summons send,
 And give me back my parted friend
 In that eternal day.

109. *C. Wesley*

She that liveth in pleasure warned.—1 Tim. v. 9.

- 1 STAY, thou too happy sinner, stay,
 Smooth-gliding down the flowery way,
 The broad frequented road;
 Gay wretch, that dost in pleasure live,
 And all thy joy from earth receive,
 Thy soul is dead to God.
- 2 When death thy soul and body part,
 If dead to God even then thou art,
 Excluded from the skies,
 Shut up in darkness palpable,
 And justly left to its own hell,
 Thy soul forever dies.

110.

Christian Assurance.—2 Tim. i. 12.

- 1 I'm not ashamed to own my Lord,
 Or to defend his cause,
 Maintain the glory of his cross,
 And honour all his laws.
- 2 Jesus, my Lord! I know his name,
 His name is all my boast;
 Nor will He put my soul to shame,
 Nor let my hope be lost.
- 3 I know that safe with Him remains,
 Protected by his power,
 What I've committed to his trust,
 Till the decisive hour.
- 4 Then will He own his servant's name,
 Before his Father's face,

And in the New Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place.

111. *C. Wesley*

The Christian's Last Triumph.—2 Tim. iv. 7, 8.

- 1 "I THE good fight have fought"
O when shall I declare!
The vict'ry by my Saviour got,
I long with Paul to share.
O may I triumph so,
When all my warfare's past!
And, dying, find my latest foe
Under my feet at last!
- 2 This blessed word be mine,
Just as the port is gained;
"Kept by the power of grace divine,
I have the faith maintain'd:"
Th' apostles of my Lord,
To whom it first was given,
They could not speak a greater word,
Nor all the saints in heaven.

112.

Salvation only through Christ.—Titus iii. 3—9.

- 1 How wretched was our former state,
When slaves to Satan's sway,
With hearts disorder'd and impure,
O'erwhelm'd in sin we lay!
- 2 But, O my soul! for ever praise,
For ever love his name,
Who turned thee from the fatal paths
Of folly, sin, and shame.
- 3 Vain and presumptuous is the trust
Which in our works we place,
Salvation from a higher source
Flows to the human race.
- 4 'Tis from the mercy of our God
That all our hopes begin;

- His mercy saved our souls from death,
And wash'd our souls from sin.
- 5 His Spirit, through the Saviour shed,
Its sacred fire imparts,
Refines our dross, and love divine
Rekindles in our hearts.
- 6 Thence, raised from death, we live anew;
And, justified by grace,
We hope in glory to appear,
And see our Father's face.
- 7 Let all who hold this faith and hope
In holy deeds abound;
Thus faith approves itself sincere
By active virtue crown'd.

113.

The Saint's Rest.—Heb. iv. 9.

- 1 LORD, I believe a rest remains,
To all thy people known;
A rest where pure enjoyment reigns
And thou art loved alone.
- 2 A rest, where all our soul's desire
Is fix'd on things above;
Where, fear, and sin, and grief expire,
Cast out by perfect love.
- 3 O that I now the rest might know,
Believe, and enter in!
Now, Saviour, now, the power bestow,
And let me cease from sin.
- 4 Remove this hardness from my heart,
This unbelief remove:
To me the rest of faith impart,
The Sabbath of thy love.:
- 5 Come, O my Saviour, come away!
Into my soul descend!
No longer from thy creature stay,
My Author and my End,

6 The bliss thou hast for me prepared
No longer be delay'd!
Come, my exceeding great Reward,
For whom I first was made.

7 Come, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
And seal me thine abode;
Let all I am in Thee be lost;
Let all be lost in God.

114. *Lagan.*

The Temple above.—Heb. iv. 14.

1 WHERE high the heavenly temple stands,
The house of God not made with hands,
A great High Priest our nature wears;
The guardian of mankind appears.

2 He who for men their surety stood,
And pour'd on earth his precious blood,
Pursues in heaven his mighty plan,
The Saviour and the friend of man.

3 Though now ascended up on high,
He bends on earth a brother's eye;
Partaker of the human name,
He knows the frailty of our frame.

4 Our fellow-sufferer yet retains
A fellow-feeling of our pains;
And still remembers, in the skies,
His tears, his agonies, and cries.

5 In every pang that rends the heart,
The man of sorrows had a part;
He sympathizes with our grief,
And to the sufferer sends relief.

6 With boldness therefore at the throne,
Let us make all our sorrows known;
And ask the aids of heavenly power,
To help us in the evil hour.

115. *C. Wesley.*

"It is appointed unto men once to die."—Heb. ix. 27.

- 1 THE sentence pass'd on Adam's race
I meekly in myself receive,
And thank thee for the warning grace,
That here I have not long to live:
- 2 I hasten to my real home,
For no reprieve, or respite cry;
But when the fatal hour is come,
My only business be, to die.

116. *Watts.*

The only sacrifice for sin.—Heb. x. 4.

- 1 NOT all the blood of beasts
On Jewish altars slain
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.
- 2 But Christ the heavenly Lamb
Takes all our sins away;
A sacrifice of nobler name
And richer blood than they.
- 3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of thine,
While like a penitent I stand
And there confess my sin.
- 4 My soul looks back to see
The burdens thou didst bear
When hanging on the cursed tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.
- 5 Believing we rejoice
To see the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing his bleeding love.

117.

The vision of faith.—Heb. xi. 1.

- 1 By faith I see the unseen things,
Hid from all mortal eyes;
Proud reason stretching all its wings,
Beneath me fluttering lies.
- 2 By faith I build my lasting hope
On righteousness divine;
Nor can I sink with such a prop,
Whatever storms combine.
- 3 By faith I overcome the world,
And all its hurtful charms;
I'm in the heavenly chariot hurl'd
Through all opposing harms.
- 4 By faith I can the mountains vast
Of sin and guilt remove,
And them into the ocean cast,
Of my Redeemer's love.
- 5 By faith my melting soul repents,
Whene'er the cross appears,
My heart in grateful praises vents,
My eyes in joyful tears.
- 6 By faith I walk, I run, I fly;
By faith I suffer thrall;
By faith I'm fit to live or die;
By faith I can do all.
- 7 By faith I hope to see that Sun,
Who Grace's light thus lent,
His everlasting circles run
In Glory's firmament.

118. *J. Wesley*

The Christian's Pilgrimage through the wilderness.

Heb. xii. 14.

- 1 How happy is the pilgrim's lot;
How free from every anxious thought,

From worldly hope and fear!
Confined to neither court nor cell,
His soul disdains on earth to dwell,
He only sojourns here.

- 2 This happiness in part is mine;
Already saved from low design,
From every creature-love!
Bless'd with the scorn of finite good,
My soul is lighten'd of its load,
And seeks the things above.
- 3 The things eternal I pursue;
A happiness beyond the view
Of those that basely pant
For things by nature felt and seen;
Their honours, wealth, and pleasures mean,
I neither have nor want.
- 4 I have no babes to hold me here;
But children more securely dear
For mine I humbly claim:
Better than daughters, or than sons,
Temples divine, of living stones
Inscribed with Jesus' Name.
- 5 No foot of land do I possess;
No cottage in this wilderness:
A poor way-faring man,
I lodge awhile in tents below,
Or gladly wander to and fro,
Till I my Canaan gain.
- 6 Nothing on earth I call my own;
A stranger to the world, unknown,
I all their goods despise;
I trample on their whole delight,
And seek a city out of sight,
A city in the skies.
- 7 There is my house and portion fair,
My treasure and my heart are there,
And my abiding home;
For me my elder brethren stay,

And angels beckon me away,
And Jesus bids me come!

119. *Trilly.*

"The Lord is my helper."—Heb. xiii. 6.

- 1 OFT as I look upon the road
That leads to yonder blest abode,
I feel distress'd and fearful:
So many foes the passage throng,
I am so weak, and they so strong;
How can my soul be cheerful!
- 2 But when I think of Him whose power
Can save me in a trying hour;
And place on Him reliance:
My soul is then ashamed of fear;
And though ten thousand foes appear,
I bid them all defiance.
- 3 The dangerous road I then pursue,
And keep the glorious prize in view;
With joyful hope elated:
Strong in the Lord, in him alone;
Where he conducts, I follow on
With ardour unabated.
- 4 O Lord, each day renew my strength,
And let me see thy face at length,
With all thy people yonder:
With them in heaven thy love declare,
And sing thy praise for ever there,
With gratitude and wonder.

120.

Seeking a better Country.—Heb. xiii. 14.

- 1 LEADER of faithful souls, and Guide
Of all that travel to the sky,
Come, and with us, even us abide
Who would on thee alone rely;
On thee alone our spirits stay,
While held in life's uneven way.

- 2 Strangers and pilgrims here below,
This earth we know is not our place,
But hasten through this vale of wo,
And restless to behold thy face;
Swift to our heavenly country move,
Our everlasting home above.
- 3 We have no 'biding city here,
But seek a city out of sight;
Thither our steady course we steer,
Aspiring to the plains of light;
Jerusalem the saints' abode,
Whose founder is the living God.
- 4 Patient th' appointed race to run,
This weary world we cast behind;
From strength to strength we travel on,
The New Jerusalem to find:
Our labour this, our only aim,
To find the New Jerusalem.
- 5 Through thee, who all our sins hast borne,
Freely and graciously forgiven,
With songs to Zion we return,
Contending for our native heaven;
That palace of our glorious King:
We find it nearer while we sing.
- 6 Raised by the breath of Love divine,
We urge our way with strength renewed;
The church of the First-born to join,
We travel to the mount of God;
With joy upon our heads arise,
And meet our Captain in the skies.

121.

Conformity to Christ.—Heb. xiii. 20, 21.

- 1 FATHER of peace, and God of love!
We own thy power to save,
That power by which our Shepherd rose
Victorious o'er the grave.

- 2 Him from the dead Thou brought'st again,
When, by his sacred blood,
Confirm'd and seal'd for evermore,
Th' eternal covenant stood.
- 3 O may thy Spirit seal our souls,
And mould them to thy will,
That our weak hearts no more may stray,
But keep thy precepts still ;
- 4 That to perfection's sacred height,
We nearer still may rise ;
And all we think, and all we do,
Be pleasing in thine eyes !

122.

The Christian's Hope.—1 Pet. i. 3—5.

- 1 BLESS'D be the everlasting God,
The Father of our Lord !
Be his abounding mercy praised,
His majesty adored !
- 2 When from the dead He raised his Son,
And call'd Him to the sky,
He gave our souls a lively hope,
That they should never die.
- 3 To an inheritance divine,
He taught our hearts to rise ;
'Tis uncorrupted, undefiled,
Unfading, in the skies.
- 4 Saints, by the power of God, are kept
Till the salvation come :
We walk by faith as strangers here ;
But Christ shall call us home.

123. *Watts.*

Adoption.—1 John iii. 1.

- 1 BEHOLD what wondrous grace
The Father hath bestow'd

- On sinners of a mortal race,
To call them sons of God!
- 2 'Tis no surprising thing,
That we should be unknown;
The Jewish world knew not their King,
God's everlasting Son.
- 3 Nor doth it yet appear
How great we must be made;
But when we see our Saviour here,
We shall be like our Head.
- 4 A hope so much divine
May trials well endure,
May purge our souls from sense and sin,
As Christ the Lord is pure.
- 5 If in my Father's love,
I share a filial part,
Send down thy Spirit, like a dove,
To rest upon my heart.
- 6 We would no longer lie
Like slaves beneath the throne;
My faith shall Abba, Father, cry,
And thou the kindred own.

124.

Doxology.—Jude 24, 25.

- 1 To God the only wise,
Our Saviour, and our King,
Let all the saints below the skies
Their humble praises bring.
- 2 'Tis his Almighty love,
His counsel, and his care,
Preserves us safe from sin and death,
And every hurtful snare.
- 3 He will present our souls,
Unblemish'd and complete,
Before the glory of his face,
With joys divinely great.

- 4 Then all the chosen seed
Shall meet around the throne,
Shall bless the conduct of his grace,
And make his wonders known.
- 5 To our Redeemer, God,
Wisdom and power belongs,
Immortal crowns of majesty,
And everlasting songs.

125.

"Be thou faithful unto death."—Rev. ii. 10.

- 1 OUR Captain leads us on,
He beckons from the skies,
He reaches out a starry crown,
And bids us take the prize.
- 2 "Be faithful unto death,
Partake my victory,
And thou shalt wear this glorious wreath,
And thou shalt reign with me."
- 3 'Tis thus the righteous Lord
To every soldier saith;
Eternal life is the reward
Of all-victorious faith.
- 4 Who conquer in his might,
The victor's meed receive;
They claim a kingdom in his right,
Which God shall freely give.

126.

"Behold, I stand at the door, and knock."—Rev.
iii. 20.

- 1 COME, let us who in Christ believe,
Our common Saviour praise;
To Him with joyful voices give
The glory of his grace.

- 2 He now stands knocking at the door
Of every sinner's heart;
The worst need keep Him out no more,
Nor force Him to depart.
- 3 Through grace we hearken to thy voice,
Yield to be saved from sin;
In sure and certain hope rejoice,
That Thou wilt enter in.
- 4 Come quickly in, Thou heavenly guest,
Nor ever hence remove;
But sup with us, and let the feast
Be everlasting love.

127.

The Saints in Glory.—Rev. vii. 13, to the end.

- 1 How bright these glorious spirits shine!
Whence all their white array?
How came they to the blissful seats
Of everlasting day?
- 2 Lo! these are they from sufferings great
Who came to realms of light,
And in the blood of Christ have wash'd
Those robes which shine so bright.
- 3 Now with triumphal palms they stand
Before the throne on high,
And serve the God they love, amidst
The glories of the sky.
- 4 His presence fills each heart with joy,
Tunes every voice to sing;
By day, by night, the sacred courts
With glad Hosannahs ring.
- 5 Hunger and thirst are felt no more,
Nor suns with scorching ray;
God is their sun, whose cheering beams
Diffuse eternal day.

- 6 The Lamb which dwells amidst the throne
Shall o'er them still preside,
Feed them with nourishment divine,
And all their footsteps guide.
- 7 'Mong pastures green He'll lead his flock,
Where living streams appear ;
And God the Lord from every eye
Shall wipe off every tear.

128. *M. H. H.*

The water of Life.—Rev. xxii. 17.

- 1 THE Saviour calls—let every ear
Attend the heavenly sound ;
Ye doubting souls, dismiss your fear,
Hope smiles reviving round.
- 2 For every thirsty longing heart,
Here streams of bounty flow ;
And life, and health, and bliss impart,
To banish mortal wo.
- 3 Ye sinners, come ; 'tis mercy's voice,
The gracious call obey ;
Mercy invites to heavenly joys,
And can you yet delay ?
- 4 Dear Saviour, draw reluctant hearts ;
To thee let sinners fly,
And take the bliss thy love imparts,
And drink, and never die !

129.

The Heavenly Jerusalem.—Rev. xxi. and xxii.

- 1 JERUSALEM ! my happy home !
Name ever dear to me !
When shall my labours have an end,
In joy, and peace, and thee ?
- 2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls
And pearly gates behold ?

- Thy bulwarks, with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?
- 3 O, when, thou city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And sabbaths have no end?
- 4 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know:
Bless'd seats! through rude and stormy scenes,
I onward press to you.
- 5 Why should I shrink at pain and wo?
Or feel, at death, dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.
- 6 Apostles, martyrs, prophets there,
Around my Saviour stand;
And soon my friends in Christ below,
Will join the glorious band.
- 7 Jerusalem! my happy home!
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labours have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

CHRISTIAN PSALMIST.
PART SECOND.
PRAYER AND PRAISE.

PART SECOND.

HYMNS

OF

PRAYER AND PRAISE.

THE
CHRISTIAN PSALMIST.

PART II.
PRAYER AND PRAISE.

130.

For Instruction.

- 1 TEACH me, my God and King,
 In all things Thee to see;
And what I do in any thing,
 To do it as for Thee!
- 2 To scorn the Senses' sway,
 While still to Thee I tend:
In all I do, be Thou the way,
 In all be Thou the end.
- 3 All may of Thee partake:
 Nothing so small can be,
But draws, when acted for thy sake,
 Greatness and worth from Thee.
- 4 If done beneath thy laws,
 Even servile labours shine;
Hallow'd is toil, if this the cause,
 The meanest work divine.

131.

God all in all to the believer.

- 1 IN Thee I live, and move, and am;
 Thou deal'st me out my days:
As thou renew'st my being, Lord,
 Let me renew thy praise.

- 2 Naked came I into this world,
And nothing with me brought;
And nothing have I here deserved:
Yet have I lacked nought.
- 3 I do not bless my labouring hand,
My labouring head, or chance;
Thy providence, most gracious God,
Is mine inheritance.
- 4 Thy bounty gives me bread with peace,
A table free from strife:
Thy blessing is the staff of bread,
Which is the staff of life.
- 5 The daily favours of my God
I cannot sing at large:
Yet let me make this holy boast,
I am the Almighty's charge.
- 6 Lord, in the day, Thou art about
The paths wherein I tread;
And in the night, when I lie down,
Thou art about my bed.
- 7 A thousand deaths I daily 'scape,
I pass by many a pit,
I sail by many dreadful rocks,
Where others have been split.
- 8 Whilst others in God's prisons lie,
Bound with affliction's chains,
I walk at large, secure and free
From sickness and from pains.
- 9 'Tis not, my God, myself alone,
But mine to Thee I owe;
Thou mad'st me many out of one;
O let thy praises grow.
- 10 O let my house a temple be;
That I and mine may sing
Hosannahs to thy Majesty,
And praise our heavenly King.

- 11 'Tis Thou hast crown'd my actions, Lord,
With good success, each day;
This crown, together with myself,
At thy blest feet I lay.

132.

For the continual help of God.

- 1 BE with me, Lord, where'er I go,
Teach me what Thou would'st have me do;
Suggest whate'er I think or say,
Direct me in thy narrow way.
- 2 Prevent me, lest I harbour pride,
Lest I in mine own strength confide;
Show me my weakness, let me see,
I have my power, my all from Thee.
- 3 O may I ne'er my silence break,
Unless inspired by Thee to speak;
Then let such power attend my word,
That all who hear, may seek the Lord.
- 4 Enrich me alway with thy love;
My kind protection ever prove;
Thy signet put upon my breast,
And let thy Spirit on me rest.
- 5 Assist and teach me how to pray;
Incline my nature to obey;
What Thou abhorr'st, that let me flee,
And only love what pleases thee.
- 6 O may I never do my will,
But thine, and only thine, fulfil:
Let all my time, and all my ways,
Be spent and ended to thy praise.

133.

For a blessing with food.

- 1 FOUNTAIN of being, Source of good!
At whose Almighty breath

The creature proves our bane or food,
Dispensing life or death.

2 Thee we address with humble fear,
Vouchsafe thy gifts to crown;
Father of all, thy children hear,
And send a blessing down.

3 O may our souls for ever pine
Thy grace to taste and see;
Athirst for righteousness divine,
And hungry after Thee!

134. *C. Wesley*

Social dedication to God.

- 1 BEING of beings, God of Love,
To Thee our hearts we raise;
Thy all-sustaining power we prove,
And gladly sing thy praise.
- 2 Thine, wholly thine, we want to be,
Our sacrifice receive;
Made, and preserved, and saved by Thee,
To Thee ourselves we give.
- 3 Come Holy Ghost, the Saviour's love
Shed in our hearts abroad
So shall we ever live and move,
And be with Christ, in God.

135. *Horatian*

For holiness of life.

- 1 I ASK not honour, pomp or praise,
By worldly men esteem'd,
I wish from sin's deceitful ways
To feel my soul redeem'd.
- 2 I wish, as faithful Christians do,
Dear Lord, to live to Thee,
And by my words and walk to show,
That Thou hast died for me.

- 3 O grant me through thy precious blood,
 Thy gospel thus to grace;
 Renew my heart, O Lamb of God,
 Thus shall my works Thee praise.

136.

Praying infirmities. Beddome

- 1 AND can I call this prayer,
 My heart so far from God!
 Either unprofitably fix'd,
 Or wandering far abroad,
 2 When pride and self-applause
 Bear such tyrannic sway,
 Where thoughts and words no more agree,
 Can I be said to pray?
 3 Dear Lord, thy powerful aid
 I earnestly implore;
 Save me from sinful self and pride,
 And make my worship pure.

137.

Inconstancy. Watts.

- 1 WHY is my heart so far from Thee,
 My God, my chief delight?
 Why are my thoughts no more by day
 With Thee, no more by night?
 2 Why should my foolish passions rove?
 Where can such sweetness be
 As I have tasted in thy love,
 As I have found in Thee.
 3 When my forgetful soul renews
 The savour of thy grace,
 My heart presumes I cannot lose
 The relish all my days.
 4 But ere one fleeting hour is pass'd,
 The flattering world employs

Some sensual bait to seize my taste,
And to pollute my joys.

- 5 Trifles of nature or of art
With fair deceitful charms,
Intrude upon my thoughtless heart,
And thrust Thee from my arms.
- 6 Then I repent and vex my soul
That I should leave thee so:
Where will those wild affections roll
That let a Saviour go!
- 7 Make haste, my days, to reach the goal,
And bring my heart to rest
On the dear centre of my soul,
My God, my Saviour's breast.

138.

For conviction and conversion.

- 1 COME, O thou all-victorious Lord,
Thy power to us make known;
Strike with the hammer of thy word,
And break these hearts of stone.
- 2 O that we all might now begin
Our foolishness to mourn;
And turn at once from every sin,
And to our Saviour turn.
- 3 Give us ourselves, and Thee to know,
In this our gracious day;
Repentance unto life bestow,
And take our sins away.
- 4 Conclude us first in unbelief,
And freely then release;
Fill every soul with sacred grief,
And then with sacred peace.
- 5 Impoverish, Lord, and then relieve,
And then enrich the poor;
The knowledge of our sickness give;
The knowledge of our cure.

- 6 That blessed sense of guilt impart,
And then remove the load;
Trouble, and wash the troubled heart
In the atoning blood.
- 7 Our desperate state through sin declare,
And speak our sins forgiven;
By perfect holiness prepare,
And take us up to heaven.

139. *Beddome**The Rock and Refuge.*

- 1 THE sins of youth and age
Aloud for vengeance cry;
What satisfaction can I make,
Or where for shelter fly?
- 2 Jesus, a rock Thou art,
Ordained by heaven to be
A refuge to the trembling soul;
And why not such to me?
- 3 Secured from every ill,
Exempt from every fear;
Eternal wrath will never reach,
No arrows pierce me there.

140. *Beddome**The broken heart.*

- 1 Now to thine altar, Lord,
A broken heart I bring;
And wilt Thou graciously accept
Of such a worthless thing?
- 2 To Christ the bleeding Lamb
My faith directs her eyes:
All other offerings are vain,
But not his sacrifice.
- 3 That moment He expired,
The law was satisfied;

And now to its severest claims,
I answer, "Jesus died."

141.

For deliverance from the bondage of Sin.

- 1 O THAT Thou wouldst the heavens rent,
In majesty come down,
Stretch out thine arm omnipotent,
And seize me for thine own!
- 2 Descend, and let thy lightning burn
The stubble of thy foe;
My sins o'erturn, o'erturn, o'erturn,
And let the mountains flow.
- 3 What though I cannot break my chain,
Or e'er throw off my load,
The things impossible to men,
Are possible to God.
- 4 Is there a thing too hard for Thee,
Almighty Lord of all,
Whose threatening looks dry up the sea,
And make the mountains fall?
- 5 Who, who shall in thy presence stand,
And match Omnipotence,
Ungrasp the hold of thy right hand,
Or pluck the sinner thence?
- 6 Sworn to destroy, let earth assail,
Nearer to save Thou art,
Stronger than all the powers of hell,
And greater than my heart.
- 7 Jesus! Redeemer, Saviour, Lord,
The weary sinner's friend,
Come to my help, pronounce the word,
And bid my troubles end.
- 8 Deliverance to my soul proclaim,
And life, and liberty,
Shed forth the virtue of thy name,
And Jesus prove to me.

142. *C. Wesley.**For the Holy Spirit's Influences.*

- 1 STAY, Thou insulted Spirit, stay,
Though I have done Thee such despite ;
Nor cast the sinner quite away,
Nor take thine everlasting flight.
- 2 Though I have steel'd my stubborn heart,
And still shook off my guilty fears ;
And vex'd, and urged Thee to depart,
For many long rebellious years ;
- 3 Though I have most unfaithful been,
Of all who e'er thy grace received ;
Ten thousand times thy goodness seen,
Ten thousand times thy goodness grieved ;
- 4 Yet, O ! the chief of sinners spare,
In honour of my great High Priest ;
Nor in thy righteous anger swear
T' exclude me from thy people's rest.
- 5 This only wo I deprecate,
This only plague I pray remove ;
Nor leave me in my lost estate,
Nor curse me with this want of love.
- 6 Now, Lord, my weary soul release,
Upraise me with thy gracious hand,
And guide into thy perfect peace,
And bring me to the promised land.

143.

For power to watch and pray.

- 1 THE praying Spirit breathe,
The watching power impart ;
From all entanglements beneath,
Call off my grovelling heart ;
My feeble mind sustain,
By worldly thoughts oppress ;

Appear, and bid me turn again
To my eternal rest.

- 2 Swift to my rescue come;
Thy own this moment seize;
Gather my wandering spirit home,
And keep in perfect peace:
Suffer'd no more to rove
O'er all the earth abroad,
Arrest the prisoner of thy love,
And shut me up in God.

144.

For various Gifts and Graces.

- 1 JESUS, my strength, my hope,
On thee I cast my care;
With humble confidence look up,
And know Thou hear'st my prayer.
Give me on Thee to wait,
Till I can all things do;
On Thee, almighty to create,
Almighty to renew.
- 2 I want a sober mind,
A self-renouncing will,
That tramples down, and casts behind
The baits of pleasing ill;
A soul inured to pain,
To hardship, grief, and loss;
Bold to take up, firm to sustain,
The consecrated cross.
- 3 I want a godly fear,
A quick-discerning eye,
That looks to Thee, when sin is near,
And sees the tempter fly;
A spirit still prepared,
And arm'd with jealous care;
For ever standing on its guard,
And watching unto prayer.

- 4 I rest upon thy word,
 The promise is for me;
 My succour and salvation, Lord,
 Shall surely come from Thee.
 But let me still abide,
 Nor from my hope remove,
 Till Thou my patient spirit guide
 Into thy perfect love.

145. *Horatian*

For Guardianship and Guidance.

- 1 O THOU, to whose all-searching sight,
 The darkness shineth as the light;
 Search, prove my heart, it pants for Thee,
 O burst these bonds, and set it free!
- 2 If in this darksome wild I stray,
 Be Thou my Light, be Thou my Way;
 No foes, nor violence I fear,
 Nor fraud, while Thou, my God, art near.
- 3 When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
 When sinks my heart in waves of wo;
 Jesus, thy timely aid impart,
 And raise my head, and cheer my heart.
- 4 Saviour, where'er thy steps I see,
 Dauntless, untired, I follow Thee!
 O let thy hand support me still,
 And lead me to thy holy hill!
- 5 If rough and thorny be the way,
 My strength proportion to my day;
 Till toil, and grief, and pain shall cease,
 Where all is calm, and joy, and peace.

146. *Mr. Steele,*

Longing for heaven.

- 1 PERMIT me, Lord, to seek thy face,
 Obedient to thy call,
 To seek the presence of thy grace,
 My strength, my life, my all.

- 2 All I can wish is thine to give :
My God I ask thy love,
That greatest bliss I can receive,
That bliss of heaven above.
- 3 To heaven my restless heart aspires ;
O for a quickening ray,
To wake and warm my faint desires,
And cheer the tiresome way.
- 4 The path to thy divine abode,
Through a wild desert lies ;
A thousand snares beset the road,
A thousand terrors rise.
- 5 Satan and sin unite their art
To keep me from my Lord ;
Dear Saviour, guard my trembling heart,
And guide me by thy word.
- 6 My guardian, my almighty friend,
On Thee my soul would rest ;
On Thee alone my hopes depend,
Be near and I am blest.

147. *M. Rowc.*

Renouncing all for God.

- 1 To thee, O God ! my prayer ascends,
But not for golden stores ;
Nor covet I the brightest gems
On the rich eastern shores :
- 2 Nor that deluding empty joy
Men call a mighty name,
Nor greatness, with its pride and state,
My restless thoughts inflame ;
- 3 Nor pleasure's fascinating charms,
My fond desires allure ;
But nobler things than these from Thee,
My wishes would secure.
- 4 The faith and hope of things unseen
My best affections move ;

Thy light, thy favour, and thy smiles,
Thine everlasting love :

- 5 These are the blessings I desire ;
Lord, be these blessings mine—
And all the glories of the world
I cheerfully resign.

148. *C. Wesley.*

Vain Repentances.

- 1 TIMES without number have I pray'd
This only once forgive,
Relapsing, when thy hand was stay'd,
And suffer'd me to live :
- 2 Yet now the kingdom of thy peace,
Lord, to my heart restore,
Forgive my vain repentances,
And bid me sin no more.

149. *Herbert.*

Discipline.

- 1 O THROW away thy rod,
O throw away thy wrath !
My gracious Saviour and my God,
O take the gentle path.
- 2 Thou seest my heart's desire
Still unto Thee is bent ;
Still does my longing soul aspire
To an entire consent.
- 3 Not even a word or look
Do I approve or own,
But by the model of thy book,
Thy sacred book alone.
- 4 Although I fail, I weep ;
Although I halt in pace,
Yet still with trembling steps I creep
Unto the throne of grace.
- 5 O then let wrath remove ;
For love will do the deed :

Love will the conquest gain; with love
E'en stony hearts will bleed.

6 O throw away thy Rod;
What though man frailties hath?
Thou art my Saviour and my God;
O throw away thy wrath!

150. *C. Wesley.*

Resignation.

- 1 AND wilt thou yet be found?
And may I still draw near?
Then listen to the plaintive sound
Of a poor sinner's prayer.
- 2 Jesus, thine aid afford,
If still the same Thou art;
To Thee I look, to Thee, my Lord,
Lift up a helpless heart.
- 3 Thou seest my tortured breast,
The strugglings of my will,
The foes that interrupt my rest,
The agonies I feel.
- 4 The daily death I prove,
Saviour, to Thee is known:
'Tis worse than death, my God to love,
And not my God alone.
- 5 My peevish passions chide,
Who only canst control,
Canst turn the stream of Nature's tide,
And calm my troubled soul.
- 6 O my offended Lord,
Restore my inward Peace:
I know Thou canst: pronounce the word,
And bid the tempest cease.
- 7 Though late I all forsake,
My friends, my life resign,
Gracious Redeemer, take, O take,
And seal me ever thine.

- 8 Come, and possess me whole,
Nor hence again remove,
Settle, and fix my wavering soul
With all thy weight of love.
- 9 My one desire be this,
Thy only love to know,
To seek and taste no other bliss,
No other good below.
- 10 My Life, my portion thou,
Thou all-sufficient art,
My hope, my heavenly treasure, now
Enter, and keep my heart.

151. *Addison**Fleeing from judgment.*

- 1 WHEN rising from the bed of death,
O'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear,
I see my Maker face to face,
O how shall I appear!
- 2 If yet while pardon may be found,
And mercy may be sought,
My heart with inward horror shrinks,
And trembles at the thought;
- 3 When Thou, O Lord, shalt stand disclosed
In majesty severe,
And sit in judgment on my soul,
O how shall I appear!
- 4 But Thou hast told the troubled mind,
Who does her sins lament,
The timely tribute of her tears
Shall endless woe prevent.
- 5 Then see the sorrows of my heart,
Ere yet it be too late;
And hear my Saviour's dying groans,
To give those sorrows weight:
- 6 For never shall my soul despair
Her pardon to procure,

Who knows thine only Son has died
To make her pardon sure.

152. *Watts.**Imploring Mercy.*

- 1 SHOW pity, Lord, O Lord, forgive,
Let a repenting rebel live :
Are not thy mercies large and free ?
May not a sinner trust in Thee ?
- 2 My crimes are great, but not surpass
The power and glory of thy grace :
Great God, thy nature hath no bound,
So let thy pardoning love be found.
- 3 O wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean ;
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain my eyes.
- 4 My lips with shame my sins confess
Against thy law, against thy grace :
Lord, should thy judgment grow severe,
I am condemn'd, but Thou art clear.
- 5 Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,
I must pronounce Thee just in death ;
And if my soul were sent to hell,
Thy righteous law approves it well.
- 6 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hovering round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

153.

The Penitent Pleading.

- 1 O LORD, on whom I do depend !
Behold my careful heart ;
And when thy will and pleasure is,
Release me of my smart.

- 2 Thou seest my sorrows, what they are,
My grief is known to Thee ;
And there is none that can remove
Or take the same from me,
- 3 But only Thou, whose aid I crave,
Whose mercy still is prest
To ease all those, that come to Thee
For succour and for rest.
- 4 And since Thou seest my restless eyes,
My tears and grievous groan,
Attend unto my suit, O Lord !
Mark my complaint and moan.
- 5 Though sin doth hinder me a while,
When Thou shalt see it good,
I shall enjoy the sight of Him
Who shed for me his blood !
- 6 And as thy angels and thy saints
Do now behold the same ;
So trust I to possess that place,
With them to praise thy name.
- 7 But whilst I live here in this vale
Where sinners do frequent,
Assist me ever with thy grace,
My sins still to lament ;
- 8 Lest that I tread the sinners path,
And give them my consent,
To dwell with them in wickedness
Whereto nature is bent.
- 9 Only thy grace must be my stay ;
Let that with me remain :
For if I fall, then of myself
I cannot rise again.
- 10 Wherefore this is yet once again
My suit and my request,
To grant me pardon for my sin,
That I in Thee may rest.

154.

The Sinner's Lamentation.

- 1 O LORD, turn not thy face away
From him that lies prostrate,
Lamenting sore his sinful life
Before thy Mercy-gate ;
- 2 Which thou dost open wide for those,
That do lament their sin :
O shut it not against me, Lord,
But let me enter in.
- 3 Call me not to a strict account,
How I have lived here ;
For then I know right well, O Lord,
Most vile I shall appear.
- 4 I need not to confess my life,
For surely thou can'st tell
What I have been ; and what I am,
Thou knowest very well.
- 5 So come I to the throne of grace,
Where mercy doth abound,
Desiring mercy for my sins,
To heal my deadly wound.

155. *Moravian**Hoping for Grace.*

- 1 My soul before Thee prostrate lies,
To Thee, her source, my spirit flies ;
My wants I mourn, my chains I see ;
O let thy presence set me free !
- 2 Lost and undone, for aid I cry ;
In thy death, Saviour, let me die !
Grieved with thy grief, pain'd with thy pain,
Ne'er may I feel self-love again.
- 3 Jesus, vouchsafe my heart and will,
With thy meek lowliness to fill ;
No more her power let nature boast,
But in thy will, may mine be lost !

- 4 In life's short day, let me yet more
Of thy enlivening power implore ;
My mind must deeper sink in Thee,
My foot stand firm, from wandering free.
- 5 One only care my soul should know,
Father, all thy commands to do :
Ah ! deep engrave it on my breast,
That I in Thee alone am blest.

156. *Watts*.*The Example of Christ in Prayer.*

- 1 My dear Redeemer and my Lord,
I read my duty in thy word,
But in thy life the law appears
Drawn out in living characters.
- 2 Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,
Such deference to thy Father's will,
Such love, and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe and make them mine.
- 3 Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witness'd the fervour of thy prayer:
The desert thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict and thy victory too.
- 4 Be thou my pattern ; make me bear
More of thy gracious image here ;
Then God the judge shall own my name
Amongst the followers of the Lamb.

157.

Humble Profession.

- 1 My blessed Saviour, is thy love
So great, so full, so free ?
Behold ! I give my love, my heart,
My life, my all to Thee.
- 2 I love Thee for the glorious worth
In thy great Self I see :

- I love thee for that shameful cross
Thou hast endured for me.
- 3 No man of greater love can boast,
Than for his friend to die;
But for thy enemies Thou wast slain;
What love with thine can vie?
- 4 Though in the very form of God,
With heavenly glory crown'd,
Thou wouldst partake of human flesh,
Beset with troubles round.
- 5 Thou wouldst like wretched man be made
In every thing but sin;
That we as like Thee might become,
As we unlike have been :
- 6 Like Thee in faith, in meekness, love,
In every beauteous grace ;
From glory thus to glory changed,
As we behold thy face.
- 7 O Lord, I'll treasure in my soul
The memory of thy love :
And thy dear name shall still to me
A grateful odour prove.
- 8 Thy friends, the excellent on earth,
Shall be my chief delight ;
And when alone, I'll make thy law
My study day and night.
- 9 Where thou dost pitch thy tent, and where
Thy honour deigns to dwell,
There I'll fix mine, and there reside,
There thy love's wonders tell.

158. *Morian**Fervent Vows and Petitions.*

- 1 THEE will I love, my strength and tower,
Thee will I love, my joy and crown ;
Thee will I love with all my power,
In all my works, and thee alone !

Thee will I love, till the pure fire
Fill my whole soul with chaste desire.

- 2 In darkness willingly I stray'd ;
I sought Thee, yet from Thee I roved ;
For wide my wandering thoughts were spread,
Thy creatures more than Thee I loved :
And now, if more at length I see,
Tis through thy light, and comes from Thee.
- 3 I thank Thee, uncreated Sun,
That thy bright beams on me have shined :
I thank Thee, who hast overthrown
My foes, and heal'd my wounded mind ;
I thank Thee, whose enlivening voice
Bids my freed heart in Thee rejoice.
- 4 Give to my eyes refreshing tears,
Give to my heart chaste, hallowed fires ;
Give to my soul, with filial fears,
The love that all heaven's host inspires ;
That all my powers with all their might
In thy sole glory may unite.
- 5 Thee will I love, my Joy, my Crown !
Thee will I love, my Lord, my God !
Thee will I love, though all may frown,
And thorns and briers perplex my road ;
Yea, when my flesh and heart decay,
Thee shall I love in endless day.

159. *Addison*

Review of Life crowned with Mercies.

- 1 WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.
- 2 O how shall words with equal warmth
The gratitude declare
That glows within my ravish'd heart !
But Thou canst read it there.

- 3 Thy Providence my life sustain'd
And all my wants redrest,
When in the silent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breast.
- 4 To all my weak complaints and cries
Thy mercy lent an ear,
E'er yet my feeble thoughts had learned
To form themselves in prayer.
- 5 Unnumber'd comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestow'd,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom those comforts flow'd.
- 6 When in the slippery paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm unseen convey'd me safe,
And led me up to man.
- 7 Through hidden dangers, toils, and deaths,
It gently cleared my way,
And through the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be fear'd than they.
- 8 When worn with sickness, oft hast Thou
With health renew'd my face;
And when in sins and sorrows sunk,
Reviv'd my soul with grace.
- 9 Thy bounteous hand with temporal goods
Has made my cup run o'er,
And in a kind and faithful friend
Has doubled all my store.
- 10 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts,
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.
- 11 Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death in distant worlds
The glorious theme renew.

12 When Nature fails, and day and night
Divide thy works no more,
My ever grateful heart, O Lord,
Thy mercy shall adore.

13 Through all eternity to thee
A joyful song I'll raise;
For O! Eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise.

160. *Gambold.*

Confidence in the Truth and Faithfulness of God.

1 THAT "I am thine, my Lord and God!
Sprinkled and ransom'd by thy blood,"—
Repeat that word once more,
With such an energy and light,
That this world's flattery nor spite
To shake me never may have power.

2 From various cares my heart retires;
Though deep and boundless its desires,
I'm now to please but One:
He, before whom the elders bow,
With Him is all my business now,
And with the souls that are his own.

3 This is my joy, (which ne'er can fail,)
To see my Saviour's arm prevail;
To mark the steps of grace;
How new-born souls convinced of sin,
His blood reveal'd to them within,
Extol my Lamb in every place.

4 With these my happy lot is cast:
Through the world's deserts rude and waste,
Or through its gardens fair;
Whether the storm of malice sweeps,
Or all in dead supineness sleeps;
Still to go on, be my whole care.

5 See! the dear flock by Jesus drawn,
In bless'd simplicity move on;
They trust his Shepherd's crook:

Beholders many faults will find,
But they can tell their Saviour's mind,
Content, if written in his book.

- 6 O all ye just, ye rich, ye wise,
Who deem th' atoning sacrifice,
A doctrine vain and slight;
Grant but I may (the rest's your own)
In shame and poverty sit down
At this one Well-spring of delight.

- 7 Indeed if Jesus was not slain,
Or ought can make his ransom vain,
That now it heals no more;
If his heart's tenderness is fled;
Were He no more the Church's head,
Nor Lord of all, as heretofore;

- 8 Then, (so refers my state to him)
Unwarranted I must esteem,
And wretched all I do.
Ah, my heart throbs! and seizes fast
That Covenant which will ever last;
It knows, it knows, these things are true.

- 9 No, my dear Lord, in following Thee,
Not in the dark uncertainly
This foot obedient moves;
'Tis with a Brother and a King,
Who many to his yoke will bring,
Who ever lives and ever loves.

- 10 Now then, my way, my truth, my life!
Henceforth let sorrow, doubt and strife,
Drop off like autumn leaves;
Henceforth, as privileged by thee,
Simple and undistracted be
My soul, which to thy sceptre cleaves.

- 11 Let me my weary mind recline
On that eternal love of thine,
And human thoughts forget;
Childlike attend what thou wilt say;
Go forth and do it while 'tis day,
Yet never leave my sweet retreat.

- 12 At all times to my spirit bear
 An inward witness, soft and clear,
 Of thy redeeming power:
 This will instruct thy child and fit,
 Will sparkle forth whate'er is right,
 For exigence of every hour.
- 13 Thus all the sequel is well weigh'd :
 I cast myself upon thy aid,
 A sea where none can sink ;
 Yea, in that sphere I stand, poor worm,
 Where thou wilt for thy name perform
 Beyond whate'er I ask or think.

161.

For the witness of the Spirit.

- 1 SPIRIT of truth, come down,
 Reveal the things of God,
 Make Thou to us Christ's Godhead known,
 Apply his precious blood,
 His merits glorify,
 That each may clearly see
 Jesus, who did for sinners die,
 Hath surely died for me.
- 2 No man can truly say
 That Jesus is the Lord,
 Unless Thou take the veil away,
 And breathe the living word :
 Then, only then we feel
 Our interest in his blood,
 And cry with joy unspeakable,
 "Thou art my Lord, my God!"

162. *Moravian*

Joy and Peace in Believing.

- 1 LAMB of God, who Thee receive,
 Who in Thee desire to live,
 Day and night they cry to Thee,
 As thou art, so let us be,

- 2 Fix, O fix our wavering mind,
To thy cross us firmly bind:
Gladly now we would be clean;
Cleanse our hearts from every sin.
- 3 Dust and ashes though we be,
Full of guilt and misery;
Thine we are, Thou Son of God,
Take the purchase of thy blood.
- 4 Sinners who in thee believe
Everlasting life receive;
They with joy behold thy face,
Triumph in thy pardoning grace.

163. *Walt.**God all, and in all.*

- 1 My God, my life, my love,
To Thee, to Thee, I call,
I cannot live if Thou remove,
For Thou art all in all.
- 2 Thy shining grace can cheer
This dungeon where I dwell;
'Tis Paradise when Thou art here,
If Thou depart, 'tis hell.
- 3 To Thee, and Thee alone,
The angels owe their bliss;
They sit around thy gracious throne,
And dwell where Jesus is.
- 4 Not all the harps above
Can make a heavenly place,
If God his residence remove,
Or but conceal his face.
- 5 Nor earth, nor all the sky
Can one delight afford,
No, not a drop of real joy,
Without thy presence, Lord.
- 6 Thou art the sea of love,
Where all my pleasures roll,

The circle where my passions move,
And centre of my soul.

164. *Matts.*

God's presence in joy and trouble.

- 1 My God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights.
- 2 In darkest shades if He appear,
My dawning is begun;
He is my soul's sweet morning star,
And he my rising sun.
- 3 The opening heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
While Jesus shows his heart is mine,
And whispers, *I am his!*
- 4 My soul would leave this heavy clay
At that transporting word,
Run up with joy the shining way
T' embrace my dearest Lord.
- 5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death
I'd break through every foe;
The wings of love, and arms of faith
Should bear me conqueror through.

165. *C. Wesley*

For a contrite heart.

- 1 O FOR that tenderness of heart,
Which bows before the Lord;
Acknowledging how just Thou art,
And trembling at thy word!
- 2 O for those humble, contrite tears,
Which from repentance flow;
That consciousness of guilt, which fears
The long-suspended blow!

- 3 Saviour, to me, in pity give
The sensible distress :
The pledge Thou wilt, at last, receive,
And bid me die in peace :
- 4 Wilt from the dreadful day remove,
Before the evil come ;
My spirit hide with saints above,
My body in the tomb.

166. *L. Wesley.*

Invitation to praise the Lord.

- 1 O FOR a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise ;
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace.
- 2 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad
The honours of thy name.
- 3 Jesus, the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease :
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.
- 4 He breaks the power of cancell'd sin,
He sets the prisoner free ;
His blood can make the foulest clean ;
His blood avail'd for me.
- 5 He speaks ; and, listening to his voice,
New life the dead receive ;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice ;
The humble poor believe.
- 6 Hear Him, ye deaf ; Him praise, ye dumb,
Your loosen'd tongues employ ;
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come,
And leap, ye lame, for joy !
- 7 Look unto Him, ye nations ; own
Your God, ye fallen race ;

Look, and be saved by faith alone,
Be justified by grace.

- 8 See all your sins on Jesus laid :
The Lamb of God was slain,
His soul was once an offering made,
For every soul of man.
- 9 Awake from guilty nature's sleep,
And Christ shall give you light ;
Cast all your sins into the deep,
And wash the Æthiop white.
- 10 With me, by faith, ye then shall know,
Shall feel your sins forgiven ;
Anticipate your heaven below,
And own that love is heaven.

167. *C. Wesley.*

The Sun of Righteousness.

- 1 CHRIST, whose glory fills the skies,
Christ, the true, the only Light,
Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Triumph o'er the shades of night :
Day-spring from on high, be near ;
Day-star, in my heart appear.
- 2 Dark and cheerless is the morn,
Unaccompanied by Thee ;
Joyless is the day's return,
Till thy mercy's beams I see ;
Till they inward light impart,
Glad my eyes, and warm my heart.
- 3 Visit, then, this soul of mine,
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief ;
Fill me, Radiancy Divine !
Scatter all my unbelief :
More and more Thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day.

168.

For Providence and Grace.

- 1 O THOU, my light, my life, my joy,
My glory, and my all ;
Unsent by Thee, no good can come,
No evil can befall.
- 2 Such are thy schemes of providence,
And methods of thy grace,
That I may safely trust in Thee,
Through all the wilderness.
- 3 'Tis thine outstretch'd and powerful arm
Upholds me in the way ;
And thy rich bounty well supplies
The wants of every day.
- 4 For such compassions, O my God !
Ten thousand thanks are due ;
For such compassions I esteem
Ten thousand thanks too few.

169.

Trust in Providence.

- 1 AUTHOR of good, to Thee I turn ;
Thy ever-wakeful eye
Alone can all my wants discern,
Thy hand alone supply.
- 2 O let thy fear within me dwell,
Thy love my footsteps guide ;
That love shall vainer loves expel,
That fear, all fears beside.
- 3 And, Oh ! by error's force subdued,
Since oft my stubborn will
Madly rejects the solid good,
And grasps the tempting ill ;
- 4 Not to my wish, but to my want,
Do thou thy gifts apply ;

Unask'd what good thou knowest grant,
What ill, though ask'd, deny.

170. *Addison.*

The Traveller's Hymn.

- 1 How are thy servants bless'd, O Lord !
How sure is their defence !
Eternal wisdom is their guide,
Their help, Omnipotence !
- 2 In foreign realms, and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
Through burning climes I pass'd unhurt,
And breathed in tainted air.
- 3 Think, O my soul ! devoutly think,
How with affrighted eyes,
Thou saw'st the wide-extended deep,
In all its horrors rise.
- 4 Confusion dwelt on every face,
And fear in every heart ;
When waves on waves, and gulfs on gulfs,
O'ercame the pilot's art.
- 5 Yet then from all my griefs, O Lord !
Thy mercy set me free ;
Whilst in the confidence of prayer,
My soul took hold on Thee.
- 6 For though in dreadful whirls we hung,
High on the broken wave,
I knew Thou wert not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.
- 7 The storm was laid, the winds retired,
Obedient to thy will ;
The sea that roar'd at thy command,
At thy command was still !
- 8 In midst of dangers, fears and death,
Thy goodness I'll adore ;
And praise Thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

- 9 My life, if Thou preserv'st my life,
Thy sacrifice shall be;
And death, if death must be my doom,
Shall join my soul to Thee.

171. *C. Wesley.*

Contemplation of Judgment.

- 1 THOU God of glorious majesty,
To Thee, against myself to Thee,
A worm of earth, I cry;
An half-awaken'd child of man,
An heir of endless bliss or pain,
A sinner born to die.
- 2 Lo! on a narrow neck of land,
'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand,
Secure, insensible;
A point of time, a moment's space,
Removes me to that heavenly place,
Or shuts me up in hell.
- 3 O God, mine inmost soul convert!
And deeply on my thoughtful heart
Eternal things impress;
Give me to feel their solemn weight,
And tremble on the brink of fate,
And wake to righteousness.
- 4 Before me place in dread array,
The pomp of that tremendous day,
When Thou with clouds shalt come,
To judge the nations at thy bar;
And tell me, Lord, shall I be there,
To meet a joyful doom?
- 5 Be this my one great business here,
With serious industry and fear,
Eternal bliss t' ensure;
Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,
And suffer all thy righteous will,
And to the end endure.

- 6 Then, Saviour, then, my soul receive,
Transported from this vale to live
And reign with Thee above;
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
And hope in full, supreme delight,
And everlasting love.

172. *Beddome**Meekness and Forbearance.*

- 1 JESUS, my Saviour, let me be
More perfectly conform'd to Thee;
Implant each grace, each sin dethrone,
And form my temper like thine own.
- 2 My foe, when hungry, let me feed,
Share in his grief, supply his need;
The haughty frown may I not fear,
But with a lowly meekness bear.
- 3 Let the envenom'd heart and tongue,
The hand outstretch'd to do me wrong,
Excite no feelings in my breast,
But such as Jesus once express'd.
- 4 To others let me always give,
What I from others would receive;
Good deeds for evil ones return,
Nor, when provoked, with anger burn.
- 5 This will proclaim how bright and fair
The precepts of the Gospel are;
And God himself, the God of love,
His own resemblance will approve.

173. *Beddome**God All-sufficient.*

- 1 WHEN earthly comforts die,
And thorns o'erspread the road,
Whither, O! whither shall I fly,
But unto Thee, my God!

- 2 When anxious thoughts arise,
And sorrows compass round,
Amidst ten thousand enemies,
In Thee my help is found.
- 3 Then at thy feet I'll bow,
And in thy mercy trust:
If I am saved, how good art Thou!
And if I perish, just!
- 4 Perish!—It cannot be,
Since Jesus shed his blood;
The promise is both rich and free,
And He will make it good.

174.

Deliverances acknowledged.

- 1 God of my life, whose gracious power,
Through varied deaths my soul hath led,
Or turn'd aside the fatal hour,
Or lifted up my sinking head!
- 2 In all my ways thy hand I own,
Thy ruling providence I see:
Assist me still my course to run,
And still direct my paths to Thee.
- 3 Oft hath the sea confess'd thy power,
And given me back at thy command;
It could not, Lord, my life devour,
Safe in the hollow of thine hand.
- 4 Oft from the margin of the grave,
Thou, Lord, hast lifted up my head;
Sudden, I found Thee near to save;
The fever own'd thy touch, and fled.
- 5 Whither, O! whither should I fly,
But to my loving Saviour's breast,
Secure within thine arms to lie,
And safe beneath thy wings to rest?
- 6 I have no skill, the snare to shun,
But Thou, O Christ, my wisdom art:

I ever into ruin run;
But Thou art greater than my heart.

- 7 Foolish, and impotent, and blind,
Lead me a way I have not known;
Bring me where I my heaven may find,
The heaven of loving Thee alone.

175. *C. Wesley.*

Consecration of the heart to Christ.

- 1 O THOU, who camest from above,
The pure, celestial fire t' impart!
Kindle a flame of sacred love,
On the mean altar of my heart.
- 2 There, let it for thy glory burn,
With inextinguishable blaze;
And, trembling, to its source return,
In humble prayer, and fervent praise.
- 3 Jesus, confirm my heart's desire
To work, and speak, and think for Thee;
Still let me guard the holy fire,
And still stir up thy gift in me.
- 4 Ready for all thy perfect will,
My acts of faith and love repeat,
Till death thy endless mercies seal,
And make the sacrifice complete.

176. *Moravian*

Seeking after God.

- 1 THOU hidden love of God, whose height,
Whose depth unfathom'd no man knows;
I see from far thy beauteous light,
Inly I sigh for thy repose.
My heart is pain'd; nor can it be
At rest, till it find rest in Thee.
- 2 Thy secret voice invites me still
The sweetness of thy yoke to prove;

And fain I would ; but though my will
Seem fix'd, yet wide my passions rove ;
Yet hinderances strew all the way :
I aim at thee, yet from thee stray.

3 'Tis mercy all, that thou hast brought
My mind to seek her peace in thee :
Yet, while I seek, but find thee not,
No peace my wandering soul shall see.
O when shall all my wanderings end,
And all my steps to thee-ward tend !

4 Is there a thing beneath the sun,
That strives with thee my heart to share ?
Ah ! tear it thence, and reign alone,
The Lord of every motion there !
Then shall my heart from earth be free,
When it hath found repose in thee.

5 Each moment draw from earth away,
My heart, that lowly waits thy call ;
Speak to my inmost soul, and say,
“ I am thy Love, thy God, thy All ! ”
To feel thy power, to hear thy voice,
To taste thy love, be all my choice !

177.

For the love of God.

1 My God, I humbly call Thee mine,
And will not quit my claim,
Till all I have is lost in thine,
And all renew'd I am.

2 I hold Thee with a trembling hand,
But will not let Thee go,
Till steadfastly by faith I stand,
And all thy goodness know.

3 Jesus ! thine all-victorious love
Shed in my heart abroad ;
Then shall my feet no longer rove,
Rooted and fix'd in God.

- 4 O that in me the sacred fire
Might now begin to glow!
Burn up the dross of base desire,
And make the mountains flow!
- 5 O that it now from heaven might fall,
And all my sins consume!
Come, Holy Ghost, for Thee I call;
Spirit of burning, come!
- 6 Refining fire, go through my heart,
Illuminate my soul;
Scatter thy life through every part,
And sanctify the whole!
- 7 No longer, then, my heart shall mourn,
While, purified by grace,
I only for his glory burn,
And always see his face.

178. *C. Wesley.*

For faith in God.

- 1 GIVE me the faith which can remove
And sink the mountain to a plain;
Give me the child-like praying love,
Which longs to build thy house again.
Thy love, let it my heart o'erpower,
And all my simple soul devour!
- 2 I would the precious time redeem,
And longer live for this alone;
To spend, and to be spent, for them
Who have not yet my Saviour known;
Fully on these my mission prove,
And only breathe, to breathe thy love.
- 3 My talents, gifts, and graces, Lord,
Into thy blessed hands receive;
And let me live to preach thy word,
And let me to thy glory live;
My every sacred moment spend,
In publishing the sinner's Friend!

- 4 Enlarge, inflame, and fill my heart
 With boundless charity divine !
 So shall I all my strength exert,
 And love them with a zeal like thine ;
 And lead them to thy open side,
 The sheep for whom their Shepherd died.

179. *Byron.*

For Christ's presence.

- 1 COME, Saviour Jesus, from above !
 Assist me with thy heavenly grace ;
 Empty my heart of earthly love,
 And for Thyself prepare the place.
- 2 O let thy sacred presence fill,
 And set my longing spirit free,
 Which pants to have no other will,
 But day and night to feast on Thee !
- 3 That path with humble speed I'll seek,
 In which my Saviour's footsteps shine ;
 Nor will I hear, nor will I speak
 Of any other love but thine.
- 4 Henceforth, may no profane delight
 Divide this consecrated soul ;
 Possess it Thou, who hast the right,
 As Lord and Master of the whole.
- 5 Nothing on earth do I desire,
 But thy pure love within my breast ;
 This, only this, will I require,
 And freely give up all the rest.

180. *Heber.*

For the Redeemer's return to his Church.

- 1 O SAVIOUR ! is thy promise fled ?
 Nor longer may thy grace endure,
 To heal the sick, and raise the dead,
 And preach thy gospel to the poor ?

- 2 Come, Jesus! come, return again;
With brighter beams thy servants bless,
Who long to hail thy perfect reign,
And share thy kingdom's happiness.
- 3 A feeble race, by passion driven,
In darkness and in doubt we roam,
And lift our anxious eyes to heaven,
Our hope, our harbour, and our home.
- 4 Come, Jesus! come; and as of yore,
Thy Prophet went to clear the way,
A harbinger thy feet before,
A dawning to thy brighter day;—
- 5 So, ere again we see thy face,
Our stony hearts for truth prepare;
Sow in our souls the seed of grace,
Then come, and reap thy harvest there.

181. *Gosp lady.**Christ the Rock of Ages.*

- 1 Rock of ages! cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy side, a healing flood,
Be of sin the double cure;
Save from wrath, and make me pure.
- 2 Should my tears for ever flow,
Should my zeal no languor know,
This for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and Thou alone;
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling.
- 3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eye-lids close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold Thee on thy throne,
Rock of ages! cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

182. *Christian Observer.**Litany.*

- 1 By thy birth and early years,
By thy human griefs and fears;
By thy fasting and distress
In the lonely wilderness;
By thy victory, in the hour
Of the subtle tempter's power;
Jesus! look with pitying eye,
Hear our solemn litany.
- 2 By the sympathy that wept
O'er the grave where Lazarus slept;
By thy bitter tears, that flow'd
Over Salem's lost abode;
By the troubled sigh, that told
Treason lurk'd within thy fold;
Jesus! look with pitying eye,
Hear our solemn litany.
- 3 By thine hour of dark despair;
By thine agony of prayer;
By the purple robe of scorn;
By thy wounds, thy crown of thorn,
Cross and passion, pangs and cries;
By thy perfect sacrifice;
Jesus! look with pitying eye,
Hear our solemn litany.
- 4 By thy deep expiring groan;
By the seal'd sepulchral stone;
By thy triumph o'er the grave;
By thy power from death to save;
Mighty God! ascended Lord,
To thy throne in heaven restored!
Prince and Saviour! hear the cry
Of our solemn litany.

183. *M^{rs} J. L. Merill.**For heavenly-mindedness.*

- 1 OH! from the world's vile slavery,
Almighty Saviour! set me free;
And as my treasure is above,
Be there my thoughts, be there my love!
- 2 But oft, alas! too well I know,
My thoughts, my love, are fix'd below;
In every lifeless prayer I find
The heart unmoved, the absent mind.
- 3 Oh! what that frozen heart can move,
That melts not at the Saviour's love?
What can that sluggish spirit raise,
That will not sing the Saviour's praise?
- 4 Yet earthly pleasure still hath charms;
And earthly love my bosom warms;
Though cold my heart to love divine,
And cold, my bleeding Lord! to thine.
- 5 Lord, draw my best affections hence,
Above this world of sin and sense;
Cause them to soar beyond the skies,
And rest not, till to Thee they rise.

184. *M^{rs} J. L. Merill.**For submission to the Divine will.*

- 1 O THOU! who hast at thy command,
The hearts of all men in thy hand!
Our wayward, erring hearts incline
To have no other will but thine.
- 2 Our wishes, our desires, control;
Mould every purpose of the soul;
O'er all may we victorious be,
That stands between ourselves and Thee.
- 3 Twice bless'd will all our blessings be,
When we can look through them to Thee;

- When each glad heart its tribute pays
Of love, and gratitude, and praise.
- 4 Still make us, when temptation's near,
As our worst foe ourselves to fear:
And, each vain-glorious thought to quell,
Teach us how Peter vow'd and fell.
- 5 Yet may we, feeble, weak and frail,
Against our mightiest foes prevail;
Thy word, our safety from alarm,
Our strength, thine everlasting arm.
- 6 And while we to thy glory live,
May we to Thee all glory give,
Until the joyful summons come,
That calls thy willing servants home.

185. *B. Heber.*

For grace to follow Christ.

- 1 JESUS, Thou man of sorrows born
To suffering here below,
To toil through poverty and scorn,
Through weakness and through wo:—
- 2 Immanuel! who, by every grief,
By each temptation tried,
Hast lived to yield our wants relief,
And, to redeem us, died!—
- 3 If, gaily cloth'd and proudly fed,
In careless ease we dwell;
Remind us of thy manger-bed,
And lowly cottage-cell.
- 4 If, press'd by penury severe,
In envious want we pine,
May conscience whisper in our ear,
A poorer lot was thine.
- 5 From all the viewless snares of sin,
Preserve us firm and free;
As Thou, like us, hast tempted been,
May we rejoice with Thee.

186. *C. Wesley.**Christ the Believer's only Hope.*

- 1 JESUS, refuge of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high:
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life be past;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last!
- 2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on Thee is stay'd,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.
- 3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in Thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy name;
I am all unrighteousness;
False and full of sin I am;
Thou art full of truth and grace.
- 4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin:
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee:
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

187. *Gisborne.**Prayer in Sickness.*

- 1 "O FATHER! glorify thy name!"—
So pray'd, at woe's approach, my Lord;
Disease corrodes this mortal frame:
O Father! be thy name adored.
- 2 Though life's unruffled days had flown,
Ere yet was past her vernal prime,
And sickness o'er my head hath strewn
The snows of age before their time;
- 3 Why fear the path of grief to tread?
Why, Father! shrink from thy decree,
If thus my longing soul be led
A safer, shorter way to Thee?
- 4 On wings of faith, o'er fogs of earth,
Thy servant, Father! teach to rise,
And view the blessing's native worth,
Clear'd from affliction's dark disguise.
- 5 Yon clouds, a mass of sable shade
To mortals gazing from below,
By angels from above survey'd,
With universal sunshine glow.

188. *J. Humphries.**Lord, remember me.*

- 1 O THOU, from whom all goodness flows,
I lift my soul to Thee;
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
Good Lord, remember me.
- 2 When on my aching, burden'd heart
My sins lie heavily,
Thy pardon grant, new peace impart;
Good Lord, remember me.
- 3 When trials sore obstruct my way,
And ills I cannot flee,

- O let my strength be as my day ;
Good Lord, remember me.
- 4 If, for thy sake, upon my name,
Shame and reproach shall be,
All hail reproach, and welcome shame !
Good Lord, remember me.
- 5 When worn with pain, disease and grief,
This feeble body see ;
Grant patience, rest, and kind relief ;
Good Lord, remember me.
- 6 When in the solemn hour of death
I wait thy just decree,
Be this the prayer of my last breath,
Good Lord, remember me.
- 7 And when before thy throne I stand,
And lift my soul to Thee,
Then with the saints, at thy right hand,
Good Lord, remember me.

189. *Teplady.*

Longing for freedom from Sin.

- 1 O WHEN wilt Thou my Saviour be,
O when shall I be clean,
The true, eternal Sabbath see,
A perfect rest from sin !
Jesus, the sinner's rest Thou art,
From guilt, and fear, and pain ;
While Thou art absent from my heart
I look for rest in vain.
- 2 The consolations of thy word,
My soul hath long upheld,
The faithful promise of the Lord,
Shall surely be fulfill'd :
I look to my incarnate God,
Till he his work begin ;
And wait till his redeeming blood
Shall cleanse me from all sin.

- 3 O that I now the voice might hear,
 That speaks my sins forgiven;
 His word is past, to give me here
 The inward pledge of heaven:
 His blood shall over all prevail,
 And sanctify the unclean;
 The grace that saves from future hell
 Shall save from present sin.

190. *Splady.*

For grace to live above the world.

- 1 AH! give me, Lord, the single eye,
 Which aims at nought but Thee:
 I fain would live, and yet not I—
 But Jesus live in me.
- 2 Like Noah's dove, no rest I find
 But in thy ark of peace;
 Thy cross, the balance of my mind;
 Thy wounds, my hiding-place.
- 3 In vain the tempter spreads the snare,
 If Thou my keeper art;
 Get thee behind me, God is near,
 My Saviour takes my part!
- 4 On Him my spirit I recline,
 Who put my nature on;
 His light shall in my darkness shine,
 And guide me to his throne.

191. *Sadleridge.*

Confidence in the Saviour.

- 1 BESET with snares on every hand,
 In life's uncertain path I stand:
 Saviour divine, diffuse thy light
 To guide my doubtful footsteps right.
- 2 Engage this roving, treacherous heart
 To fix on Mary's better part;

To scorn the trifles of a day,
For joys that none can take away.

- 3 Then let the wildest storms arise,
Let tempests mingle earth and skies ;
No fatal shipwreck shall I fear,
But all my treasures with me bear.
- 4 If Thou, my Jesus, still be nigh,
Cheerful I live, and joyful die :
Secure, when mortal comforts flee,
To find ten thousand worlds in Thee.

192.

Divine Love.

- 1 LOVE divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down !
Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
All thy faithful mercies crown ;
Jesus ! Thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded love Thou art ;
Visit us with thy salvation,
Enter every longing heart !
- 2 Breathe, O breathe thy loving Spirit,
Into every troubled breast !
Let us all in Thee inherit,
Let us find thy promised rest :
Take away the love of sinning,
Alpha and Omega be,
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty.
- 3 Come, Almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy life receive !
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more thy temples leave !
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve Thee as thine hosts above ;
Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing ;
Glory in thy precious love.

- 4 Finish then thy new creation,
 Pure, unspotted may we be :
 Let us see our whole salvation,
 Perfectly secured by Thee !
 Chang'd from glory into glory,
 Till in heaven we take our place ;
 Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
 Lost in wonder, love and praise.

193.

Patience.

- 1 DEAR Lord; though bitter is the cup
 Thy gracious hand deals out to me,
 I cheerfully would drink it up,
 That cannot hurt which comes from Thee.
- 2 Wash it with thine unchanging love,
 Let not a drop of wrath be there ;
 The saints for ever bless'd above
 Were often most afflicted here.
- 3 From Jesus, our incarnate God,
 I'll learn obedience to thy will ;
 And humbly kiss the chastening rod,
 When its severest strokes I feel.

194. *To a Lady.**To be made perfect in Love.*

- 1 O THAT my heart was right with Thee,
 And lov'd Thee with a perfect love :
 O that my Lord would dwell in me,
 And never from his seat remove !
 Jesus, apply thy pardoning blood,
 And make this bosom fit for God.
- 2 Saviour, I dwell in awful night,
 Until Thou in my heart appear ;
 Arise, propitious sun, and light
 An everlasting morning there :
 Thy presence puts the shadows by ;
 If Thou withdraw, how dark am I !

- 3 O let my prayer acceptance find,
 And bring the mighty blessing down;
 Eye-sight impart, for I am blind;
 And seal me thine adopted son:
 A fallen helpless creature take,
 And heir of thy salvation make.

195. *Gigg.**Not ashamed of Christ.*

- 1 JESUS, and can it ever be
 A mortal man ashamed of Thee?
 Scorn'd be the thought by rich and poor,
 My soul shall scorn it more and more.
- 2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
 May evening blush to own a star!
 Ashamed of Jesus! just as soon
 May midnight blush to think of noon.
- 3 Ashamed of Jesus! yes I may,
 When I've no crimes to wash away;
 No tears to wipe, no joys to crave,
 And no immortal soul to save!
- 4 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear friend,
 On whom my hopes of heaven depend;
 No: when I blush, be this my shame
 That I no more revere his name.
- 5 Till *then*—nor is the boasting vain;
 Till then I boast a Saviour slain;
 And O may this my portion be,
 That Saviour's not ashamed of me.

196. *Doddridge.**The Servant of Christ.*

- 1 My gracious Lord, I own thy right
 To every service I can pay;
 And call it my supreme delight
 To hear thy dictates and obey.

- 2 What is my being but for Thee,
Its sure support, its noblest end?
Thy ever-smiling face to see,
And serve the cause of such a friend?
- 3 I would not breathe for worldly joy,
Or to increase my worldly good;
Nor future days or powers employ
To spread a sounding name abroad.
- 4 'Tis to my Saviour I would live;
To him who for my ransom died;
Nor could untainted Eden give
Such bliss as blossoms at his side.
- 5 His work my hoary age shall bless,
When youthful vigour is no more;
And my last hour of life confess
His love hath animating power.

197. *Loddridge.*

"*Thou knowest that I love Thee.*"—John xxi. 16.

- 1 Do not I love Thee, O my Lord?
Behold my heart and see;
And turn each cursed idol out
That dares to rival Thee.
- 2 Do not I love Thee from my soul?
Then let me nothing love;
Dead be my heart to every joy,
When Jesus cannot move.
- 3 Is not thy name melodious still
To mine attentive ear?
Doth not each pulse with pleasure bound
My Saviour's voice to hear?
- 4 Hast Thou a lamb in all thy flock
I would disdain to feed?
Hast Thou a foe before whose face
I fear thy cause to plead?
- 5 Would not my heart pour forth its blood
In honour of thy name?

And challenge the cold hand of death
To damp the immortal flame?

- 6 Thou know'st I love Thee, dearest Lord;
But O! I long to soar
Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
And learn to love Thee more.

198. *C. Wesley.*

Times past reviewed.

- 1 GOD of my life and all my powers,
The everlasting friend!
Shall life, so favour'd in its dawn,
Be fruitless in its end?
- 2 To Thee, O Lord, my tender years
A trembling duty paid,
With glimpses of the mighty God
Delighted and afraid.
- 3 From parent's eye, and paths of men,
Thy touch I ran to meet;
It swell'd the hymn, and seal'd the prayer,
'Twas calm, and strange, and sweet!
- 4 Oft when beneath the work of sin
Trembling and dark I stood,
And felt the edge of eager thought,
And felt the kindling blood,
- 5 Thy dew came down—my heart was thine,
It knew nor doubt nor strife;
Cool now, and peaceful as the grave,
And strong to second life.
- 6 Full of myself I oft forsook
The way, the truth, and Thee,
For sanguine hope, or sensual gust,
Or earth-born sophistry.
- 7 The folly thrived, and came in sight
Too gross for life to bear;
I smote the breast for man too base,
I smote—and God was there!

- 8 Still will I hope for voice and strength
 To glorify thy name :
 Though I must die to all that's mine,
 And suffer all my shame.

199. *C. Wesley*

In the time of peril.

- 1 MY Saviour from the wrath to come,
 From present evil save,
 And farther mitigate my doom,
 Nor let me see the grave :
 Still hold my soul in life, I pray,
 A dying worm reprieve,
 And let me all my lengthen'd day
 Unto thy glory live.
- 2 Now, Lord, I have to Thee made known
 My troubled soul's request,
 And sink in calm dependence down
 Within thy arms to rest :
 Secure in danger's blackest hour
 Thy faithfulness to prove,
 Protected by almighty power,
 And everlasting love.

200. *C. Wesley.*

In deep affliction.

- 1 FULL of trembling expectation,
 Feeling much, and fearing more,
 Mighty God of my salvation,
 I thy timely aid implore :
 Suffering Son of man, be near me,
 All my sufferings to sustain,
 By thy sorer griefs to cheer me,
 By thy more than mortal pain.
- 2 Call to mind that unknown anguish
 In thy days of flesh below,
 When thy troubled soul did languish
 Under a whole world of wo,

When Thou didst our curse inherit,
 Groan beneath our guilty load,
 Burden'd with a wounded spirit,
 Bruis'd by all the wrath of God.

- 3 By thy most severe temptation
 In that dark satanic hour,
 By thy last mysterious passion
 Screen me from the adverse power :
 By thy fainting in the garden,
 By thy bloody sweat I pray,
 Write upon my heart the pardon,
 Take my sins and fears away.
- 4 By the travail of thy Spirit,
 By thine outcry on the tree,
 By thine agonizing merit
 In my pangs remember me !
 By thy death I Thee conjure,
 A weak, dying soul befriend,
 Make me patient to endure,
 Make me faithful to the end.

201. *C. Wesley*

Helpless yet happy.

- 1 O THOU, whose wise paternal love
 Hath brought my active vigour down,
 Thy choice I thankfully approve,
 And prostrate at thy gracious throne,
 I offer up my life's remains,
 I choose the state my God ordains.
- 2 Cast as a broken vessel by,
 Thy will I can no longer do,
 Yet while a daily death I die,
 Thy power I may in weakness show,
 My patience may thy glory raise,
 My speechless wo proclaim thy praise.
- 3 But since without thy Spirit's might
 Thou know'st I nothing can endure,

The help I ask in Jesus' right,
 The strength he did for me procure,
 Father, abundantly impart,
 And arm with love my feeble heart.

- 4 O let me live, of Thee possess'd,
 In weakness, weariness, and pain;
 The anguish of my labouring breast,
 The daily cross I still sustain,
 For him that languish'd on the tree,
 But lived, before He died, for me.

202. *Madame Guion.*

Omnipresence.

- 1 OH Thou, by long experience tried,
 Near whom no grief can long abide;
 My Lord, how full of sweet content
 I pass my years of banishment!
- 2 All scenes alike engaging prove,
 To souls impress'd with sacred love!
 Where'er they dwell, they dwell in Thee;
 In heaven, in earth, or on the sea.
- 3 To me remains nor place nor time;
 My country is in every clime;
 I can be calm and free from care
 On any shore, since God is there.
- 4 While place we seek, or place we shun,
 The soul finds happiness in none;
 But with a God to guide our way,
 'Tis equal joy to go or stay.
- 5 Could I be cast where Thou art not,
 That were indeed a dreadful lot;
 But regions none remote I call,
 Secure of finding God in all.

203. *M. Gilbert.**Guidance through life.*

- 1 THOU who didst for Peter's faith
Kindly condescend to pray,
Thou, whose loving kindness hath
Kept me to the present day,
Kind Conductor,
Still direct my devious way!
- 2 When a tempting world in view
Gains upon my yielding heart,
When its pleasures I pursue,
Then one look of pity dart,
Teach me pleasures,
Which the world can ne'er impart.
- 3 When with horrid thoughts profane,
Satan would my soul invade,
When he calls religion vain,
Mighty Victor! be my aid!
Send thy Spirit,
Bid me conflict undismay'd.
- 4 When my unbelieving fear
Makes me think myself too vile,
When the legal curse I hear,
Cheer me with a gospel smile,
Or if hiding,
Hide Thee only for a while.
- 5 When I sit beneath thy word
At thy table cold and dead,
When I cannot see my Lord,
All my little day-light fled,
Sun of glory,
Beam again around my head.
- 6 When thy statutes I forsake,
When my graces dimly shine,
When the covenant I break,
Jesus, then remember thine!
Check my wanderings
By a look of love divine.

7 Then, if heavenly dews distil,
 If my hopes are bright and clear,
 While I sit on Zion's hill,
 Temper joy with holy fear;
 Keep me watchful,
 Safe alone when Thou art near.

8 When afflictions cloud my sky,
 When the tide of sorrow flows,
 When thy rod is lifted high,
 Let me on thy love repose;
 Stay thy rough wind,
 When thy chilling eastern blows.

204. *M. Gilbert.*

Support in death.

1 WHEN the vale of death appears,
 (Faint and cold this mortal clay)
 Kind Forerunner, sooth my fears,
 Light me through the darksome way :
 Break the shadows,
 Usher in eternal day.

2 Starting from this dying state,
 Upward bid my soul aspire,
 Open Thou the crystal gate,
 To thy praise attune my lyre :
 Dwell for ever,
 Dwell on each immortal wire.

3 From the sparkling turrets there,
 Oft I'll trace my pilgrim way,
 Often bless thy guardian care,
 Fire by night, and cloud by day,
 While my triumphs
 At my Leader's feet I lay.

4 And when mighty trumpets blown,
 Shall the judgment dawn proclaim,
 From the central burning throne,
 'Mid creation's final flame,
 With the ransomed,
 Judge and Saviour, own my name !

205.

Amidst temptation.

- 1 AH! my dear Lord, whose changeless love
To me, nor earth nor hell can part;
When shall my feet forget to rove?
Ah, what shall fix this faithless heart?
- 2 Why do these cares my soul divide,
If Thou indeed hast set me free:
Why am I thus, if Thou hast died,
If Thou hast died to ransom me?
- 3 Around me clouds of darkness roll,
In deepest night I still walk on;
Heavily moves my fainting soul,
My comfort and my God are gone.
- 4 Oft with thy saints my voice I raise,
And seem to join the tasteless song:
Faintly ascends the imperfect praise,
Or dies upon my powerless tongue.
- 5 Cold, weary, languid, heartless, dead,
To thy dread courts I oft repair;
By conscience dragg'd, or custom led,
I come; nor know that God is there!
- 6 In all I do, myself I feel,
And groan beneath the wonted load,
Still unrenew'd, and carnal still,
Naked of Christ, and void of God.
- 7 Nor yet the earthly Adam dies,
But lives, and moves, and fights again,
Still the fierce gusts of passion rise,
And rebel nature strives to reign.
- 8 O Love, Thy sovereign aid impart!
And guard the gifts Thyself hast given:
My portion Thou, my treasure art,
And life, and happiness, and heaven.

- 9 Would ought with Thee my wishes share,
 Though dear as life the idol be,
 The idol from my breast I'll tear,
 Resolv'd to seek my all from Thee.
- 10 Whate'er I fondly counted mine,
 To Thee, my Lord, I here restore:
 Gladly I all for Thee resign:
 Give me Thyself, I ask no more.

206. *Moravian.*

Living to Christ.

- 1 O DRAW me, Saviour, after Thee,
 So shall I run, and never tire:
 With gracious words still comfort me;
 Be Thou my hope, my sole desire;
 Free me from every weight: nor fear
 Nor sin can come, if Thou art here.
- 2 What in thy love possess I not?
 My star by night, my sun by day,
 My spring of life when parch'd with drought,
 My wine to cheer, my bread to stay,
 My strength, my shield, my safe abode,
 My robe before the throne of God.
- 3 From all eternity with love
 Unchangeable Thou hast me view'd;
 Ere knew this beating heart to move,
 Thy tender mercies me pursued:
 Ever with me may they abide,
 And close me in on every side.
- 4 In suffering be thy love my peace,
 In weakness be thy love my power:
 And when the storms of life shall cease,
 Jesus, in that important hour,
 In death as life be Thou my guide,
 And save me, who for me hast died!

207. *C. Wesley.**In the business of life.*

- 1 SUMMON'D my labour to renew,
And glad to act my part,
Lord, in thy name my task I do,
And with a single heart.
- 2 End of my every action Thou !
Thyself in all I see:
Accept my hallow'd labour now ;
I do it unto Thee.
- 3 Whate'er the Father views as thine,
He views with gracious eyes ;
Jesus, this mean oblation join
To thy great sacrifice.

208.

The Desire of all nations.

- 1 INFINITE excellence is thine,
Thou glorious Prince of Grace !
Thy uncreated beauties shine
With never-fading rays.
- 2 Sinners, from earth's remotest end,
Come bending at thy feet ;
To Thee their prayers and songs ascend,
In Thee their wishes meet.
- 3 Millions of happy spirits live
On thy exhaustless store ;
From Thee they all their bliss receive,
And still Thou givest more.
- 4 Thou art their triumph and their joy ;
They find their all in Thee ;
Thy glories will their tongues employ
Through all eternity.

209. *Edmonton.**Surrendering to the will of the All-wise.*

- 1 OH Thou whose mercy guides my way,
Though now it seem severe,
Forbid my unbelief to say,
There is no mercy here !
- 2 Oh grant me to desire the pain
That comes in kindness down,
More than the world's supremest gain
Succeeded by a frown !
- 3 Then, though Thou bend my spirit low,
Love only shall I see ;
The very hand that strikes the blow,
Was wounded once for me.

210. *Lowell.**The House of Prayer.*

- 1 THY mansion is the Christian's heart,
O Lord, thy dwelling-place secure !
Bid the unruly throng depart,
And leave the consecrated door.
- 2 Devoted as it is to Thee,
A thievish swarm frequents the place ;
They steal away my joys from me,
And rob my Saviour of his praise.
- 3 There too a sharp designing trade,
Sin, Satan, and the world maintain ;
Nor cease to press me, and persuade,
To part with ease, and purchase pain.
- 4 I know them, and I hate their din,
Am weary of the bustling crowd ;
But while their voice is heard within,
I cannot serve Thee as I would.
- 5 O! for the joy thy presence gives,
What peace shall reign when Thou art here !
Thy presence makes this den of thieves
A calm delightful house of prayer.

- 6 And if Thou make thy temple shine,
Yet, self-abased, will I adore;
The gold and silver are not mine,
I give Thee what was thine before.

211. *Looking up.**Looking upwards in a Storm.*

- 1 God of my life to Thee I call,
Afflicted at thy feet I fall;
When the great water-floods prevail,
Leave not my trembling heart to fail!
- 2 Friend of the friendless, and the faint;
Where should I lodge my deep complaint?
Where but with Thee, whose open door
Invites the helpless and the poor?
- 3 Did ever mourner plead with Thee,
And Thou refuse that mourner's plea?
Does not the word still fix'd remain,
That none shall seek thy face in vain?
- 4 That were a grief I could not bear,
Didst Thou not hear and answer prayer;
But a prayer-hearing, answering God,
Supports me under every load.
- 5 Fair is the lot that's cast for me;
I have an Advocate with Thee:
They whom the world caresses most,
Have no such privilege to boast.
- 6 Poor though I am, despised, forgot,
Yet God, my God, forgets me not;
And he is safe, and must succeed,
For whom the Lord vouchsafes to plead.

212. *Looking up.**Retirement.*

- 1 FAR from the world, O Lord, I flee,
From strife and tumult far;
From scenes where Satan wages still
His most successful war.

- 2 The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree;
And seem by thy sweet bounty made
For those who follow Thee.
- 3 There, if thy Spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode,
Oh, with what peace, and joy, and love,
She communes with her God!
- 4 There like the nightingale she pours
Her solitary lays;
Nor asks a witness of her song,
Nor thirsts for human praise.
- 5 Author and Guardian of my life,
Sweet Source of light divine,
And (all harmonious names in one)
My Saviour, Thou art mine!
- 6 What thanks I owe Thee, and what love,
A boundless, endless store,
Shall echo through the realms above
When time shall be no more.

213.

The Glory and Goodness of God.

- 1 THOUSANDS of thousands stand around
Thy throne, O God most high!
Ten thousand times ten thousand sound
Thy praise—but who am I?
- 2 Thy brightness unto them appears,
Whilst I thy footsteps trace:
A sound of God comes to my ears,
But they behold thy face.
- 3 How great a being, Lord, is thine,
Which doth all beings keep!
Thy knowledge is the only line
To sound so vast a deep.
- 4 How good art Thou, whose goodness is
Our Parent, Nurse, and Guide:

- Whose streams do water Paradise,
And all this earth beside !
- 5 Thine upper and thy nether springs
Make both thy worlds to thrive ;
Under thy warm and sheltering wings
Thou keep'st two broods alive.
- 6 Thy arm of might, most mighty King,
Both rocks and hearts doth break :
My God, Thou can'st do every thing,
But what should show Thee weak.
- 7 How awful is thy searching eye,
Witness to all that's true !
Dark hell, and deep hypocrisy
Lie plain before its view.
- 8 Most pure and holy are thine eyes,
Most holy is thy name ;
Thy saints, and laws, and penalties,
Thy holiness proclaim.
- 9 Mercy, that shining attribute,
The sinner's hope and plea !
Huge hosts of sins in their pursuit
Are drown'd in that Red Sea.
- 10 Thy wisdom, which both makes and mends,
We ever must admire :
Creation all our wit transcends ;
Redemption rises higher.
- 11 Great is thy truth, and shall prevail
To unbelievers' shame ;
Thy truth and years do never fail,
Thou ever art the same.
- 12 Unbelief is a raging wave
Dashing against a rock :
If God doth not his Israel save,
Then let the Egyptians mock.
- 13 Thy bright back-parts, O God of grace,
I humbly here adore ;
Show me thy glory and thy face,
That I may praise Thee more.

214.

Christ the First and the Last.

- 1 HAIL, Alpha and Omega, hail,
 Author of all our faith, .
 The Finisher of all our hopes,
 The Truth, the Life, the Path!
- 2 Hail, First and Last, the Morning Star,
 In whom we live and move!
 Increase our little spark of faith,
 And multiply our love.
- 3 Let that belief which Jesus taught
 Be treasured in our breast;
 The evidence of unseen joys,
 The substance of our rest.
- 4 O let us go from strength to strength,
 From grace to greater grace,
 From one degree of faith to more,
 Till we behold thy face.

215. *Norman**Praise for Creation and Redemption.*

- 1 ALL glory to the sovereign good
 And Father of compassion,
 The God our help and sure abode;
 Whose gracious visitation
 Renews his blessings every day,
 And takes our greatest griefs away:
 Give to our God the glory.
- 2 The heavenly hosts with awe proclaim
 The praise of their Creator;
 All living on this earthly frame,
 All that's produced in nature,
 Speak their divine Original,
 Impress'd most wisely on them all:
 Give to our God the glory.
- 3 What is created by our God,
 Enjoys his preservation;

'Tis he extends o'er all abroad
 His father-like compassion.
 Throughout the kingdom of his grace
 Prevail his truth and righteousness.
 Give to our God the glory.

- 4 In my distress I raised with faith
 To God my supplication;
 My Saviour rescued me from death,
 And gave me consolation;
 This makes my heart with thankfulness
 Rejoice before the Lord of grace:
 Give to our God the glory.

216. *l. Wesley.*

To Him every knee shall bow.

- 1 WORTHY, O Lord, art Thou,
 That every knee should bow,
 Every tongue to Thee confess;
 Universal nature join,
 Strong and mighty Thee to bless,
 Gracious, merciful, benign!
- 2 Hail your dread Lord and ours,
 Dominions, thrones and powers!
 Source of power He rules alone:
 Veil your faces, prostrate fall,
 Cast your crowns before his throne,
 Hail the Cause, the Lord of all!
- 3 Justice and truth maintain
 Thy everlasting reign;
 One with thine Almighty Sire,
 Partner of an equal throne;
 King of kings, let all conspire
 Gratefully thy sway to own.
- 4 Jesus, Thou art my King,
 To me thy succour bring.
 Christ the Mighty One art Thou,
 Help for all on Thee is laid:
 This thy promise claim I now,
 Send me down the promised aid.

- 5 Triumph and reign in me,
 And spread thy victory :
 Sin, and death, and hell control,
 Pride and self, and every foe ;
 All subdue, through all my soul,
 Conquering and to conquer go.

217. *Norman*

Hallelujah on earth and in heaven.

- 1 SING Hallelujah ! praise the Lord !
 Sing with a cheerful voice ;
 Exalt our God with one accord,
 And in his name rejoice :
 Ne'er cease to sing, thou ransom'd host,
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost !
 Until in realms of endless light
 Your praises shall unite.
- 2 There we to all eternity
 Shall join the angelic lays ;
 And sing in perfect harmony
 To God our Saviour's praise :
 " He hath redeem'd us by his blood,
 And made us kings and priests to God ;
 For us, for us the Lamb was slain."
 Praise ye the Lord ! Amen.

218. *Watts.*

God over all, blessed for ever.

- 1 ETERNAL Power, whose high abode
 Becomes the grandeur of a God ;
 Infinite lengths beyond the bounds
 Where stars revolve their little rounds.
- 2 Thee, while the first archangel sings,
 He hides his face behind his wings ;
 And ranks of shining thrones around
 Fall worshipping, and spread the ground.
- 3 Lord, what shall earth and ashes do ?
 We would adore our Maker too !

From sin and dust to Thee we cry,
The Great, the Holy, and the High!

- 4 Earth from afar hath heard thy fame,
And worms have learn'd to lisp thy name;
But, O! the glories of thy mind
Leave all our soaring thoughts behind!
- 5 God is in heaven, and men below!
Be short our tunes; our words be few!
A solemn reverence checks our songs,
And praise sits silent on our tongues.

219. *Watts*

A Vow of Praise.

I'LL praise my Maker while I've breath;
And when my voice is lost in death
Praise shall employ my nobler powers:
My days of praise shall ne'er be past.
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

220. *C. Wesley.*

A Last Prayer.

IN age and feebleness extreme,
Who shall a helpless worm redeem!
Jesus, my only hope Thou art,
Strength of my failing flesh and heart!
O could I catch a smile from Thee,
And drop into eternity!

221. *Watts*

Invitation to sing.

- 1 COME let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.
- 2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus:"

“ Worthy the Lamb,” our lips reply,
 “ For He was slain for us.”

- 3 Jesus is worthy to receive
 Honour and power divine;
 And blessings more than we can give,
 Be, Lord, for ever thine.
- 4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
 And air, and earth, and seas,
 Conspire to lift thy glories high,
 And speak thine endless praise.
- 5 The whole creation join in one
 To bless the sacred name
 Of Him that sits upon the throne,
 And to adore the Lamb.

222. *Watts*

The witness of the Spirit.

- 1 WHY should the children of a King
 Go mourning all their days?
 Great Comforter, descend and bring
 Some tokens of thy grace.
- 2 Dost Thou not dwell in all the saints,
 And seal the heirs of heaven?
 When wilt Thou banish my complaints,
 And show my sins forgiven?
- 3 Assure my conscience of her part
 In the Redeemer's blood;
 And bear thy witness with my heart,
 That I am born of God.
- 4 Thou art the earnest of his love,
 The pledge of joys to come;
 And thy soft wings, celestial Dove,
 Will safe convey me home.

223.

Before reading the Scriptures.

- 1 FATHER of all, in whom alone
 We live, and move, and breathe;

- One bright celestial ray dart down,
And cheer thy sons beneath.
- 2 While in thy Word we search for Thee,
(We search with trembling awe,)
Open our eyes, and let us see
The wonders of thy law.
- 3 Now let our darkness comprehend
The light that shines so clear :
Now the revealing Spirit send,
And give us ears to hear.

224. *C. Wesley.*

For success to the Gospel.

- 1 JESUS, the word of mercy give,
And let it swiftly run;
And let the priests themselves believe,
And put salvation on.
- 2 Clothed with the Spirit of Holiness,
May all thy people prove
The plenitude of Gospel-grace,
The joy of perfect love.
- 3 Jesus, let all thy lovers shine,
Illustrious as the sun;
And bright with borrow'd rays divine,
Their glorious circuit run.
- 4 Beyond the reach of mortals, spread
Their light where'er they go;
And heavenly influences shed
On all the world below.
- 5 As giants may they run their race,
Exulting in their might;
As burning luminaries chase
The gloom of hellish night.
- 6 As the bright Sun of Righteousness,
Their healing wings display;
And let their lustre still increase
Unto the perfect day.

225.

Christ crucified and glorified.

- 1 HAIL, thou once despised Jesus !
Hail thou Galilean king !
Thou didst suffer to release us ;
Thou didst free salvation bring !
Hail thou agonizing Saviour,
Bearer of our sin and shame !
By thy merits we find favour,
Life is given through thy name.
- 2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins on Thee were laid !
By almighty love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made :
All thy people are forgiven,
Through the virtue of thy blood ;
Opened is the gate of heaven ;
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.
- 3 Jesus, hail, enthroned in glory,
There for ever to abide !
All the heavenly hosts adore Thee,
Seated at thy Father's side :
There for sinners Thou art pleading,
There Thou dost our place prepare ;
Ever for us interceding,
'Till in glory we appear.
- 4 Worship, honour, power, and blessing,
Thou art worthy to receive ;
Loudest praises without ceasing
Meet it is for us to give :
Help, ye bright angelic spirits !
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays !
Help to sing our Saviour's merits ;
Help to chaunt Immanuel's praise.

226.

Christ the deliverer of his people.

- 1 COME, Thou long-expected Jesus,
Born to set thy people free ;

From our fears and sins release us,
 Let us find our rest in Thee:
 Israel's strength and consolation,
 Hope of all the earth Thou art;
 Dear desire of every nation,
 Joy of every longing heart.

- 2 Born thy people to deliver;
 Born a child and yet a king;
 Born to reign in us for ever,
 Now thy gracious kingdom bring:
 By thine own eternal Spirit,
 Rule in all our hearts alone:
 By thine all-sufficient merit,
 Raise us to thy glorious throne.

227. *Lennick.*

The name of Jesus.

- 1 THOU dear Redeemer, dying Lamb!
 We love to hear of Thee;
 No music like thy charming name,
 Nor half so sweet can be:
 O may we ever hear thy voice,
 In mercy to us speak!
 And in our Priest will we rejoice,
 Thou great Melchizedek.
- 2 Our Jesus shall be still our theme,
 While in this world we stay;
 We'll sing our Jesus' lovely name,
 When all things else decay.
 When we appear in yonder cloud,
 With all His favoured throng,
 Then will we sing more sweet more loud,
 And Christ shall be our song.

228. *Sodderidge.*

Christ victorious.

- 1 GIRD on thy conquering sword,
 Ascend thy shining car;
 And march, Almighty Lord,
 To wage thy holy war:

Before his wheels,
In glad surprise,
Ye valleys rise,
And sink ye hills.

- 2 Before thine awful face
Millions of foes shall fall,
The captives of thy grace,
That grace, which conquers all :
The world shall know,
Great King of kings,
What wondrous things
Thine arm can do.

- 3 Here to my waiting soul,
Bend thy triumphant way ;
Here every foe control,
And all thy power display.
My heart, thy throne,
Blest Jesus see,
Submit to Thee,
To Thee alone.

229. *Lodger.*

Jehovah Jesus.

- 1 My song shall bless the Lord of all,
My praise shall climb to his abode ;
Thee, Saviour, by that name I call,
The great Supreme, the mighty God.
- 2 Without beginning or decline,
Object of faith, and not of sense ;
Eternal ages saw Him shine,
He shines eternal ages hence.
- 3 As much when in the manger laid,
Almighty Ruler of the sky,
As when the six days' work He made
Fill'd all the morning stars with joy.
- 4 Of all the crowns Jehovah bears,
Salvation is his dearest claim :

That gracious sound well-pleased He hears,
And owns Emmanuel for his name.

- 5 A cheerful confidence I feel,
My well-placed hopes with joy I see:
My bosom glows with heavenly zeal
To worship Him who died for me.
- 6 As man He pities my complaint,
His power and truth are all divine;
He will not fail, He cannot faint,
Salvation's sure, and must be mine.

230. *Perrenet.*

Christ the Lord of all.

- 1 ALL hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall:
Bring forth the royal diadem,
To crown Him Lord of all.
- 2 Crown Him, ye martyrs of your God,
Who from His altar call;
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 3 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
A remnant weak and small;
Hail Him who saves you by his grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 4 Ye Gentile sinners, ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 5 Let every kindred, every tribe
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 6 O that with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall;
There join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all!

231.

The Song of the Redeemed.

- 1 WHAT a rapturous song,
 When the glorified throng
 In the spirit of harmony join!
 Join all the glad choirs,
 Hearts, voices, and lyres;
 And the burden is "Mercy divine!"
- 2 Hallelujah! they cry,
 To the King of the sky,
 To the great everlasting I AM;
 To the Lamb that was slain,
 And liveth again;
 Hallelujah to God and the Lamb!
- 3 The Lamb on the throne,
 Lo! he dwells with his own,
 And to rivers of pleasure he leads;
 With his mercy's full blaze,
 With the sight of his face,
 Our beatified spirits he feeds.
- 4 Our foreheads proclaim
 His ineffable name,
 Our bodies his glory display;
 A day without night,
 We feast in his sight,
 And eternity seems as a day!

PART THIRD.

HYMNS

FOR

SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

BY THE THIRD

THIRD

SPECIAL OF CANTON

THE

CHRISTIAN PSALMIST.

PART III.

SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

232. *B. P. Neun.*

Morning.

- 1 AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun,
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise,
To pay thy morning sacrifice.
- 2 Thy precious time mispent, redeem,
Each present day, thy last, esteem;
Improve thy talent with due care,
For the great day thyself prepare.
- 3 In conversation be sincere,
Keep conscience, as the noon-tide, clear;
Think how the all-seeing God thy ways,
And all thy secret thoughts surveys.
- 4 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part;
Who all night long unwearied sing
High praise to the eternal King.
- 5 Awake, awake, ye heavenly choir,
May your devotion me inspire,
That I, like you, my age may spend,
Like you may on my God attend.

- 6 May I, like you, in God delight,
Have all day long my God in sight;
Perform, like you, my Maker's will;
O may I never more do ill!
- 7 Lord, I my vows to Thee renew;
Scatter my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with Thyself my spirit fill.
- 8 Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.
- 9 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

233. *M. Hulse.*

Morning.

- 1 LORD of my life, O may thy praise
Employ my noblest powers,
Whose goodness lengthens out my days,
And fills the circling hours.
- 2 Preserved by thy almighty arm,
I pass'd the shades of night,
Serene, and safe from every harm,
And see returning light.
- 3 While many spent the night in sighs,
And restless pains and woes;
In gentle sleep I closed my eyes,
And undisturb'd repose.
- 4 When sleep, death's semblance, o'er me spread,
And I unconscious lay,
Thy watchful care was round my bed,
To guard my feeble clay.
- 5 O let the same almighty care
My waking hours attend;

From every danger, every snare,
My heedless steps defend.

- 6 Smile on my minutes as they roll,
And guide my future days;
And let thy goodness fill my soul
With gratitude and praise.

234. *Goodridge.*

Morning.

- 1 To-MORROW, Lord, is thine,
Lodged in thy sovereign hand;
And, if its sun arise and shine,
It shines by thy command.
- 2 The present moment flies,
And bears our life away;
O make thy servants truly wise,
That they may live to-day.
- 3 Since on this winged hour
Eternity is hung,
Waken, by thine Almighty power,
The aged and the young.
- 4 One thing demands our care,
O be it still pursued!
Lest, slighted once, the season fair
Should never be renew'd.
- 5 To Jesus may we fly,
Swift as the morning light,
Lest life's young golden beams should die,
In sudden endless night.

235. *Hawthorne.*

Morning.

- 1 IN sleep's serene oblivion laid,
I safely pass'd the silent night;
Again I see the breaking shade,
I drink again the morning light.

- 2 New-born, I bless the waking hour,
Once more, with awe, rejoice to *be*;
My conscious soul resumes her power,
And springs, my guardian God, to Thee!
- 3 O guide me through the various maze,
My doubtful feet are doom'd to tread;
And spread thy shield's protecting blaze
Where dangers press around my head.
- 4 A deeper shade shall soon impend,
A deeper sleep mine eyes oppress;
Yet then thy strength shall still defend,
Thy goodness still delight to bless.
- 5 That deeper shade shall break away,
That deeper sleep shall leave mine eyes;
Thy light shall give eternal day—
Thy love, the rapture of the skies!

236.

Morning or Evening.

- 1 As every day, thy mercy spares,
Will bring its trials or its cares,
O Saviour, till my life shall end,
Be Thou my counsellor and friend;
Teach me thy precepts all divine,
And be thy great example mine.
- 2 When each day's scenes and labours close,
And wearied nature seeks repose,
With pardoning mercy, richly blest,
Guard me, my Saviour, while I rest:
And as each morning sun shall rise,
O lead me onward to the skies.
- 3 And at my life's last setting sun,
My conflicts o'er, my labours done;
Jesus, thine heavenly radiance shed,
To cheer and bless my dying bed—
And from death's gloom my spirit raise,
To see thy face, and sing thy praise.

237.

Daily Prayer.

- 1 WHEN quiet in my house I sit
 Thy book be my companion still,
 My joy thy sayings to repeat,
 Talk o'er the records of thy will,
 And search the oracles divine,
 Till every heart-felt word be mine.
- 2 O may the gracious words divine,
 Subject of all my converse be:
 So will the Lord his follower join,
 And walk and talk Himself with me;
 So shall my heart his presence prove,
 And burn with everlasting love.
- 3 Oft as I lay me down to rest,
 O may the reconciling word
 Sweetly compose my weary breast!
 While on the bosom of my Lord,
 I sink in blissful dreams away,
 And visions of eternal day.
- 4 Rising to sing my Saviour's praise,
 Thee may I publish all day long;
 And let thy precious word of grace
 Flow from my heart and fill my tongue!
 Fill all my life with purest love,
 And join me to the Church above.

238. *B. H. H. H.**Evening.*

- 1 ALL praise to Thee, my God, this night,
 For all the blessings of the light:
 Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
 Under thy own Almighty wings.
- 2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
 The ill that I this day have done;

- That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.
- 3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
To die, that this vile body may
Rise glorious at the awful day.
- 4 O may my soul on Thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eye-lids close;
Sleep that may me more vigorous make,
To serve my God when I awake.
- 5 When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.
- 6 O may my Guardian, while I sleep,
Close to my bed His vigils keep;
His love angelical instil,
Stop all the avenues of ill.
- 7 May He celestial joy rehearse,
And thought to thought with me converse;
Or, in my stead, all the night long,
Sing to my God a grateful song.
- 8 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise him all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

239. *Horatian.*

Evening.

- 1 IN mercy, Lord, remember me,
This instant passing night;
And grant to me most graciously
The safe-guard of thy might.
- 2 With cheerful heart I close my eyes
Since Thou wilt not remove:
O, in the morning let me rise
Rejoicing in thy love!

- 3 Or, if this night should prove the last,
 And end my transient days;
 Lord! take me to thy promised rest,
 Where I may sing thy praise.
- 4 Thus I am sure to live or die
 To Thee the God of love;
 In death and life I do rely
 On Thee who reign'st above.

240. *Moravian.*

Evening.

- 1 WITH Thee I lay me down to sleep,
 To Thee I will commend me.
 I trust, my Guardian, Thou wilt keep,
 And in this night attend me:
 Of death I'm not afraid,
 Nor world nor hell I dread;
 For who with Jesus shuts his eyes,
 He also does with Jesus rise.
- 2 As oft this night as my pulse beats,
 My spirit shall adore Thee;
 Oft as my heart its throb repeats,
 My soul shall bow before Thee.
 Thus I to sleep recline;
 Lord Jesus! I am thine;
 Yea, my Redeemer! Thou art mine,
 And I am now for ever thine.

241. *Moravian.*

Evening.

- 1 DREAD Sovereign, let our evening songs
 Like holy incense rise:
 Assist the offerings of our tongues,
 To reach the lofty skies.
- 2 Through all the dangers of the day
 Thy hand was still our guard:
 And still to drive our wants away,
 Thy mercy stood prepared.

- 3 Perpetual blessings from above
Encompass us around;
But ah! how few returns of love
Hath our Redeemer found!
- 4 What have we done for Him who died,
To save our sinful souls?
Alas! our sins are multiplied,
Fast as each minute rolls.
- 5 Yet with these guilty hearts of ours,
Lord, to thy cross we flee;
And yield them up with all their powers,
To be renewed by Thee.

242. *Nocturnal.**Evening.*

- 1 AUTHOR of the whole creation,
Light of light, eternal Word!
Soul and body's preservation
I commit to Thee, O Lord!
My Redeemer, dwell in me,
Let me sleep and wake with Thee,
And perceive thy benediction,
Both in joy and in affliction.
- 2 When I close my eyes in slumber,
And my senses are asleep,
Let my waking heart, the number
Of thy mercies tell and keep;
Fill me with thy sacred love,
That I dream of things above,
And bestow on me the favour
Of thy presence, gracious Saviour.
- 3 Pardon, Jesus, each transgression,
Whether open or unknown,
Thus removing that oppression
Under which I else should groan;
I confess the guilt of sin,
But thy blood can make me clean;
Hear, O Lord, my supplication,
Grant me joy and consolation.

243. *B. H. H. H.**Midnight.*

- 1 My God, I now from sleep awake,
The sole possession of me take;
From midnight terrors me secure,
And guard my heart from thoughts impure.
- 2 Bless'd angels, while we silent lie,
You Hallelujah's sing on high;
You joyful hymn the ever-blest,
Before the throne, and never rest.
- 3 I with your choir celestial join,
In offering up a hymn divine;
With you in heaven I hope to dwell,
And bid the night and world farewell.
- 4 My soul, when I shake off this dust,
Lord, in thy arms I will intrust:
O make me thy peculiar care,
Some mansion for my soul prepare.
- 5 Give me a place at thy saints' feet,
Or some fallen angel's vacant seat;
I'll strive to sing as loud as they,
Who sit above in brighter day.
- 6 O may I always ready stand,
With my lamp burning in my hand;
May I in sight of heaven rejoice,
Whene'er I hear the Bridegroom's voice.
- 7 All praise to Thee, in light array'd,
Who light thy dwelling-place hast made:
A boundless ocean of bright beams
From thy all-glorious God-head streams.
- 8 Blest Jesus, Thou on heaven intent,
Whole nights hast in devotion spent;
But I, frail creature, soon am tired,
And all my zeal is soon expired.
- 9 Shine on me, Lord, new life impart,
Fresh ardours kindle in my heart;

One ray of thy all-quickenng light
Dispels the sloth and clouds of night.

- 10 Lord, lest the tempter me surprise,
Watch over thine own sacrifice;
All loose, all idle thoughts cast out,
And make my very dreams devout.
- 11 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

244. *C. Wesley.*

Night.

- 1 THEE in the watches of the night
Do I not, Lord, remember still,
And meditate with calm delight
On the dear counsels of thy will?
Thy will is my perfection here;
And sighs for this my whole desire
To attain thy heavenly character,
And spotless in thine arms expire.

245. *Noel.*

Night.

- 1 WHEN restless on my bed I lie,
Still courting sleep, which still will fly,
Then shall reflection's brighter power
Illume the lone and midnight hour.
- 2 If hush'd the breeze and calm the tide,
Soft will the stream of memory glide,
And all the past, a gentle train,
Waked by remembrance, live again.
- 3 Perhaps that anxious friend I trace,
Beloved till life's last throb shall cease,
Whose voice first taught a Saviour's worth,
A future bliss unknown on earth.

- 4 His faithful counsel, tender care,
Unwearied love, and humble prayer;
O these still claim the grateful tear,
And all my drooping courage cheer.
- 5 If loud the wind, the tempest high,
And darkness wraps the sullen sky,
I muse on life's tempestuous sea,
And sigh, O Lord, to come to Thee.
- 6 Toss'd on the deep and swelling wave,
O mark my trembling soul and save;
Give to my view that harbour near,
Where Thou wilt chase each grief and fear!

246. *Newton.**Preparation for the Sabbath.*

- 1 SAFELY through another week,
God hath brought us on our way;
Let us now a blessing seek,
On the approaching sabbath-day;
Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest.
- 2 Mercies, multiplied each hour,
Gracious Lord, our praise demand;
Guarded by thy mighty power,
Nourish'd by thy bounteous hand:
Now from worldly care set free,
May we rest this night with Thee.
- 3 When the morn shall bid us rise,
May we feel thy presence near;
May thy glory meet our eyes
When we in thy house appear;
And may all our Sabbaths prove
Foretastes of the joys above.

247. *Walter.**The Sabbath.—Morning.*

- 1 WELCOME, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes!
- 2 The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day,
Here we may sit, and see Him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.
- 3 One day amidst the place,
Where my dear God hath been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.
- 4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

248. *Walter.**The Sabbath.—Meditation.*

- 1 SWEET is the task, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks and sing,
To show thy love by morning-light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.
- 2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
No mortal cares shall seize my breast;
O may my heart in tune be found
Like David's harp of solemn sound!
- 3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless his works, and bless his word;
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine!
How deep thy counsels! how divine!
- 4 Fools never raise their thoughts so high;
Like brutes they live, like brutes they die;

Like grass they flourish, 'till thy breath
Blast them in everlasting death.

- 5 But I shall share a glorious part
When grace hath well refined my heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.
- 6 Sin (my worst enemy before)
Shall vex my eyes and ears no more;
My inward foes shall all be slain,
Nor Satan break my peace again.
- 7 Then shall I see, and hear, and know
All I desired or wish'd below;
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

249. *S. Wesley.*

The Sabbath.—Praise.

- 1 THE Lord of Sabbath let us praise,
In concert with the blest;
Who, joyful in harmonious lays,
Employ an endless rest.
Thus, Lord, while we remember Thee,
We bless'd and pious grow;
By hymns of praise we learn to be
Triumphant here below.
- 2 On this glad day a brighter scene
Of glory was display'd,
By God, the eternal Word, than when
This universe was made:
He rises, who mankind has bought
With grief and pain extreme:
'Twas great to speak a world from nought;
'Twas greater to redeem.

250. *Goddridge.*

The Sabbath.—Worship.

- 1 LORD of the Sabbath! hear us pray,
In this thy house, on this thy day;

- Accept as grateful sacrifice,
The songs which from thy temple rise.
- 2 Now met to pray and bless thy name,
Whose mercies flow each day the same,
Whose kind compassions never cease;
We seek instruction, pardon, peace.
- 3 Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord! we love;
But there's a nobler rest above;
O that we might that rest attain
From sin, from sorrow, and from pain!
- 4 In thy blest kingdom we shall be
From every mortal trouble free;
No sighs shall mingle with the songs
Resounding from immortal tongues.
- 5 No rude alarms of raging foes,
No cares to break the long repose,
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.
- 6 O long expected day, begin!
Dawn on this world of wo and sin:
Fain would we leave this weary road,
To sleep in death, and rest in God.

251. *Adoration.**The Sabbath.—Before Sermon.*

- 1 O MAY the Power which melts the rock
Be felt by all assembled here!
Or else our service will but mock
That God whom we profess to fear.
- 2 How long hath He bestow'd his care
On this indulged, ungrateful land!
How oft, in times of danger near,
Preserved us by his sovereign hand!
- 3 Here peace and liberty have dwelt;
The glorious gospel brightly shone;
And oft our mightiest foes have felt
That God hath made our cause his own.

- 4 But ah! both heaven and earth have heard
Our vile requital of his love:
We, whom like children He has rear'd
For all his care unthankful prove.
- 5 See! He uplifts his chastening rod;—
Oh! where are now the faithful few,
Who tremble for the ark of God,
And know what Israel ought to do?
- 6 Lord, hear thy people every where,
Who meet this day to weep and pray:
Our sinful land in mercy spare,
And let thy wrath be turned away.

252.

The Sabbath.—After Sermon.

- 1 ALMIGHTY God! Thy word is cast
Like seed into the ground;
Now let the dew of heaven descend,
And righteous fruits abound.
- 2 Let not the foe of Christ and man
This holy seed remove;
But give it root in every heart,
To bring forth fruits of love.
- 3 Let not the world's deceitful cares
The rising plant destroy;
But let it yield, a hundred fold,
The fruits of peace and joy.
- 4 Nor let thy word, so kindly sent,
To raise us to thy throne,
Return to Thee, and sadly tell,
That we reject thy Son.
- 5 Oft as the precious seed is sown,
Thy quickening grace bestow;
That all, whose souls the truth receive,
Its saving power may know.

253. *Watts**The Sabbath.—Recollection.*

- 1 THIS is the day, when Christ arose
So early from the dead;
Why should I still mine eyelids close,
And waste my hours in bed?
- 2 This is the day when Jesus broke
The powers of death and hell;
And shall I yet wear Satan's yoke,
And love my sins so well?
- 3 To-day with pleasure Christians meet,
To pray, and hear thy word;
And I would go, with cheerful feet,
To learn thy will, O Lord!
- 4 Incline me now to read and pray,
And so prepare for heaven:
O may I love this blessed day,
The best of all the seven.

254. *Watts**The Sabbath.—In the great congregation.*

- 1 LORD, how delightful 'tis to see
A whole assembly worship Thee!
At once they sing, at once they pray;
They hear of heaven, and learn the way.
- 2 I have been there, and still would go:
'Tis like a little heaven below:
Not all that careless sinners say,
Shall tempt me to forget this day.
- 3 O write upon my memory, Lord,
The texts and doctrines of thy word:
That I may break thy laws no more,
But love Thee better than before.
- 4 With thoughts of Christ and things divine,
Fill up this foolish heart of mine:

That, finding pardon through his blood,
I may lie down, and wake with God.

255.

The Sabbath.—In the Family.

- 1 Now may the Spirit's holy fire,
Descending from above,
His waiting family inspire,
With joy, and peace, and love!
- 2 Wake, heavenly wind, arise, and come,
Blow on the drooping field;
Our spices then shall breathe perfume,
And fragrant incense yield.
- 3 Touch with a living coal the lip,
That shall proclaim thy word;
And bid us all devoutly keep
Attention to the Lord.

256. *C. Wesley.*

The Sabbath.—Private Prayers.

- 1 MAY I throughout this day of thine
Be in thy Spirit, Lord,
Spirit of humble fear divine
That trembles at thy word.
Spirit of faith my heart to raise,
And fix on things above,
Spirit of sacrifice and praise,
Of holiness and love.

257. *C. Wesley.*

Preaching the Gospel.

- 1 FORTH in thy strength, O Lord, I go,
Thy Gospel to proclaim,
Thine only righteousness to show,
And glorify thy name.
- 2 Ordained I am, and sent by Thee,
As by the Father Thou:

And lo! Thou always art with me,
I plead the promise now.

3 O give me now to speak the Word
In this appointed hour!

Attend it with Thy Spirit, Lord,
And let it come with power.

4 Open the hearts of all that hear,
To make their Saviour room,
Now let them find redemption near,
Let faith by hearing come.

5 Give them to hear the word as thine,
And (while they thus receive)
Prove it the saving Power divine
To sinners that believe.

258. *C. Wesley.*

Setting out to preach the Gospel among strangers and enemies.

1 ANGEL of God, whate'er betide,
Thy summons I obey;
Jesus, I take Thee for my guide,
And walk in Thee my way.

2 Secure from danger and from dread,
Nor earth nor hell shall move,
Since over me thine hand hath spread
The banner of thy love.

3 To leave my Captain I disdain,
Behind I will not stay,
Though shame, and loss, and bonds, and pain,
And death obstruct the way.

4 Me to thy suffering self conform,
And arm me with thy power,
Then burst the cloud, descend the storm,
And come the fiery hour.

5 Then shall I bear thine utmost will,
When first the strength is given—

Come, foolish world, my body kill,
My soul shall rise to heaven.

259. *Goddridge.*

The Sacrament.

- 1 THE King of heaven his table spreads,
And dainties crown the board;
Not Paradise with all its joys
Could such delight afford.
- 2 Pardon and peace to dying men,
And endless life are given,
And the rich blood, that Jesus shed
To raise the soul to heaven.
- 3 Millions of souls in glory now
Were fed and feasted here;
And millions more, still on the way,
Around the board appear.
- 4 Yet is his house and heart so large,
That millions more may come;
Nor could the wide o'erspreading world
O'erfill the spacious room.
- 5 All things are ready; come away,
Nor weak excuses frame;
Crowd to your places at the feast,
And bless the Founder's name.

260. *Lowrie.*

The Sacrament.

- 1 THIS is the feast of heavenly wine,
And God invites to sup;
The juices of the living vine
Were press'd to fill the cup.
- 2 O bless the Saviour, ye that eat,
With royal dainties fed;
Not heaven affords a costlier treat,
For Jesus is the bread.
- 3 The vile, the lost, He calls to them,
Ye trembling souls, appear!

The righteous in their own esteem
Have no acceptance here.

- 4 Approach, ye poor, nor dare refuse
The banquet spread for you;
Dear Saviour, this is welcome news,
Then I may venture too.
- 5 If guilt and sin afford a plea,
And may obtain a place,
Surely the Lord will welcome me,
And I shall see his face.

261. *Bickarteth.*

The Sacrament.

- 1 ISRAEL'S Shepherd! guide me, feed me,
Through my pilgrimage below;
And beside the waters lead me,
Where thy flock rejoicing go:
Could I wander, fear disdaining,
Could I quit the sheltering fold;
Heedless of thy grace constraining,
In the strength of nature bold?
- 2 No: thy guardian presence ever,
Meekly kneeling, I implore;
I have found Thee, and would never,
Never wander from Thee more:
O how sweet, how comfortable,
In this wilderness to see
Such provision, and a table,
Spread for sinners, yea, for me!
- 3 There thy bounty still partaking,
Bread and consecrated wine,
Freely all things else forsaking,
I behold the Saviour mine:
In that bruised body broken,
In the shedding of that blood,
What a gracious pledge and token,
Lord, have we for every good!
- 4 Come, my soul, temptation flying,
Arm thee for the strife within;

Jesus, thy Redeemer, dying,
 Stamps an infamy on sin:
 Yield, my heart, no longer harden'd,
 Rouse thy every latent power:
 Cleansed, and wash'd, and freely pardon'd,
 Go in peace, and sin no more.

262. *Horatian.*

The Church Covenant.

WE covenant with hand and heart,
 To follow Christ our Lord;
 With world, and sin, and self to part,
 And to obey his word:
 To love each other heartily,
 In truth and in sincerity,
 And under cross, reproach and shame,
 To glorify his name.

263. *Horatian.*

Forsaking the world for the Church.

- 1 HAIL, church of Christ, bought with His blood
 The world I freely leave;
 Ye children of the living God,
 Me in your tents receive.
- 2 Bride of the Lamb, I'm one in heart
 With thee through boundless grace;
 And I will never from thee part,
 This bond shall never cease.
- 3 Closely I'll follow Christ with thee,
 I'll go thy safest road;
 Thy people shall my people be,
 And thine shall be my God.
- 4 And am I, Jesus, one of those
 Who in thy fold have place?
 Who gather'd round the erected cross
 Enjoy redeeming grace?
- 5 O yes, nor would I change my lot
 For all this world can give;

By grace I'll keep the place I've got,
And only to Thee cleave.

264. *Doddridge.*

Renewal of Self-dedication.

- 1 O HAPPY day, that fix'd my choice
On Thee, my Saviour, and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.
- 2 O happy bond, that seals my vows
To Him, who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.
- 3 'Tis done; the great transaction's done:
I am my Lord's, and He is mine:
He drew me, and I follow'd on,
Charm'd to confess the voice divine.
- 4 Now rest, my long-divided heart,
Fix'd on this blissful centre rest;
With ashes who would grudge to part,
When call'd on angel's bread to feast?
- 5 High heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renew'd shall daily hear;
Till in life's latest hour I bow
And bless in death a bond so dear.

265. *C. Wesley.*

The Communion of Saints.

- 1 THE saints on earth and those above
But one communion make,
Join'd to their Lord in bonds of love
All of his grace partake.
- 2 One family we dwell in Him,
One church above, beneath,
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death.

- 3 One army of the living God,
To his command we bow ;
Part of the host have cross'd the flood,
And part are crossing now.
- 4 Lo ! thousands to their endless home
Are swiftly borne away ;
And we are to the margin come,
And soon must launch as they.
- 5 Lord Jesus ! be our constant guide !
Then when the word is given,
Bid death's cold flood its waves divide,
And land us safe in heaven.

266. *Reddome.**Joining the Church of Christ.*

- 1 WITNESS ye men and angels now,
Before the Lord we speak ;
To Him we make our solemn vow,
A vow we dare not break—
- 2 That long as life itself shall last,
Ourselves to Christ we yield ;
Nor from his cause will we depart,
Or ever quit the field.
- 3 We trust not in our native strength,
But on his grace rely,
That with returning wants, the Lord
Will all our need supply.
- 4 O guide our doubtful feet aright,
And keep us in thy ways ;
And while we turn our vows to prayers,
Turn Thou our prayers to praise.

267.

Reception into Christian fellowship.

- 1 COME in, thou blessed of the Lord,
Enter in Jesus' precious name,
We welcome thee with one accord
And trust the Saviour does the same.

- 2 Those joys which earth can not afford,
We'll seek in fellowship to prove,
Join'd in one spirit to our Lord,
Together bound by mutual love.
- 3 And while we pass this vale of tears,
We'll make our joys and sorrows known;
We'll share each other's hopes and fears,
And count a brother's cares our own.
- 4 Once more our welcome we repeat,
Receive assurance of our love:
O may we all together meet,
Around the throne of God above!

 268. *C. Wesley*

A New Year.

- 1 COME, let us anew,
Our journey pursue,
Roll round with the year,
And never stand still,
Till the Master appear.
- 2 His adorable will
Let us gladly fulfil,
And our talents improve
By the patience of hope,
And the labour of love.
- 3 Our life is a dream,
Our time as a stream
Glides swiftly away;
And the fugitive moment
Refuses to stay.
- 4 The arrow is flown,
The moment is gone;
The millennial year
Rushes on to our view,
And eternity's here.
- 5 O that each in the day
Of his coming may say,

I have fought my way through;
 I have finish'd the work
 Thou did'st give me to do.

- 6 O that each from his Lord
 May receive the glad word,
 "Well and faithfully done!"
 Enter into my joy,
 And sit down on my Throne!"

269.

The Close of a Year.

- 1 PASS a few swiftly fleeting years,
 And all that now in bodies live,
 Shall quit, like me, the vale of tears,
 Their righteous sentence to receive.
- 2 But all, before they hence remove,
 May mansions for themselves prepare
 In that eternal house above!
 And, O my God, shall I be there?

270. *Newton**Retrospect of a Year.*

- 1 TIME by moments steals away,
 First the hour, and then the day;
 Small the daily loss appears,
 Yet it soon amounts to years:
 Thus another year is flown,
 And is now no more our own,
 (Thought it brought or promised good,)
 Than the years before the flood.
- 2 But each year, let none forget,
 Finds and leaves us deep in debt;
 Favours from the Lord received,
 Sins that have the Spirit grieved,
 Mark'd by God's unerring hand,
 In his book recorded stand:
 Who can tell the vast amount,
 Placed to each of our account?

- 3 We have nothing, Lord, to pay,
 Take, oh ! take our guilt away :
 Self-condemn'd, on Thee we call,
 Freely, Lord, forgive us all.
 If we see another year,
 May we spend it in thy fear;
 All its days devote to Thee,
 Living for eternity.

271. *Goodridge*

The Prospect of a New Year.

- 1 How many kindred souls are fled
 To the vast regions of the dead,
 Since from this day the changing sun
 Through his last yearly course hath run !
- 2 We yet survive:—but who can say,
 “ Or through this year, or month, or day,
 I will retain this vital breath,
 Thus far at least in league with death ? ”
- 3 That breath is thine, Eternal God !
 ’Tis thine to fix the soul’s abode ;
 It holds its life from Thee alone,
 On earth, or in the worlds unknown.
- 4 To Thee our spirits we resign :
 Make them, and own them, still as thine :
 So shall they rest secure from fear,
 Though death should blight the rising year.

272.

Reflection at the end of a Year.

- 1 AND now, my soul, another year
 Of thy short life is past ;
 I cannot long continue here,
 And this may be my last.
- 2 Much of my dubious life is gone,
 Nor will return again ;
 And swift my passing moments run,
 The few that yet remain.

- 3 Awake, my soul, with utmost care,
Thy true condition learn:
What are thy hopes, how sure, how fair,
And what thy great concern?
- 4 Now a new scene of time begins,
Set out afresh for heaven;
Seek pardon for thy former sins,
In Christ so freely given.
- 5 Devoutly yield thyself to God,
And on his grace depend;
With zeal pursue the heavenly road,
Nor doubt a happy end.

273. *Beddome**Purposes on beginning a New Year.*

- 1 My few revolving years,
How swift they glide away!
How short the term of life appears—
When past, but as a day.
- 2 A dark and cloudy day,
Made up of grief and sin,
A host of enemies without,
Distressing fears within.
- 3 Lord, through another year,
If Thou permit my stay,
With diligence may I pursue
The true and living way.

274.

Spared another Year.

- 1 THE Lord of earth and sky,
The God of ages praise;
Who reigns enthroned on high,
Ancient of endless days;
Who lengthens out our trial here,
And spares us yet another year!
- 2 Barren and wither'd trees,
We cumber'd long the ground;

No fruit of holiness
 On our dead souls we found :
 Yet doth He us in mercy spare,
 Another, and another year.

3 When justice bared the sword,
 To cut the fig-tree down,
 The pity of our Lord
 Cried, " Let it still alone ;"
 The Father mild inclined his ear,
 And spared us yet another year.

4 Jesus, thy speaking blood
 From God obtain'd the grace,
 Who therefore hath bestow'd
 On us a longer space ;
 Thou didst in our behalf appear,
 And, lo, we see another year.

5 Then dig about our root,
 Break up our fallow ground,
 And let our gracious fruit
 To thy great praise abound ;
 O let us all thy praise declare,
 And fruit unto perfection bear!

275. *Byrom.*

The Nativity of Christ.

- 1 CHRISTIANS, awake, salute the happy morn,
 Whereon the Saviour of mankind was born :
 Rise to adore the mystery of love,
 Which hosts of angels chanted from above :
 With them the joyful tidings first begun,
 Of God Incarnate, and the Virgin's Son.
- 2 Then to the watchful shepherds it was told,
 Who heard the angelic herald's voice, " Behold,
 I bring good tidings of a Saviour's birth,
 To you, and all the nations upon earth ;
 This day hath God fulfill'd his promised word,
 This day is born a Saviour, Christ the Lord."
- 3 He spake; and straightway the celestial choir
 In hymns of joy unknown before conspire ;

The praises of redeeming love they sang,
 And heaven's whole orb with hallelujahs rang;
 God's highest glory was their anthem still,
 Peace upon earth, and unto men good-will.

- 4 To Bethlehem straight the enlighten'd shepherds
 ran,
 To see the wonders God had wrought for man;
 Then to their flocks, still praising God, return,
 And their glad hearts within their bosoms burn;
 To all the joyful tidings they proclaim,
 The first Apostles of the Saviour's fame.
- 5 O! may we keep and ponder in our mind,
 God's wondrous love in saving lost mankind;
 Trace we the Babe, who hath retrieved our loss,
 From his poor manger to his bitter cross;
 Tread in his steps, assisted by his grace,
 Till man's first heavenly state again takes place.
- 6 Then may we hope, the angelic hosts among,
 To find, redeem'd, a glad triumphant throng:
 He that was born upon this joyful day,
 Around us all his glory shall display;
 Saved by his love incessant we shall sing
 Eternal praise to heaven's Almighty King.

276. *B. A. Heber.*

Epiphany.

- 1 BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning,
 Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;
 Star of the east, the horizon adorning,
 Guide where our Infant Redeemer is laid.
- 2 Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining,
 Low lies his bed with the beasts of the stall;
 Angels adore Him in slumber reclining,
 Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.
- 3 Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,
 Odours of Edom, and offerings divine,
 Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
 Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?

- 4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
 Vainly with gold would his favour secure;
 Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
 Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.
- 5 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
 Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;
 Star of the east, the horizon adorning,
 Guide where our Infant Redeemer is laid.

- 277. *Moravian*

The Advent of Christ.

- 1 How shall I meet my Saviour?
 How shall I welcome Thee?
 What manner of behaviour
 Is now required of me?
 Let thine Illumination
 Guide heart and hand aright,
 That this my preparation
 Be pleasing in thy sight.
- 2 Whilst with her sweetest flowers
 Thy Sion strews thy way,
 I'll raise with all my powers
 To thee a grateful lay:
 To thee the King of glory
 I'll tune a song divine;
 And make thy love's bright story
 In graceful numbers shine.
- 3 I lay in fetters groaning,
 Thou camest to set me free:
 My shame I was bemoaning,
 With grace thou cloathed'st me.
 Thou raisedst me to glory,
 Endowd'st me with thy bliss,
 Which is not transitory,
 As worldly treasure is.
- 4 This caused thy incarnation,
 This brought Thee down to me!
 Thy thirst for my salvation
 Contrived my liberty!

O love beyond all measure,
 Wherewith Thou dost embrace
 Mankind, 'midst all that pressure
 Which, since the fall, takes place !

278. *Lawson**The Song of the Angels at Bethlehem.*

- 1 HARK ! what mean those holy voices,
 Sweetly sounding through the skies ?
 Lo ! the angelic host rejoices ;
 Heavenly hallelujahs rise.
- 2 Listen to the wondrous story,
 Which they chant in hymns of joy :
 " Glory in the highest, glory !
 Glory be to God most high !
- 3 " Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,
 Reaching far as man is found ;
 Souls redeem'd, and sins forgiven ;—
 Loud, our golden harps shall sound.
- 4 " Christ is born, the Great Anointed ;
 Heaven and earth his praises sing !
 O receive whom God appointed
 For your Prophet, Priest, and King.
- 5 Hasten, mortals, to adore Him ;
 Learn his name, and taste his joy ;
 Till in heaven ye sing before Him,
 Glory be to God most high !"
- 6 Let us learn the wondrous story
 Of our Great Redeemer's birth :
 Spread the brightness of his glory,
 Till it cover all the earth.

279. *H. M. White**The Star of Bethlehem.*

- 1 WHEN marshall'd on the nightly plain,
 The glittering host bestud the sky ;
 One star alone, of all the train,
 Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.

- 2 Hark ! Hark ! to God the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem ;
But one alone the Saviour speaks,
It is the star of Bethlehem.
- 3 Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud,—the night was dark,
The ocean yawn'd,—and rudely blow'd
The wind that toss'd my foundering bark.
- 4 Deep horror then my vitals froze,
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem ;
When suddenly a star arose,
It was the star of Bethlehem.
- 5 It was my guide, my light, my all,
It bade my dark foreboding cease ;
And through the storm and dangers thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.
- 6 Now safely moor'd—my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
For ever and for ever more,
The star!—the star of Bethlehem !

280. *Horace**The Crucifixion.*

- 1 SEE, world, upon the bloody tree
Thy life there sinks in death,
Cover'd with stripes and wounds for thee,
Thy Saviour yields his breath.
- 2 Thou Prince of glory, knew'st no sin,
What caused Thee then thy pain ?
Thou harmless, undefiled, and clean,
What caused Thee to be slain ?
- 3 My sins, as numerous as the sands
Upon the ocean shore,
Have been the cruel murderous hands
That wounded Thee so sore.
- 4 Thy wondrous love to evidence,
Thou would'st my surety be :

Thyself would'st pay my debt immense,
Thereby to set me free.

5 My debt to Thee, Thou God of Love!
Weak words cannot express;
I cannot here, if there above,
Show proper thankfulness.

6 Grant me but this while I am here,
Since I can nothing give,
Thy sufferings in my heart to bear,
And in thy death to live!

281. *Horatian*

The sacrifice of Christ.

1 BEHOLD the Saviour of the world
Embrued with sweat and gore,
Expiring on that shameful cross,
Where he our sorrows bore!

2 Compassion for lost human race
Brought down God's only Son,
To veil in flesh his radiant face,
And for their sins atone.

3 Who can to love his name forbear,
That of his sufferings hears,
And finds, the ransom of his soul
Was blood as well as tears?

4 Thy sacred blood, O Son of God!
Which ran from many a wound;
When earth's and hell's malicious powers
All compass'd Thee around:—

5 Till death's pale ensigns o'er thy cheeks
And trembling lips were spread;
Till light forsook thy dying eyes,
And life thy drooping head.

6 Joy for thy torments we receive,
Life in thy death have found;
For the reproaches of thy cross,
Shall be with glory crown'd.

- 7 May we a grateful sense retain
 Of thy redeeming love!
 And live below like those that hope
 To live with Thee above!

282. *Horavian**The virtue of Christ's death.*

- 1 O WONDER far exceeding
 All human thought and sense!
 Heaven's sovereign was seen bleeding
 To wipe off my offence:
 The Prince of life gave up his breath
 For me, whose vile rebellion
 Deserved an endless death.
- 2 Though sins exceed a mountain,
 Or sands on ocean's shore,
 The everlasting fountain
 Of Jesus' blood hath power
 To wash all sin and guilt away,
 And save me from that terror
 Which held me in dismay.
- 3 Lord, let thy bitter passion
 Dwell always in my mind,
 To raise an indignation
 'Gainst sin of every kind;
 That henceforth I may ne'er forget
 The greatness of that ransom,
 Which paid my endless debt.

283. *Horavian**Glorying in the cross.*

- 1 THE cross, the cross, O that's my gain!
 Because on that the Lamb was slain;
 'Twas there my Lord was crucified,
 'Twas there my Saviour for me died.
- 2 The stony heart dissolves in tears,
 When to our view the cross appears;
 Christ's dying love, when truly felt,
 The vilest, hardest heart doth melt.

- 3 Here will I stay, and gaze a while;
Upon the Friend of sinners vile;
Abased, I view what I have done
To God's eternal, gracious Son.
- 4 Here I behold, as in a glass,
God's glory, with unveiled face;
And by beholding, I shall be
Made like to Him who loved me.
- 5 Here is an ensign on a hill,
Come hither, sinners, look your fill;
To look aside, is pain and loss;
I glory only in the cross.
- 6 Here doth the Lord of life proclaim
To all the world his saving name;
Repenting souls, in him believe;
Ye wounded, look on Him and live.
- 7 No flaming sword doth guard the place,
The cross of Christ proclaims free grace:
All pilgrims who would heaven win,
By Jesus' cross must enter in.

284.

A view of Christ crucified.

- 1 SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend,
Life, and health, and peace possessing
From the sinner's dying Friend.
- 2 Here I'll sit for ever viewing
Mercy's streams, in streams of blood;
Precious drops! my soul bedewing,
Plead and claim my peace with God.
- 3 Truly blessed is this station,
Low before his cross to lie;
While I see divine compassion
Floating in his languid eye.
- 4 Here it is I find my heaven,
While upon the cross I gaze;

- Love I much? I've more forgiven,
I'm a miracle of grace.
- 5 Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears his feet I'll bathe,
Constant still in faith abiding,
Life deriving from his death.
- 6 May I still enjoy this feeling,
In all need to Jesus go;
Prove his wounds each day more healing,
And himself more fully know.

285. *Luther.**The sepulchre of Christ.*

- 1 MET around the sacred tomb,
Friends of Jesus, why those tears?
'Midst this sad sepulchral gloom
Shall your faith give way to fears?
He will soon, even as He said,
Rise triumphant from the dead.
- 2 Hidden from all ages past
Was the cross's mystery,
Doubts awhile a veil had cast
O'er that first dear family;
Till they saw Him, and believed,
And as Lord and God received.
- 3 Now with tears of love and joy,
We remember all his pain,
Sighs and groans and dying cry;
For the Lamb for us was slain,
And, from death our souls to save,
Once for us lay in the grave.
- 4 Hither, sinners, all repair,
And with Jesus Christ be dead,
All are safe from Satan's snare,
Who to Jesus' tomb have fled;
Here the weary and oppress
Find a never-ending rest.

- 5 Wounded Saviour, full of grace,
Hast thou suffered thus for me?
Ah! I hide my blushing face;
How have I requited Thee?
Should not I with ardour burn
Some love's token to return?
- 6 But alas, the spark how small!
Scarcely seen at all to glow;
Lord, thou know'st how short I fall,
And my growth in grace how slow;
Yet when to thy cross I fly,
Soon all strange affections die.
- 7 In thy death is all my trust,
I have Thee my refuge made,
And when once consign'd to dust,
In the tomb my body's laid,
Then with saved souls above
I will praise thy dying love.
- 8 But while here I'm left behind,
Burden'd with infirmity,
May I help and comfort find,
Visiting Gethsemane,
Calvary and Joseph's tomb,
Till my sabbath's also come.

286. *M. Barbard.*

The Resurrection.

- 1 AGAIN the Lord of life and light
Awakes the kindling ray,
Unseals the eye-lids of the morn,
And pours increasing day.
- 2 Oh what a night was that which wrapt
The heathen world in gloom!
Oh what a sun which broke this day,
Triumphant from the tomb!
- 3 The powers of darkness leagued in vain
To bind our Lord in death;

He shook their kingdom when He fell,
By his expiring breath.

4 And now his conquering chariot wheels
Ascend the lofty skies ;
Broken beneath his powerful cross,
Death's iron sceptre lies.

5 This day be grateful homage paid,
And loud hosannahs sung :
Let gladness dwell on every heart,
And praise on every tongue.

6 Ten thousand differing lips shall join,
To hail this happy morn ;
Which scatters blessings from its wings
On nations yet unborn.

287. *Loddridge*

The Resurrection.

1 YES! the Redeemer rose,
The Saviour left the dead,
And o'er our hellish foes,
High raised his conquering head ;
In wild dismay,
The guards around
Fell to the ground,
And sunk away.

2 Lo! the angelic bands
In full assembly meet,
To wait his high commands,
And worship at his feet ;
Joyful they come,
And wing their way
From realms of day
To such a tomb.

3 Then back to heaven they fly,
And the glad tidings bear :
Hark! as they soar on high,
What music fills the air!

Their anthems say,
 " Jesus who bled
 Hath left the dead ;
 He rose to-day."

- 4 Ye mortals, catch the sound,
 Redeem'd by Him from hell ;
 And send the echo round
 The globe on which you dwell :
 Transported, cry,
 " Jesus who bled
 Hath left the dead,
 No more to die."

- 5 All-hail ! triumphant Lord,
 Who sav'st us with thy blood !
 Wide be thy name adored,
 Thou rising, reigning God !
 With Thee we rise,
 With Thee we reign,
 And empires gain,
 Beyond the skies.

288. *Nelly.*

The Resurrection.

- 1 " THE Lord is risen indeed :"
 And are the tidings true ?
 Yes, we beheld the Saviour bleed,
 And saw Him living too.
- 2 " The Lord is risen indeed :"
 Then Justice asks no more ;
 Mercy and Truth are now agreed,
 Who stood opposed before.
- 3 " The Lord is risen indeed :"
 Then is his work perform'd ;
 The captive surety now is freed,
 And death, our foe, disarm'd.
- 4 " The Lord is risen indeed :"
 Then hell has lost his prey :

With Him is risen the ransom'd seed,
To reign in endless day.

- 5 "The Lord is risen indeed:"
Attending angels hear;
Up to the courts of heaven, with speed,
The joyful tidings bear.
- 6 Then take your golden lyres,
And strike each cheerful chord;
Join all the bright celestial choirs,
To sing our risen Lord.

289. *Lyrics*

The Descent of the Holy Spirit.

- 1 CREATOR Spirit! by whose aid
The world's foundations first were laid,
Come, visit every pious mind,
Come, pour thy joys on all mankind:
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make us temples worthy Thee.
- 2 Thou Strength of his Almighty hand,
Whose power does heaven and earth command!
Thrice Holy Fount! Thrice Holy Fire!
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire:
Come, and thy sacred unction bring,
To sanctify us while we sing.
- 3 Plenteous of grace, descend from high,
Rich in thy seven-fold energy;
Give us Thyself, that we may see
The Father and the Son by Thee;
Make us eternal truths receive,
And practise all that we believe.
- 4 Immortal honour, endless fame,
Attend th' Almighty Father's name!
Let God the Son be glorified,
Who for lost man's redemption died!
And equal adoration be,
Eternal Spirit! paid to Thee!

290. *Brown.**For the guidance of the Holy Spirit.*

- 1 COME, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With light and comfort from above :
Be Thou our Guardian, Thou our Guide;
O'er every thought and step preside.
- 2 The light of truth to us display,
And make us know and choose thy way;
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from God may not depart.
- 3 Lead us to holiness,—the road
That we must take to dwell with God ;
Lead us to Christ, the living way,
Nor let us from his precepts stray ;—
- 4 Lead us to God, our final rest,
In his enjoyment to be blest ;
Lead us to heaven, the seat of bliss,
Where pleasure in perfection is.

291. *Lotuice.**The day of Pentecost.*

- 1 LET songs of praises fill the sky !
Christ, our ascended Lord,
Sends down his Spirit from on high,
According to his word :
All hail the day of Pentecost,
The coming of the Holy Ghost !
- 2 The Spirit, by his heavenly breath,
New life creates within ;
He quickens sinners from the death
Of trespasses and sin :
All hail the day of Pentecost,
The coming of the Holy Ghost !
- 3 The things of Christ the Spirit takes,
And shows them unto men ;

The fallen soul his temple makes,
 God's image stamps again :
 All hail the day of Pentecost,
 The coming of the Holy Ghost !

- 4 Come, Holy Spirit, from above,
 With thy celestial fire ;
 Come, and with flames of zeal and love
 Our hearts and tongues inspire !
 Be this our day of Pentecost,
 The coming of the Holy Ghost !

292. *S. Wesley.*

The young cut off in their prime.

- 1 THE morning flowers display their sweets,
 And gay their silken leaves unfold,
 As careless of the noon-tide heats,
 As fearless of the evening cold.
- 2 Nipt by the wind's unkindly blast,
 Parch'd by the sun's directer ray,
 The momentary glories waste,
 The short-lived beauties die away.
- 3 So blooms the human face divine,
 When youth its pride of beauty shows :
 Fairer than Spring the colours shine,
 And sweeter than the virgin-rose.
- 4 Or worn by slowly-rolling years,
 Or broke by sickness in a day,
 The fading glory disappears,
 The short-lived beauties die away.
- 5 Yet these, new rising from the tomb,
 With lustre brighter far shall shine ;
 Revive with ever-during bloom,
 Safe from diseases and decline.
- 6 Let sickness blast, let death devour,
 If heaven must recompense our pains ;
 Perish the grass, and fade the flower
 If firm the word of God remains

293. *Guthorne**The passing Bell.*

- 1 HARK! 'tis the bell with solemn toll,
That speaks the spirit's flight
From earth, to realms of endless day,
Or everlasting night.
- 2 "Ashes to ashes, dust to dust,"
Sin's awful curse demands;
O well! if pure before the throne
The soul accepted stands.
- 3 O well! for if uncleansed from guilt,
Through Christ's atoning blood,
With what dismay she now beholds
The presence of her God!
- 4 To live through an eternal death,
Eternal wo to bear!—
Father of mercy! God of grace!
Inspire and hear our prayer.
- 5 From sin, the sting of death and hell,
From enmity to Thee,
Extend thine own almighty arm,
To set the bond-slaves free.
- 6 So when the bell, with solemn toll,
Shall speak *our* spirits' flight,
Angels their glad approach shall hail
To realms of bliss and light.

294. *Boddridge**Death passed upon all.*

- 1 HEAVEN hath confirm'd the great decree,
That Adam's race must die;
One general ruin sweeps them down,
And low in dust they lie.
- 2 Ye living men, survey the tomb,
Where you must quickly dwell:

- Hark, how the awful summons sounds
In every funeral knell.
- 3 Once you must die—and once for all,
The solemn purport weigh;
For know, that heaven and hell depend
On that important day.
- 4 Those eyes, though long in darkness veil'd,
Must wake, the Judge to see;
And every deed, and word, and thought,
Must pass his scrutiny.
- 5 May we in Thee, the Judge, behold
Our Saviour and our Friend;
And far above the reach of death,
With all thy saints ascend.

295. *God driving*

The House appointed for all living.

- 1 How swift the torrent rolls,
That hastens to the sea;
How strong the tide that bears our souls
On—to eternity!
- 2 Our fathers, where are they?
With all they call'd their own;
Their joys and griefs, and hopes and cares,
And wealth and honour, gone!
- 3 There, where the fathers lie,
Must all the children dwell;
Nor other heritage possess,
But such a gloomy cell.
- 4 God of our fathers, hear,
Thou everlasting Friend!
While we, on life's extremest verge,
Our souls to Thee commend.
- 5 Of all the pious dead
May we the footsteps trace,
Till with them in the land of light
We dwell before thy face.

296. *Blake**The brevity of life.*

- 1 SWIFT as the arrow cuts its way,
Through the soft-yielding air ;
Or as the sun's more subtle ray,
Or lightning's sudden glare ;
Or as an eagle to the prey,
Or shuttle through the loom ;
So haste our fleeting lives away,
So pass we to the tomb.
- 2 Like airy bubbles, lo ! we rise,
And dance upon life's stream ;
Till soon the air that caused, destroys
Th' attenuated frame.
Down the swift stream we glide apace,
And carry death within ;
Then break, and scarcely leave a trace,
To show that we have been.
- 3 The man, the wisest of our kind,
Who length of days had seen,
To birth and death a time assign'd,
But none to life between.
Yet Oh ! what consequences close
This transient state below !
Eternal joys ; or, losing those,
Interminable wo !

297. *Mrs Barbara**The righteous blessed in death.*

- 1 How bless'd the righteous when he dies !—
When sinks a weary soul to rest,
How mildly beam the closing eyes,
How gently heaves th' expiring breast !
- 2 So fades a summer-cloud away,
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er,
So gently shuts the eye of day,
So dies a wave along the shore.

- 3 A holy quiet reigns around,
A calm which life nor death destroys;
Nothing disturbs that peace profound,
Which his unfetter'd soul enjoys.
- 4 Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,
Where lights and shades alternate dwell!
How bright th' unchanging morn appears;
Farewell, inconstant world, farewell!
- 5 Life's duty done, as sinks the clay,
Light from its load the spirit flies;
While heaven and earth combine to say,
"How bless'd the righteous when he dies!"

298.

Burton.*The dead who die in the Lord.*

- 1 IN vain our fancy strives to paint
The moment after death,
The glories that surround the saint,
When he resigns his breath.
- 2 One gentle sigh his fetters breaks;
We scarce can say, "He's gone,"
Before the willing spirit takes
Her mansion near the throne.
- 3 Faith strives, but all its efforts fail
To trace her heavenward flight;
No eye can pierce within the veil,
Which hides that world of light.
- 4 Thus much (and this is all) we know,
They are supremely blest;
Have done with sin, and care, and wo,
And with their Saviour rest.
- 5 On harps of gold his name they praise,
His presence always view;—
And if we *here* their footsteps trace,
There we shall praise Him too.

299. *Watts**Death and the Resurrection.*

- 1 How long shall death the tyrant reign,
And triumph o'er the just,
While the rich blood of martyrs slain,
Lies mingled with the dust?
- 2 I see the Lord of glory come,
And flaming guards around;
The skies divide to make Him room,
The trumpet shakes the ground.
- 3 I hear the voice, "Ye dead, arise!"
And lo! the graves obey;
And waking saints, with joyful eyes,
Salute th' expected day.
- 4 They leave the dust, and on the wing
Rise to the middle air;
In shining garments meet their king,
And low adore Him there.
- 5 O may my humble spirit stand
Amongst them, clothed in white!
The meanest place at his right hand,
Is infinite delight.

300. *Browne**The fear of death overcome.*

- 1 I CANNOT shun the stroke of death—
Lord, help me to surmount the fear;
That when I must resign my breath,
Serene my summons I may hear.
- 2 'Tis sin gives venom to the dart—
In me let every sin be slain;
From secret faults, Lord, cleanse my heart,
From wilful sins my hands restrain.
- 3 May I, my God, with holy zeal,
Closely the ends of life pursue,

Seek thy whole pleasure to fulfil,
And honour Thee in all I do !

- 4 Let all my bliss and treasure lie,
Where in thy light I light shall see :
The soul may freely dare to die,
That longs to be possessed of Thee.
- 5 Say Thou art mine, and chase the gloom
Thick hanging o'er the vale of death :
Then shall I fearless meet my doom,
And as a victor yield my breath.

301. *To a dying Minister.*

The death of a Minister.

- 1 Now let our mourning hearts revive,
And all our tears be dry ;
Why should those eyes be drown'd in grief,
Which view a Saviour nigh ?
- 2 What though the arm of conquering death
Does God's own house invade ?
What though the prophet, and the priest
Be number'd with the dead ?
- 3 Though earthly shepherds dwell in dust,
The aged, and the young,
The watchful eye in darkness closed,
And mute th' instructive tongue ;
- 4 Th' eternal Shepherd still survives,
New comfort to impart ;
His eye still guides us, and his voice
Still animates our heart.
- 5 " Lo, I am with you ! " saith the Lord ;
" My church shall safe abide ;
For I will ne'er forsake my own,
Whose souls in me confide . "
- 6 Through every scene of life and death,
This promise is our trust ;
And this shall be our children's song,
When we are cold in dust.

302. *Walsley.**Hope in the Resurrection.*

- 1 UNVEIL thy bosom, faithful tomb,
Take this new treasure to thy trust,
And give these sacred relics room,
To seek a slumber in the dust.
- 2 Break from thy throne, illustrious morn !
Attend, O Earth ! His sovereign word :
Restore thy trust, a glorious form,
He must ascend to meet his Lord.
- 3 Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear,
Invade my bounds ; no mortal woes
Can reach the lovely sleepers here,
And angels watch their soft repose.
- 4 So Jesus slept ; God's dying Son
Pass'd through the grave, and bless'd the bed :
Rest here, dear saint, till from his throne,
The morning break, and pierce the shade.

303. *J. A. A. dy.**The dying believer to his soul.*

- 1 DEATHLESS principle, arise ;
Soar, thou native of the skies ;
Pearl of price, by Jesus bought,
To his glorious likeness wrought,
Go to shine before his throne,
Deck his mediatorial crown :
Go, his triumphs to adorn,
Born of God—to God return.
- 2 Lo ! He beckons from on high,
Fearless, to his presence fly :
Thine the merit of his blood,
Thine the righteousness of God.
Angels, joyful to attend,
Hovering round thy pillow bend ;

Wait to catch the signal given,
And escort thee quick to heaven.

3 Is thy earthly house distress'd?
Willing to retain her guest?
'Tis not thou, but she, must die:
Fly, celestial tenant, fly;
Burst thy shackles, drop thy clay,
Sweetly breathe thyself away:
Singing, to thy crown remove,
Swift of wing, and fired with love.

4 Shudder not to pass the stream:
Venture all thy care on Him;
Him, whose dying love and power
Still'd its tossing, hush'd its roar.
Safe is the expanded wave;
Gentle as a summer's eve;
Not one object of his care
Ever suffer'd shipwreck there.

5 See the haven full in view!
Love divine shall bear thee through.
Trust to that propitious gale;
Weigh thy anchor, spread thy sail;
Saints in glory perfect made,
Wait thy passage through the shade;
Ardent for thy coming o'er,
See, they throng the blissful shore;

6 Mount, their transports to improve,
Join the longing choir above;
Swiftly to their wish be given;
Kindle higher joy in heaven.
Such the prospects that arise
To the dying Christian's eyes!
Such the glorious vista Faith
Opens through the shades of death.

304. *C. Wesley.*

Peace to the departed saint.

1 HAPPY soul, thy days are ended,
All thy mourning days below:

*This Hymn was repeated by my
Mother - when my dear Father was
dying.*

Go, by angel guards attended,
 To the sight of Jesus go!
 Waiting to receive thy spirit,
 Lo! the Saviour stands above,
 Shows the purchase of his merit,
 Reaches out the crown of love.

- 2 Struggle through thy latest passion,
 To thy dear Redeemer's breast,
 To his uttermost salvation,
 To his everlasting rest:
 For the joy He sets before thee,
 Bear a momentary pain;
 Die, to live a life of glory,
 Suffer, with thy Lord to reign.

305. *Bp. Heber.*

Farewell to a friend departed.

- 1 THOU art gone to the grave,—but we will not de-
 plore thee;
 Tho' sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb,
 The Saviour has pass'd through its portals before
 thee,
 And the lamp of his love is thy guide through
 the gloom.
- 2 Thou art gone to the grave,—we no longer behold
 thee,
 Nor tread the rough path of the world by thy
 side;
 But the wide arms of mercy are spread to enfold
 thee,
 And sinners may hope, since the sinless has died.
- 3 Thou art gone to the grave,—and its mansion for-
 saking,
 Perhaps thy tried spirit in doubt linger'd long;
 But the sun-shine of heaven beam'd bright on thy
 waking,
 And the song which thou heard'st was the sera-
 phim's song.

- 4 Thou art gone to the grave,—but 'twere wrong to
deplore thee,
When God was thy ransom, thy guardian, thy
guide;
He gave thee, and took thee, and soon will restore
thee,
Where death hath no sting since the Saviour
hath died.

306. *Watts.*

The rest of those that die in the Lord.

- 1 HEAR what the voice from heaven proclaims,
For all the pious dead,
Sweet is the savour of their names,
And soft their sleeping bed.
- 2 They die in Jesus and are bless'd;
How kind their slumbers are!
From sufferings and from sins released,
And freed from every snare.
- 3 Far from this world of toil and strife,
They're present with the Lord;
The labours of their mortal life
End in a large reward.

307. *Watts.*

The death and burial of a Saint.

- 1 WHY do we mourn departing friends,
Or shake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends
To call them to his arms.
- 2 Are we not tending upward too
As fast as time can move?
Nor would we wish the hours more slow
To keep us from our love.
- 3 Why should we tremble to convey
Their relics to the tomb?
There the Redeemer's body lay,
And left a long perfume.

- 4 The graves of all his saints He bless'd,
And soften'd every bed;
Where should the dying members rest,
But with the dying head?
- 5 Thence He arose, ascending high,
And show'd our feet the way;
Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly
At the great rising-day.
- 6 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
And bid our kindred rise;
Awake, ye nations under ground,
Ye saints, ascend the skies.

308. *Horatian*

The day of Judgment.

- 1 THE waking trumpets all shall hear
Throughout the whole creation;
And all the dead shall then appear,
Placed in their proper station;
Those in the body at that time
Shall, in a manner most sublime,
Endure a transmutation.
- 2 The great account shall then be read
Of all men's lives and actions;
While young and old the sentence dread
Of their misdeeds and factions;
Here is no shelter or escape,
But all shall see the very shape
Thy soul has here contracted.
- 3 When all with awe shall stand around
To hear their doom allotted;
Grant, Jesu, then my name be found
Within thy book unblotted!
Of which I doubt not in the least,
For Thou, as Saviour and High-priest,
Hast purchased my salvation.
- 4 I know as Judge Thou shalt appear,
But yet as Intercessor;

And hope in humble faith that there
 Thou'lt call me thy confessor,
 And bring me to that blessed place,
 Where I shall see, with open face,
 The glory of thy kingdom.

- 5 O Jesu! shorten thy long stay,
 And hasten thy salvation;
 That we may see that glorious day
 Produce a new creation:
 O come, O Lord, our Judge and King!
 Come, change our mournful notes, to sing
 Thy praise for ever, Amen.

309. *Bp. Heber*

Signs of the Judgment.

- 1 IN the sun, and moon, and stars,
 Signs and wonders there shall be;
 Earth shall quake with inward wars,
 Nations with perplexity.
- 2 Soon shall ocean's hoary deep,
 Tost with stronger tempests, rise;
 Wilder storms the mountain sweep,
 Louder thunder rock the skies.
- 3 Dread alarms shall shake the proud,
 Pale amazement, restless fear;
 And, amid the thunder cloud,
 Shall the Judge of men appear!
- 4 But, though from his awful face
 Heaven shall fade, and earth shall fly,
 Fear not ye, his chosen race,
 Your redemption draweth nigh.

310. *Bp. Heber*

Christ's second coming.

- 1 THE Lord shall come! the earth shall quake;
 The mountains to their centre shake;
 And, withering from the vault of night,
 The stars shall pale their feeble light.

- 2 The Lord shall come! but not the same
As once in lowliness He came;
A silent Lamb before his foes,
A weary man, and full of woes.
- 3 The Lord shall come! a dreadful form,
With rainbow-wreath and robes of storm;
On cherub-wings, and wings of wind,
Appointed Judge of all mankind.
- 4 Can this be He, who wont to stray
A Pilgrim on the world's highway,
Oppress'd by power, and mock'd by pride,
The Nazarene,—the crucified?
- 5 While sinners in despair shall call,
"Rocks, hide us; mountains, on us fall!"
The saints, ascending from the tomb,
Shall joyful sing, "The Lord is come!"

311.

Luther's Hymn.

GREAT God! what do I see and hear,
The end of things created!
The Judge of mankind doth appear
On clouds of glory seated.
The trumpet sounds; the graves restore
The dead, which they contain'd before;—
Prepare, my soul, to meet Him.

312. *Olivers.**The Last Day.*

- 1 Lo! He comes with clouds descending,
Once for favour'd sinners slain!
Thousand, thousand saints attending,
Swell the triumph of his train:
Hallelujah!
Jesus comes, and comes to reign.
- 2 Every eye shall now behold Him,
Robed in dreadful majesty!
Those who set at nought and sold Him,

Pierced and nail'd him to the tree,
 Deeply wailing,
 Shall the true Messiah see!

- 3 When the solemn trump has sounded,
 Heaven and earth shall flee away;
 All who hate Him must, confounded,
 Hear the summons of that day;
 Come to judgment!
 Come to judgment! come away.

- 4 Yea, amen! let all adore Thee,
 High on thine eternal throne!
 Saviour, take the power and glory;
 Make thy righteous sentence known!
 O come quickly,
 Claim the kingdom for thine own!

313. *B. Wesley.*

The confidence of the saints in the day of judgment.

- 1 STAND the omnipotent decree;
 Jehovah's will be done!
 Nature's end we wait to see,
 And hear her final groan:
 Let this earth dissolve, and blend
 In death the wicked and the just;
 Let those ponderous orbs descend,
 And grind us into dust.
- 2 Rests secure the righteous man,
 At his Redeemer's beck,
 Sure to emerge, and rise again,
 And mount above the wreck:
 Lo! the heavenly spirit towers,
 Like flames o'er nature's funeral pyre;
 Triumphs in immortal powers,
 And claps his wings of fire!
- 3 Nothing hath the just to lose,
 By worlds on worlds destroy'd,
 Far beneath his feet he views,
 With smiles, the flaming void:

Sees this universe renew'd ;
The grand millennial reign begun,
Shouts with all the sons of God,
Around the eternal throne !

4 Resting in this glorious hope,
To be at last restored,
Yield we now our bodies up,
To earthquake, plague, or sword :
Listening for the call divine,
The last trumpet of the seven :
Soon our soul and dust shall join,
And both fly up to heaven.

314. *Notes.**The reign of Christ on earth.*

- 1 JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journies run ;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
- 2 For Him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown his head ;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.
- 3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song ;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.
- 4 Blessings abound where'er He reigns,
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains,
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.
- 5 Let every creature rise, and bring
Peculiar honours to our King ;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

315. *C. Wesley**The progress of the Gospel.*

- 1 SEE how great a flame aspires,
Kindled by a spark of grace !
Jesus' love the nations fires,
Sets the kingdoms on a blaze !
To bring fire on earth He came
Kindled in some hearts it is ;
O that all might catch the flame,
All partake the glorious bliss.
- 2 When He first the work begun,
Small and feeble was his day :
Now the word doth swiftly run,
Now it wins its widening way :
More and more it spreads and grows,
Ever mighty to prevail ;
Sin's strong hold it now o'erthrows,
Shakes the trembling gates of hell.
- 3 Sons of God, your Saviour praise !
He the door hath open'd wide ;
He hath given the word of grace,
Jesus' word is glorify'd ;
Jesus, mighty to redeem,
He alone the work hath wrought ;
Worthy is the work of Him,
Him who spake a world from nought.
- 4 Saw ye not the cloud arise,
Little as a human hand ?
Now it spreads along the skies,
Hangs o'er all the thirsty land ;
Lo ! the promise of a shower
Drops already from above ;
But the Lord will shortly pour
All the Spirit of his love.

316. *L. H. Shore.**For the outpouring of the Spirit.*

- 1 ON all the earth thy Spirit shower,
The earth in righteousness renew;
Thy kingdom come, and hell o'erpower,
And to thy sceptre all subdue.
- 2 Like mighty winds or torrents fierce,
Let it th' opposers all o'eturn;
And every law of sin reverse,
That faith and love may make all one.
- 3 Yea, let thy Spirit in every place
Its richer energy declare;
While lovely tempers, fruits of grace,
The kingdom of thy Christ prepare.
- 4 Grant this, O holy God, and true;
The ancient seers thou didst inspire!
To us perform the promise due,
Descend, and crown us now with fire!

317. *Cottrell**The light to lighten the Gentiles.*

- 1 O'ER the realms of pagan darkness,
Let the eye of pity gaze;
See the kindreds of the people,
Lost in sin's bewildering maze:
Darkness brooding
On the face of all the earth.
- 2 Light of them that sit in darkness!
Rise and shine, thy blessings bring:
Light to lighten all the Gentiles!
Rise with healing in thy wing:
To thy brightness
Let all kings and nations come.
- 3 May the heathen, now adoring
Idol-gods of wood and stone,
Come, and, worshipping before Him,

Serve the living God alone:
 Let thy glory
 Fill the earth as floods the sea.

- 4 Thou, to whom all power is given,
 Speak the word;—at thy command,
 Let the company of preachers
 Spread thy name from land to land:
 Lord, be with them,
 Always to the end of time.

318. *Ethan Observer.*

For Christian Missionaries.

- 1 MARK'D as the purpose of the skies,
 This promise meets our anxious eyes,
 That heathen worlds the Lord shall know,
 And, warm'd with faith, each bosom glow.
- 2 Even now the hallow'd scenes appear,
 Even now unfolds the promised year!
 Lo! distant shores thy heralds trace,
 And bear the tidings of thy grace.
- 3 'Midst burning climes, and frozen plains,
 Where heathen darkness brooding reigns,
 Lord, mark their steps, their fears subdue,
 And nerve their arm, and clear their view.
- 4 When, worn by toil, their spirits fail,
 Bid them the glorious future hail;
 Bid them the crown of life survey;
 And onward urge their conquering way.
- 5 So on the Indian's gloomy night
 The eastern star shall shed her light,
 And Jesus' hallow'd reign control
 The stormy passions of the soul.
- 6 So shall Messiah's influence cheer
 His humble cot, which still is dear;
 And heavenly hope his soul pervade,
 Though life, and time, and worlds shall fade.

319. *Lawson**"Come over and help us."*

- 1 HARK! what mean those lamentations,
Rolling sadly through the sky!
'Tis the cry of heathen nations,
"Come, and help us, or we die."
- 2 Hear the heathen's sad complaining,
Christians hear their dying cry;
And, the love of Christ constraining,
Join to help them, ere they die.

320. *Lawson**Christians debtors to the Gentiles.*

- 1 CHRISTIANS, the glorious hope we know,
Which soothes the heart in every wo,
While heathens, helpless, hopeless lie;
No ray of glory meets their eye:
—O give to their desiring sight
The hope that Jesus brought to light.
- 2 Christians, ye taste the heavenly grace,
Which cheers believers in their race:
Uncheer'd by grace, through heathen gloom,
See millions hastening to the tomb:
—To heathen lands that grace convey,
Which trains the soul for endless day.
- 3 Christians, ye prize the Saviour's blood,
In which the soul is cleansed for God:
Millions of souls in darkness dwell,
Uncleansed from sin—exposed to hell:
—O strive that heathens soon may view
That precious blood, which cleanseth you.

321. *B. H. H. H.**Reply to the call of the Heathen for help.*

- 1 FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;

From many an ancient river,
 From many a palmy plain,—
 They call us to deliver
 Their land from error's chain.

- 2 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
 With wisdom from on high,
 Shall we to men benighted
 The lamp of light deny?
 Salvation! O salvation!
 The joyful sound proclaim,
 'Till each remotest nation
 Has learn'd Messiah's name.

- 3 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
 And you, ye waters, roll,
 'Till, like a sea of glory,
 It spreads from pole to pole;
 'Till o'er our ransom'd nature
 The Lamb for sinners slain,
 Redeemer, King, Creator,
 In bliss returns to reign.

322. *Watts*

Praise to the Creator and Redeemer.

From all that dwell below the skies
 Let the Creator's praise arise;
 Let the Redeemer's name be sung
 Through every land, by every tongue.
 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;
 Eternal truth attends thy word;
 Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore
 Till suns shall rise and set no more.

323. *C. Wesley*

For the Jews.

- 1 MESSIAH, full of grace,
 Redeem'd by Thee we plead
 Thy promise made to Abraham's race,
 To souls for ages dead:
 Their bones as quite dried up
 Throughout our vale appear,

Cut off and lost their last faint hope
To see thy kingdom here.

- 2 Open their graves, and bring
The outcasts forth, to own
Thou art the Lord, their God and King,
Their true anointed One :
To save the race forlorn
Thy glorious arm display,
And show the world a nation born,
A nation in a day !

324. *Horatian*

The field of the world.

HIGH on his everlasting throne
The King of saints his work surveys,
Marks the dear souls He calls his own,
And smiles on the peculiar race.
He rests well pleased their toil to see :
Beneath his easy yoke they move,
With all their heart and strength agree
In the sweet labour of his love.

- 2 His eye the world at once looks through,
A vast uncultivated field ;
Mountains and vales in ghastly show,
A barren uncouth prospect yield.
Clear'd of the thorns by civil care,
A few less hideous wastes are seen ;
Yet still they all continue bare,
And not one spot of earth is green.
- 3 See where the servants of their God,
A busy multitude, appear,
For Jesus day and night employ'd,
His husbandry they toil to clear.
The love of Christ their hearts constrains,
And strengthens their unwearied hands ;
They spend their blood, and sweat, and pains,
To cultivate Emmanuel's lands.
- 4 Alarm'd at their successful toil,
Satan and his wild spirits rage,

They labour to tear up and spoil
And blast the rising heritage.
In every wilderness, they sow
The seed of death, the carnal mind ;
They would not let one virtue grow,
Nor leave one seed of good behind.

- 5 Yet still the servants of their Lord
Look up and calmly persevere,
Supported by the Master's word,
The adverse powers they scorn to fear ;
Gladly their happy work pursue :
The labour of their hands is seen,
Their hands the face of earth renew,
Some spots at least are lively green.
- 6 To dig the ground they thus bestow
Their lives ; from every soften'd clod
They gather out the stones, and sow
Th' immortal seed the word of God.
They water it with tears and prayers ;
They long for the returning word,
Happy, if all their pains and cares
Can bring forth fruit to please their Lord.
- 7 Jesus their work delighted sees,
Their industry vouchsafes to crown ;
He kindly gives the wish'd increase,
And sends the promised blessing down :
The sap of life, the Spirit's powers,
He rains incessant from above ;
He all his gracious fulness showers
To perfect their great work of love.
- 8 O multiply thy sowers' seed,
And fruit we every hour shall bear,
Throughout the world thy gospel spread,
Thy everlasting grace declare :
We all in perfect love renew'd,
Shall know the greatness of thy power,
Stand in the temple of our God
As pillars, and go out no more.

PART FOURTH.

HYMNS

ON

MISCELLANEOUS SUBJECTS.

PART FOURTH

HYMNS

MISCELLANEOUS SUBJECTS

THE
CHRISTIAN PSALMIST.

PART IV.
MISCELLANEOUS HYMNS.

325. *Moravian*

The strife between sin and grace.

- 1 LONG I strove my God to love,
 Long I strove his laws to keep;
 Fain would fix my thoughts above,
 Mingle with the Saviour's sheep;
 But my striving all proved vain,
 Still I found my heart in pain!
 Yet my vileness never saw,
 Till declared accursed by law.
- 2 Then with sense of guilt oppress'd,
 All my soul was sunk in fear;
 Grief and anguish fill'd my breast:
 Then did Jesus Christ appear;
 Not with vengeance in his eyes,
 No, but as a sacrifice,
 Acceptable unto God;
 Glorious offering! precious blood!
- 3 He was offer'd on the tree,
 Jesus, the unspotted Lamb:
 Worthy truth, great mystery!
 By his blood salvation came.

By his stripes my wounds are heal'd,
 By his death, God's love reveal'd;
 We, once strangers far from God,
 Are brought nigh by Jesus' blood.

326. *C. Wesley*

Formality and ordinances.

- 1 LONG have I seem'd to serve Thee, Lord,
 With unavailing pain;
 Fasted and pray'd, and read thy word,
 And heard it preach'd, in vain!
- 2 Oft did I with the assembly join,
 And near thine altar drew;
 A *form* of godliness was mine,
 The *power* I never knew.
- 3 I rested in the outward law,
 Nor knew its deep design;
 The length and breadth I never saw,
 And height, of love divine.
- 4 To please Thee thus, at length I see,
 Vainly I hoped and strove;
 For, what are *outward* things to Thee,
 Unless they spring from love?
- 5 I see the perfect law requires
 Truth in the *inward* parts;
 Our full consent, our whole desires,
 Our undivided hearts.
- 6 But I of means have made my boast:
 Of means an idol made!
 The spirit in the letter lost,
 The substance in the shade!
- 7 Where am I now, or what my hope?
 What can my weakness do?
 Jesus! to Thee my soul looks up;
 'Tis Thou must make it new.

327. *C. Wesley**Submission to the grace of God.*

- 1 STILL for thy loving-kindness, Lord,
I in thy temple wait :
I look to find Thee in thy word,
Or at thy table meet.
- 2 Here, in thine own appointed ways,
I wait to learn thy will ;
Silent I stand before thy face,
And hear Thee say, " Be still !"
- 3 " Be still, and know that I am God !"
'Tis all I live to know ;
To feel the virtue of thy blood,
And spread its praise below !
- 4 I wait, my vigour to renew,
Thine image to retrieve ;
The veil of outward things pass through,
And gasp in Thee to live.
- 5 I work ; and own the labour vain ;
And thus from works I cease :
I strive ; and see my fruitless pain,
Till God create my peace.
- 6 Fruitless, till Thou thyself impart,
Must all my efforts prove ;
They cannot change a sinful heart,
They cannot purchase love.
- 7 I do the thing thy laws enjoin,
And then the strife give o'er ;
To Thee I then the whole resign,
I trust in means no more.
- 8 I trust in Him who stands between
The Father's wrath and me :
Jesu, Thou great eternal Mean,
I look for all from Thee !

328.

*Seeking Rest.**C. Wesley*

- 1 AH ! whither should I go,
 Burden'd, and sick, and faint ?
 To whom should I my troubles show,
 And pour out my complaint ?
 My Saviour bids me come,
 Ah ! why do I delay ?
 He calls the weary sinner home,
 And yet for Him I stay !
- 2 What is it keeps me back,
 From which I cannot part ?
 Which will not let the Saviour take
 Possession of my heart ?
 Some cursed thing unknown
 Must surely lurk within ;
 Some idol which I will not own,
 Some secret bosom-sin.
- 3 Jesus, the hinderance show,
 Which I have fear'd to see :
 Yet, let me now consent to know
 What keeps me back from Thee.
 Searcher of hearts, in mine
 Thy trying power display ;
 Into its darkest corners shine,
 And take the veil away.
- 4 I now believe, in Thee
 Compassion reigns alone :
 According to my faith, to me
 O let it, Lord, be done !
 In me is all the bar,
 Which Thou would'st fain remove ;
 Remove it, and I shall declare,
 That God is only love.

329.

*Watchfulness.**C. Wesley*

- 1 I WANT a principle within,
Of jealous, godly fear;
A sensibility of sin,
A pain to feel it near;
I want the first approach to feel,
Of pride, or fond desire;
To catch the wandering of my will,
And quench the kindling fire.
- 2 From Thee that I no more may part,
No more thy goodness grieve;
The filial awe, the fleshly heart,
The tender conscience, give.
Quick as the apple of an eye,
O God, my conscience make!
Awake my soul, when sin is nigh,
And keep it still awake.

330.

*For power over sin.**C. Wesley*

- 1 I WANT the Spirit of power within,
Of love, and of a healthful mind;
Of power to conquer inbred sin,
Of love to Thee, and all mankind;
Of health, that pain and death defies,
Most vigorous when the body dies.
- 2 When shall I hear the inward voice,
Which only faithful souls can hear?
Pardon, and peace, and heavenly joys,
Attend the promised Comforter:
O come, and righteousness divine,
And Christ, and all with Christ, are mine!
- 3 O that the Comforter would come,
Nor visit as a transient guest,
But fix in me his constant home,
And keep possession of my breast;

And make my soul his loved abode,
The temple of indwelling God!

331.

For Sanctification. Horatian

- 1 FROM my own works at last I cease,
For God alone can give me peace;
Fruitless my toil, and vain my care,
Of my own strength I must despair.
- 2 Lord, I despair myself to heal;
I see my sin, but cannot feel
True sorrow, till thy Spirit show
My unbelief, the source of wo.
- 3 'Tis thine alone to change the heart,
Thou only canst good gifts impart;
I therefore will my heart resign
To Thee; O cleanse and seal it thine!
- 4 With humble faith on Thee I call,
My Light, my Life, my Lord, my All!
I wait, O Lord, to hear Thee say,
"My blood hath wash'd thy sins away."
- 5 Speak, gracious Lord, my sickness cure,
Make my infected nature pure;
Peace, righteousness, and joy impart,
And give Thyself unto my heart.

332.

Staying the soul on Christ. Horatian

- 1 I KNOW the weakness of my soul,
But Jesus is my stay;
My kind Redeemer hath engaged
To lead me in his way.
- 2 For ever He abides the same,
Though I to change am prone;
My welfare always He promotes,
Who chose me for his own.

333.

The ignorance of man. *Abwick*

- 1 BEHOLD yon new-born infant grieved
With hunger, thirst, and pain;
That asks to have the wants relieved,
It knows not to explain.
- 2 Aloud the speechless suppliant cries,
And utters, as it can,
The woes that in its bosom rise,
And speak its nature—man.
- 3 That infant, whose advancing hour
Life's various sorrows try,
(Sad proof of sin's transmissive power!)
That infant, Lord, am I.
- 4 A childhood yet my thoughts confess,
Though long in years mature;
Unknowing whence I feel distress,
And where, or what, its cure!
- 5 Author of good, to Thee I turn:
Thy ever-wakeful eye
Alone can all my wants discern;
Thy hand alone supply.
- 6 O let thy fear within me dwell
Thy love my footsteps guide;
That love shall vainer loves expel;
That fear all fears beside.
- 7 And O, by error's force subdued,
Since oft my stubborn will,
Preposterous shuns the latent good,
And grasps the specious ill!
- 8 Not to my wish, but to my want,
Do Thou thy gifts apply:
Unask'd, what good thou knowest grant:
What ill, though ask'd, deny!

334.

"As thy day so shall thy strength be."

- 1 AFFLICTED saint! to Christ draw near;
Thy Saviour's gracious promise hear:
His faithful word declares to thee,
That "as thy day, thy strength shall be."
- 2 Thy faith is weak, thy foes are strong,
And if the conflict should be long,
Thy Lord will make the tempter flee;
For "as thy day, thy strength shall be."
- 3 Should persecution rage and flame,
Still trust in thy Redeemer's name;
In fiery trials thou shalt see,
That "as thy day, thy strength shall be."
- 4 When call'd by Him to bear the cross,
Reproach, affliction, pain, or loss,
Or deep distress and poverty,
Still "as thy day, thy strength shall be."
- 5 When death at length appears in view,
Christ's presence shall the fears subdue;
He comes to set thy spirit free;
And "as thy day, thy strength shall be."

335.

The Christian more than conqueror. Price

- 1 WHEN heaves with sighs my anxious breast
In doubt if grace have made me free,
A still small voice yet whispers rest,—
And this is happiness for me!
- 2 When earth, and hell, and this vile heart,
To wound, destroy my soul agree,
Through grace I act the conqueror's part,—
And this is happiness for me!
- 3 Wounded, perplex'd, hardly bestead,
While from temptation's force I flee,
God in the battle shields my head,—
And this is happiness for me!

- 4 When the cold damps of death bedew
This body wrung with agony,
Christ shall my fainting soul renew ;—
This will be happiness for me !
- 5 When to resist me, near the throne,
The Accuser face to face I see,
Christ shall assert me for his own ;—
Ah ! then, what happiness for me !

336.

Hope in trouble.

- 1 WHEN musing sorrow weeps the past,
And mourns the present pain,
'Tis sweet to think of peace at last,
And feel that death is gain.
- 2 'Tis not that murmuring thoughts arise,
And dread a Father's will;
'Tis not that meek submission flies,
And would not suffer still—
- 3 It is that heaven-born faith surveys
The path that leads to light,
And longs her eagle plumes to raise,
And lose herself in sight.
- 4 It is that hope with ardour glows,
To see Him face to face,
Whose dying love no language knows
Sufficient art to trace.
- 5 It is that harass'd conscience feels
The pangs of struggling sin ;
And sees, though far, the hand that heals
And ends the strife within.
- 6 O let me wing my hallow'd flight
From earth-born wo and care,
And soar above these clouds of night,
My Saviour's bliss to share !

337.

*The sorrowful Pilgrim.**C. Wesley*

- 1 THOU wretched man of sorrow,
Whose eyes all day o'erflow,
Indulge thy grief, and borrow
The night for farther wo ;
In ceaseless lamentation
Thy solemn moments spend,
And groan thy expectation,
That pain, with life, shall end.
- 2 My comforts all are blasted,
My Comforter is gone :
The joy which once I tasted,
O that I ne'er had known !
The gourd, which sooth'd my anguish,
Is wither'd o'er my head,
And, faint with grief, I languish
To sink among the dead.
- 3 From all I suffer here,
(If God my sins forgive)
From all I feel, and fear,
I there, redeem'd, shall live :
No serpent to deceive me,
No sin to stain my thought,
No loss, or wrong to grieve me,
Where all things are forgot.
- 4 No heart-distracting passion
Is there to break my peace,
But joy without cessation,
And love without excess :
Of paradise secure,
I shall no longer mourn :
The bliss is full, and sure,
The rose without a thorn.
- 5 In hope of that salvation,
I feel a moment's rest,
The calm of expectation
Has stole into my breast ;

I weep at rescue near,
 I struggle to be gone,
 And joy is in the tear,
 And God is in the groan.

338.

Solitary Affliction.

C. Wesley

- 1 GREAT Author of my being,
 Who seest mine inward care,
 The ills of thy decreeing
 Enable me to bear;
 The justice of thy sentence
 With meekest awe to own,
 And spend in deep repentance
 My last, expiring groan.
- 2 The grief beyond expressing
 To me, to me impart,
 I ask this only blessing—
 An humble, broken heart:
 The spirit of contrition
 O might I now receive;
 For all my soul's ambition
 Is worthily to grieve!
- 3 Thou know'st my heart's desire
 Is only to be gone,
 And silently retire,
 And live, and die alone:
 No sweet companion near
 To catch my latest sighs,
 My dying words to hear,
 Or close these weary eyes.
- 4 But O, thou God of power,
 Thou, God of love, attend,
 In that decisive hour,
 When pain with life shall end!
 Thou, only, bear my burden,
 And help my last distress,
 And give me back my pardon,
 And bid me die in peace.

- 5 O, for the Saviour's merit,
 The forfeiture restore,
 And land my fainting spirit
 On yonder happy shore!
 In safety waft me over,
 To harbour in thy breast,
 And let me there recover
 Mine everlasting rest.

339.

The preparation of the heart. Newton

- 1 COME, my soul, thy suit prepare,
 Jesus loves to answer prayer;
 He himself has bid thee pray,
 Therefore will not say thee, Nay.
- 2 Thou art coming to a King,
 Large petitions with thee bring;
 For his grace and power are such,
 None can ever ask too much.
- 3 With my burden I begin:—
 Lord, remove this load of sin!
 Let thy blood, for sinners spilt,
 Set my conscience free from guilt.
- 4 Lord, I come to Thee for rest;
 Take possession of my breast;
 There, thy blood-bought right maintain,
 And without a rival reign.
- 5 While I am a pilgrim here,
 Let thy love my spirit cheer;
 As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,
 Lead me to my journey's end.
- 6 Show me what I have to do;
 Every hour my strength renew;
 Let me live a life of faith,
 Let me die thy people's death.

340.

The trial of faith and patience.

- 1 God's furnace doth in Sion stand,
But Sion's God stands by,
As the refiner views his gold,
With an observant eye.
- 2 His thoughts are high, his love is wise,
His wounds a cure intend;
And though He doth not always smile,
He loves unto the end.
- 3 Thy love is constant to its line,
Though clouds oft come between:
O, could my faith but pierce these clouds,
It might be always seen.
- 4 But I am weak, and forced to cry,
Take up my soul to Thee.
Then, as Thou ever art the same,
So shall I also be.

341.

Christian courage. Moravian.

- 1 SHALL I, for fear of feeble man,
Thy Spirit's course in me restrain?
Or, undismay'd, in deed and word
Be a true witness to my Lord?
- 2 Awed by a mortal's frown, shall I
Conceal the word of God most high?
How, then, before Thee, shall I dare
To stand, or how thine anger bear?
- 3 Shall I, to sooth th' unholy throng,
Softener thy truths, and smooth my tongue?
To gain earth's gilded toys, or flee
The cross endured, my God, by Thee!
- 4 What, then, is he, whose scorn I dread,
Whose wrath or hate makes me afraid?

A man ! an heir of death, a slave
To sin, a bubble on the wave !

- 5 Yea, let man rage, since Thou wilt spread
Thy shadowing wings around my head ;
Since in all pain, thy tender love
Will still my sweet refreshment prove.
- 6 The love of Christ does me constrain
To seek the wandering souls of men ;
With cries, entreaties, tears, to save,
To snatch them from the gaping grave.
- 7 For this, let men revile my name ;
No cross I shun, I fear no shame :
All-hail, reproach, and welcome, pain !
Only thy terrors, Lord, restrain.
- 8 My life, my blood, I here present,
If for thy truth, they may be spent :
Fulfil thy sovereign counsel, Lord !
Thy will be done, thy name adored !

342.

Christ precious.

L. C. Bernard

- 1 SWEET Jesu ! when I think on Thee,
My heart for joy doth leap in me :
Thy blest remembrance yields delight,
But far more sweet will be thy sight.
- 2 Of Him who did salvation bring,
I could for ever think and sing ;
When with his name I'm charm'd in song,
I wish myself all ear and tongue.
- 3 The joy's too great, I must confess ;
I feel a bliss I can't express ;
Thy love, my Saviour, ne'er can cloy,
Fountain of bliss, and source of joy.
- 4 O, let me ever share thy grace,
Still taste thy love, and view thy face !
Still let my tongue resound thy name,
And Jesus be my constant theme.

- 5 Bless'd Jesus, what delicious fare,
 How sweet thy entertainments are !
 Never did angels taste above
 Redeeming grace and dying love.

343. *Horatian*

The end of faith the salvation of the soul.

- 1 No more with trembling heart I try
 A multitude of things ;
 Still wishing to find out that point,
 From whence salvation springs.
 My anchor's cast ; cast on a Rock,
 Where I shall ever rest
 From all the labour of my thoughts,
 And workings of my breast.
- 2 What is my anchor ? if you ask—
 A hungry, helpless mind,
 Diving, with misery for its weight,
 Till firmest grace it find.
 What is my Rock ? 'Tis Jesus Christ,
 Whom faithless eyes pass o'er ;
 Yet there, all sinners anchor may,
 And ne'er be shaken more.

344. *Horatian*

The foundation of God standeth sure.

- 1 Now I have found the ground wherein
 Sure my soul's anchor may remain ;
 The wounds of Jesus, for my sin
 Before the world's foundation slain ;
 Whose mercy shall unshaken stay,
 When heaven and earth are fled away.
- 2 Father, thy everlasting grace
 Our scanty thoughts surpasses far ;
 Thou melt'st with parent's tenderness,
 Thy arms of love still open are ;
 Thy heart o'er sinners can't but break,
 Whether thy grace we slight or take.

- 3 O Love, thou bottomless abyss!
 My sins are swallow'd up in thee;
 Cover'd is my unrighteousness,
 From condemnation now I'm free;
 While Jesus' blood through earth and skies,
 Mercy, free boundless Mercy! cries.
- 4 With faith I plunge me in this sea;
 Here is my hope, my joy, my rest:
 Hither, when hell assails, I flee,
 I look into my Saviour's breast:
 Away, sad doubt, and anxious fear!
 Mercy is all that's written there.
- 5 Tho' waves and storms go o'er my head,
 Tho' strength, and health, and friends be gone,
 Tho' joys be wither'd all, and dead;
 Tho' every comfort be withdrawn,
 Steadfast on this my soul relies:—
 Father, thy mercy never dies.
- 6 Fix'd on this ground will I remain,
 Tho' my heart fail, and flesh decay;
 This anchor shall my soul sustain,
 When earth's foundations melt away:
 Mercy's full power I then shall prove,
 Loved with an everlasting love.

345.

Spiritual deliverance. C. Wesley

- 1 AND can it be, that I should gain
 An interest in the Saviour's blood?
 Died He for me, who caused his pain?
 For me, who Him to death pursued?
 Amazing love! how can it be,
 That Thou, my Lord, should'st die for me!
- 2 'Tis mystery all! Th' Immortal dies!
 Who can explore this strange design?
 In vain the first-born seraph tries
 To sound the depths of love divine!

'Tis mercy all ! Let earth adore,
Let angel-minds inquire no more.

- 3 He left his Father's throne above,
(So free, so infinite, his grace !)
Emptied Himself of all but love,
And bled for Adam's helpless race:
'Tis mercy all, immense and free,
For, O my God, it found out *me*!
- 4 Long my imprison'd spirit lay,
Fast bound in sin and nature's night;
Thine eye diffused a quickening ray—
I woke—the dungeon flamed with light;
My chains fell off, my heart was free;
I rose, went forth, and follow'd Thee.
- 5 No condemnation now I dread,
Jesus, and all in Him, is mine:
Alive in Him, my living Head,
And clothed in righteousness divine,
Bold I approach th' eternal throne,
And claim the crown, through Christ, my own.

346.

Safety in Christ.

C. Wesley

- 1 How do thy mercies close me round !
For ever be thy name adored:
I blush, in all things to abound;
The servant is above his Lord !
- 2 Inured to poverty and pain,
A suffering life my Master led;
The Son of God, the Son of Man,
He had not where to lay his head !
- 3 But, lo ! a place He hath prepared
For me, whom watchful angels keep;
Yea, He himself becomes my guard;
He smoothes my bed, and gives me sleep.
- 4 Jesus protects; my fears, begone !
What can the Rock of Ages move ?

Safe in thy arms, I lay me down,
Thy everlasting arms of love.

- 5 While Thou art intimately nigh,
Who, who shall violate my rest?
Sin, earth, and hell, I now defy,
I lean upon my Saviour's breast.
- 6 I rest beneath th' Almighty's shade,
My griefs expire, my troubles cease;
Thou, Lord, on whom my soul is stay'd,
Wilt keep me still in perfect peace.
- 7 Me for thine own Thou lov'st to take,
In time, and in eternity;
Thou never, never wilt forsake
A helpless soul that trusts in Thee.

347.

The Christian encouraged. Moravian

- 1 GIVE to the winds thy fears;
Hope, and be undismay'd;
God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears,
God shall lift up thy head.
Through waves, through clouds and storms,
He gently clears thy way;
Wait thou his time; so shall the night
Soon end in joyous day.
- 2 He every where hath way,
And all things serve his might;
His every act pure blessing is,
His path, unsullied light.
When He makes bare his arm,
What shall his work withstand?
When He his people's cause defends,
Who, who shall stay his hand?
- 3 Leave to his sovereign sway,
To choose, and to command;
With wonder fill'd, thou then shalt own,
How wise, how strong his hand:

Thou comprehend'st Him not ;
Yet earth and heaven tell,
God sits as sovereign on the throne,
He ruleth all things well.

- 4 Thou seest our weakness, Lord,
Our hearts are known to Thee ;
O, lift Thou up the sinking hand,
Confirm the feeble knee !
Let us, in life and death,
Boldly thy truth declare ;
And publish, with our latest breath,
Thy love, and guardian care.

348.

The examples of the saints. Watts.

- 1 GIVE me the wings of faith; to rise
Within the veil, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be.
- 2 Once they were mourning here below,
And wet their couch with tears ;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.
- 3 I ask them whence their victory came ;
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to his death.
- 4 They mark'd the footsteps that He trode,
(His zeal inspired their breast ;)
And, following their incarnate God,
Possess the promised rest.
- 5 Our glorious Leader claims our praise
For his own pattern given,
While the long cloud of witnesses
Show the same path to heaven.

349.

Help in spiritual warfare. Watts

- 1 For ever blessed be the Lord,
My Saviour and my shield;
He sends his Spirit with his word,
To arm me for the field.
- 2 When sin and hell their force unite,
He makes my soul his care;
Instructs me to the heavenly fight,
And guards me through the war.
- 3 A friend and helper so Divine,
Doth my weak courage raise;
He makes the glorious victory mine,
And his shall be the praise.

350.

The consolation of gospel hope. Watts.

- 1 WHEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.
- 2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurl'd,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.
- 3 Let cares, like a wild deluge, come,
And storms of sorrow fall;
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.
- 4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

351.

Love beyond measure.

- 1 Thy ceaseless, unexhausted love,
Unmerited and free,
Delights our evil to remove,
And helps our misery.
- 2 Thou waitest to be gracious still,
Thou dost with sinners bear;
That saved, we may thy goodness feel,
And all thy grace declare.
- 3 Thy goodness and thy truth, to me,
To every soul about !
A vast, unfathomable sea,
Where all our thoughts are drown'd.
- 4 Its streams the whole creation reach,
So plenteous is the store;
Enough for all, enough for each,
Enough for evermore.
- 5 Faithful, O Lord, thy mercies are !
A Rock that cannot move:
A thousand promises declare
Thy constancy of love.
- 6 Throughout the universe it reigns
Unalterably sure :
And while the truth of God remains,
The goodness must endure.

352.

*C. Wesley.**For power to watch, and pray, and persevere.*

- I A CHARGE to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky :
To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfil—
O may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will !

- 2 Arm me with jealous care,
 As in thy sight to live;
 And, O! thy servant, Lord, prepare
 A strict account to give:
 Help me to watch and pray,
 And on Thyself rely;
 Assured, if I my trust betray,
 I shall for ever die.

353.

*C. W. F. G. W.**For a clean heart and a right spirit.*

- 1 O FOR a heart to praise my God,
 A heart from sin set free!
 A heart that always feels thy blood
 So freely spilt for me!
- 2 A heart resign'd, submissive, meek,
 My great Redeemer's throne;
 Where only Christ is heard to speak,
 Where Jesus reigns alone.
- 3 A humble, lowly, contrite heart,
 Believing, true, and clean!
 Which neither life nor death can part
 From Him that dwells within.
- 4 A heart in every thought renew'd,
 And full of love divine;
 Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
 A copy, Lord, of thine.
- 5 Fruit of thy gracious lips, on me
 Bestow that peace unknown;
 The hidden manna, and the tree
 Of life, and the white stone.
- 6 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart,
 Come quickly from above;
 Write thy new name upon my heart,
 Thy new, best name of love.

354.

For faith in the promise of God.

- 1 WHEN floods of grief assault the mind,
And o'er the conscience roll,
Where shall the mourner comfort find,
To sooth his troubled soul?
- 2 Lord, Thou hast said, "Seek ye my face:"
And shall we seek in vain?
And will the ear of sovereign grace
Be deaf when we complain?
- 3 Ah! no: the ear of sovereign grace
Attends the mourner's prayer:
The mourner always finds a place
To breathe his sorrows there.
- 4 Thy Spirit heals the troubled soul,
With guilty fears oppress'd;
Thy Spirit makes the wounded whole,
And gives the weary rest.
- 5 The saints who now behold thy face,
Were sinners once as we;
Then why should we distrust thy grace,
Since grace has made them free?
- 6 O for a heart to trust the Lord,
Who bids our sorrows cease!
For faith to claim that gracious word,
"Sinner! depart in peace!"

355.

Moravian

Christ coming to seek and save the lost.

- 1 THE true good Shepherd, God's own Son
From all eternity,
Moved by his love, exchanged his throne
For human misery;
His wandering sheep, gone far astray,
He sought with toil and pain,
And did for all a ransom pay
To bring them home again.

- 2 One of those sheep, in deserts lost,
 Art thou, my sin-sick soul ;
 His life it hath the Shepherd cost
 To save and make thee whole ;
 Now hear his voice with gratitude,
 Call on his saving name ;
 For thee He shed his precious blood,
 And now his own doth claim.

356.

*Grant.**Jesus a compassionate High-Priest.*

- 1 WHEN gathering clouds around I view,
 And days are dark, and friends are few,
 On Him I lean, who, not in vain,
 Experienced every human pain ;
 He sees my wants, allays my fears,
 And counts and treasures up my tears.
- 2 If ought should tempt my soul to stray
 From heavenly wisdom's narrow way,
 To flee the good I would pursue,
 Or do the sin I would not do,
 Still He, who felt temptation's power,
 Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.
- 3 If wounded love my bosom swell,
 Deceived by those I prized too well,
 He shall his pitying aid bestow,
 Who felt on earth severer wo,
 At once betray'd, denied, or fled,
 By those that shared his daily bread.
- 4 When vexing thoughts within me rise,
 And sore dismay'd my spirit dies,
 Yet He, who once vouchsafed to bear
 The sickening anguish of despair,
 Shall sweetly sooth, shall gently dry,
 The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.
- 5 When sorrowing o'er some stone I bend,
 Which covers all that was a friend,
 And from his hand, his voice, his smile,
 Divides me for a little while,

My Saviour marks the tears I shed,
For "Jesus wept" o'er Lazarus dead.

- 6 And, O ! when I have safely past
Through every conflict but the last,
Still Lord, unchanging, watch beside
My dying bed, for Thou hast died ;
Then point to realms of cloudless day,
And wipe the latest tear away.

357. *Gisborne*

I will set the Lord always before me.

- 1 SAVIOUR ! when night involves the skies,
My soul adoring turns to Thee ;
Thee, self-abased in mortal guise,
And wrapt in shades of death for me.
- 2 On Thee my waking raptures dwell,
When crimson gleams the east adorn ;
Thee, Victor of the grave and hell,
Thee, Source of life's eternal morn.
- 3 When noon her throne in light arrays,
To Thee my soul triumphant springs ;
Thee, throned in glory's endless blaze,
Thee, Lord of lords, and King of kings !
- 4 O'er earth when shades of evening steal,
To death and Thee my thoughts I give ;
To death, whose power I soon must feel ;
To Thee, with whom I trust to live.

358.

The hour of peace. Gisborne

- 1 WHEN groves by moonlight silence keep,
And winds the vexed waves release,
And fields are hush'd and cities sleep ;
—Lord, is not that the hour of peace ?
- 2 When infancy at evening tries
By turns to climb each parent's knees,
And gazing meets their raptured eyes ;
—Lord, is not that the hour of peace ?

- 3 In golden pomp, when autumn smiles,
And hill and dale its rich increase
By man's full barns exulting piles;
—Lord, is not that the hour of peace?
- 4 When mercy points where Jesus bleeds,
And faith beholds thine anger cease,
And hope to black despair succeeds;
—This, Father, this alone is peace!

359. *Cunningh*

Following Jesus as the forerunner.

- 1 JESUS, my all, to heaven is gone,
He whom I fix my hopes upon;
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way, till him I view.
- 2 The way the holy prophets went,
The way that leads to banishment;
The King's highway of holiness,
I'll go, for all his paths are peace.
- 3 This is the way I long had sought,
And mourn'd because I found it not;
My grief a burden long had been,
Oppress'd with unbelief and sin.
- 4 The more I strove against their power,
I sinn'd and stumbled but the more,
Till late, I heard my Saviour say,
“Come hither, Soul, I am the way.”
- 5 Lo! glad I come, and Thou blest Lamb
Shalt take me to Thee as I am;
Nothing but sin I Thee can give;
Nothing but love shall I receive.
- 6 Then will I tell to sinners round
What a dear Saviour I have found;
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say, “Behold the way to God!”

360. *C. Wesley**The weary longing for eternal rest.*

- 1 As shipwreck'd mariners desire,
With eager grasp, to reach the shore;
As hirelings long t' obtain their hire,
And veterans wish their warfare o'er;
I languish from this earth to flee,
And gasp for—*immortality*.
- 2 To heaven I lift my mournful eyes,
And all within me groans, "How long?"
O were I landed in the skies!
The bitter loss, the cruel wrong,
Should there no more my soul molest,
Or break my everlasting rest.
- 3 In that Jerusalem above,
No pain the happy spirit meets;
No sense of ill-requited love,
No sad complaining in our streets;
Crying, and curse, and death are o'er;
And there temptation is no more.
- 4 O could I break this carnal fence,
Drop all my sorrows in the tomb,
On angel-wings remove from hence,
And fly this happy moment home,
Quit the dark house of mouldering clay,
And launch into eternal day!

361. *Isaac Watts**The heavenly voyage.*

- 1 JESUS, at thy command,
I launch into the deep,
And leave my native land,
Where sin lulls all asleep:
For Thee I fain would all resign,
And sail to heaven with Thee and thine.
- 2 Thou art my pilot wise;
My compass is thy word:

- My soul each storm defies,
While I have such a Lord !
I trust thy faithfulness and power
To save me in the trying hour,
- 3 - Though rocks and quicksands deep
Through all my passage lie ;
Yet Christ will safely keep,
And guide me with his eye :
My anchor, hope, shall firm abide,
And I each boisterous storm outride.
- 4 By faith I see the land,
The port of endless rest :
My soul thy sails expand,
And fly to Jesus' breast !
O may I reach the heavenly shore,
Where winds and waves distress no more !
- 5 Whene'er becalm'd I lie,
And storms forbear to toss ;
Be Thou, dear Lord, still nigh,
Lest I should suffer loss :
For more the treacherous calm I dread
Than tempests bursting o'er my head.
- 6 Come heavenly wind and blow
A prosperous gale of grace,
To waft from all below
To heaven, my destined place !
Then, in full sail, my port I'll find,
And leave the world and sin behind.

362.

Gospel comforts. To slavery

- 1 WHEN languor and disease invade
This trembling house of clay,
'Tis sweet to look beyond our cage,
And long to fly away.
- 2 Sweet to look inward and attend
The whispers of his love ;
Sweet to look upward to the place
Where Jesus pleads above.

- 3 Sweet to look back, and see my name
In life's fair book set down;
Sweet to look forward, and behold
Eternal joys my own.
- 4 Sweet to reflect, how grace divine
My sins on Jesus laid;
Sweet to remember that his blood
My debt of suffering paid.
- 5 Sweet in his righteousness to stand,
Which saves from second death;
Sweet to experience day by day
His Spirit's quickening breath.
- 6 Sweet on his faithfulness to rest,
Whose love can never end;
Sweet on his covenant of grace
For all things to depend.
- 7 Sweet in the confidence of faith,
To trust his firm decrees;
Sweet to lie passive in his hands,
And know no will but his.
- 8 If such the sweetness of the streams,
What must the fountain be,
Where saints and angels draw their bliss
Immediately from Thee?

363.

*The Christian.**C. Wesley*

- 1 Who is as the Christian great!
Bought and wash'd with Sacred Blood,
Crowns he sees beneath his feet,
Soars aloft, and walks with God.
- 2 Who is as the Christian wise!
He his nought for all hath given;
Bought the pearl of greatest price,
Nobly barter'd earth for heaven.
- 3 Who is as the Christian blest!
He hath found the long-sought Stone,

- He is join'd to Christ his rest,
He and happiness are one.
- 4 Earth and heaven together meet,
Gifts in him and graces join,
Make the character complete,
All immortal, all divine.
- 5 Lo! his clothing is the Sun,
The bright Sun of Righteousness,
He hath put salvation on,
Jesus is his beauteous dress.
- 6 Lo! he feeds on Living Bread,
Drinks the Fountain from above,
Leans on Jesus' breast his head;
Feasts forever on his love.
- 7 Angels here his servants are,
Spread for him their golden wings,
To his throne of glory bear,
Seat him by the King of kings.
- 8 Who shall gain that heavenly height,
Who his Saviour's face shall see?
I, who claim it in his right,
Christ hath bought it all for me.

364. Miss J. Taylor

Renouncing the world.

- 1 COME, my fond fluttering heart,
Come, struggle to be free;
Thou and the world must part,
However hard it be:
My trembling spirit owns it just,
But cleaves yet closer to the dust.
- 2 Ye tempting sweets, forbear,
Ye dearest idols, fall;
My love ye must not share,
Jesus shall have it all:
'Tis bitter pain, 'tis cruel smart,
But ah! thou must consent, my heart!

- 3 Ye fair enchanting throng!
 Ye golden dreams, farewell!
 Earth has prevail'd too long,
 And now I break the spell:
 Ye cherish'd joys of early years—
 Jesus, forgive these parting tears.
- 4 But must I part with all?
 My heart still fondly pleads:
 Yes—Dagon's self must fall,
 It beats, it throbs, it bleeds.
 Is there no balm in Gilead found,
 To sooth and heal the smarting wound?
- 5 O yes, there is a balm,
 A kind physician there,
 My fever'd mind to calm,
 To bid me not despair:
 Aid me, dear Saviour, set me free,
 And I will all resign to Thee.
- 6 O may I feel thy worth,
 And let no idol dare,
 No vanity of earth,
 With Thee, my Lord, compare:
 Now bid all worldly joys depart,
 And reign supremely in my heart!

365.

Friendship with God. London

- 1 WHEN in the hours of lonely wo,
 I give my sorrows leave to flow,
 And anxious fear, and dark distrust,
 Weigh down my spirit to the dust:
- 2 When not even friendship's gentle aid
 Can heal the wounds the world has made,
 O this shall check each rising sigh,
 That Jesus is for ever nigh.
- 3 His counsels and upholding care
 My safety and my comfort are;

And He shall guide me all my days,
Till glory crown the work of grace.

- 4 Jesus! in whom but Thee above
Can I repose my trust, my love?
And shall an earthly object be
Loved in comparison with Thee?
- 5 My flesh is hastening to decay,
Soon shall the world have past away;
And what can mortal friends avail,
When heart, and strength, and life shall fail?
- 6 But O! be Thou, my Saviour, nigh,
And I will triumph while I die;
My strength, my portion is divine,
And Jesus is *for ever* mine.

366.

The counsels of God.

- 1 THY ways, O Lord, with wise design,
Are framed upon thy throne above,
And every dark or bending line
Meets in the centre of thy love.
- 2 With feeble light, and half obscure,
Poor mortals thy arrangements view,
Not knowing that the least are sure,
The most mysterious just and true.
- 3 My favour'd soul shall meekly learn
To lay her reason at thy throne;
Too weak thy secrets to discern,
I'll trust Thee for my guide alone.

367.

On recovering from sickness.

C. Wesley

- 1 WHEN on the margin of the grave,
Why did I doubt my Saviour's art?
Ah! why mistrust his will to save?
What meant that faltering of my heart?

- 2 'Twas not the searching pain within
That fill'd my coward flesh with fear;
Nor consciousness of outward sin;
Nor sense of dissolution near.
- 3 Of hope I felt no joyful ground,
The fruit of righteousness alone;
Naked of Christ my soul I found,
And started from a God unknown.
- 4 Corrupt my will, nor half subdued,
Could I his purer presence bear?
Unchang'd, unhallow'd, unrenow'd,
Could I before his face appear?
- 5 Father of mercies, hear my call!
Ere yet returns the fatal hour,
Repair my loss, retrieve my fall,
And raise me by thy quickening power.
- 6 My nature re-exchange for thine;
Be Thou my life, my hope, my gain;
Arm me in panoply divine,
And death shall shake his dart in vain.
- 7 When I thy promised Christ have seen,
And clasp'd Him in my soul's embrace,
Possess'd of my salvation, then—
Then let me, Lord, depart in peace!

368.

Restoration to health.

- 1 AND live I yet by power divine!
And have I still my course to run?
Again brought back in its decline
The shadow of my parting sun?
- 2 Jesus to my deliverance flew,
Where sunk in mortal pangs I lay:
Pale death his ancient conqueror knew,
And trembled, and ungrasp'd his prey!
- 3 God of my life, what just return
Can sinful dust and ashes give?

- I only live my sin to mourn,
To love my God I only live!
- 4 Be all my added life employ'd
Thy image in my soul to see:
Fill with thyself the mighty void,
Enlarge my heart to compass Thee.
- 5 Come then, my hope, my life, my Lord,
And fix in me thy lasting home!
Be mindful of thy gracious word,
Thou, with thy promised Father, come!

369.

Before a journey. C. Wesley

- 1 FORTH at thy call, O Lord, I go,
Thy counsel to fulfil:
'Tis all my business here below,
Father, to do thy will.
- 2 To do thy will, while here I make
My short, unfix'd abode,
An everlasting home I seek,
A city built by God.
- 3 O when shall I my *Canaan* gain,
The Land of promised ease,
And leave this world of sin and pain,
This howling wilderness!
- 4 Come to my help, come quickly, Lord,
For whom alone I sigh,
O let me hear the gracious word,
And get me up, and die.

370.

On a journey. C. Wesley

- 1 SAVIOUR, who ready art to hear,
(Readier than I to pray)
Answer my scarcely utter'd prayer,
And meet me on the way.

- 2 Talk with me, Lord : thyself reveal,
While here o'er earth I rove ;
Speak to my heart, and let it feel
The kindling of thy love :
- 3 With Thee conversing, I forget
All time, and toil, and care :
Labour is rest, and pain is sweet,
If Thou, my God, art here.
- 4 Here then, my God, vouchsafe to stay,
And make my heart rejoice ;
My bounding heart shall own thy sway,
And echo to thy voice.
- 5 Thou callest me to seek thy face—
'Tis all I wish to seek,
T' attend the whispers of thy grace,
And hear Thee inly speak.
- 6 Let this my every hour employ,
Till I thy glory see,
Enter into my Master's joy,
And find my heaven in Thee.

371.

After a journey. C. Wesley

- 1 THOU, Lord, hast bless'd my going out,
O bless my coming in,
Compass my weakness round about,
And keep me safe from sin.
- 2 Still hide me in thy secret place,
Thy tabernacle spread,
Shelter me with preserving grace,
And guard my naked head.
- 3 To Thee for refuge may I run,
From sin's alluring snare,
Ready its first approach to shun,
And watching unto prayer.
- 4 O that I never, never more
Might from thy ways depart !

Here let me give my wanderings o'er,
By giving Thee my heart.

- 5 Fix my new heart on things above,
And then from earth release:

I ask not life; but let me love,
And lay me down in peace.

372.

Delight in the Scriptures.

- 1 I LOVE the sacred book of God;
No other can its place supply:
It points me to the saints' abode;
It gives me wings, and bids me fly.

- 2 Sweet book! in thee my eyes discern
The image of my absent Lord:
From thine instructive page I learn
The joys his presence will afford.

- 3 But while I'm here, thou shalt supply
His place, and tell me of his love:
I'll read with faith's discerning eye,
And thus partake of joys above.

373.

Times and seasons.

- 1 WHY should I fear the darkest hour,
Or tremble at the tempter's power?
Jesus vouchsafes to be my tower.

- 2 Though hot the fight, why quit the field?
Why must I either flee or yield,
Since Jesus is my mighty shield?

- 3 When creature comforts fade and die,
Worldlings may weep; but why should I?
Jesus still lives, and still is nigh.

- 4 Though all the flocks and herds were dead,
My soul a famine need not dread,
For Jesus is my living bread.

- 5 I know not what may soon betide,
Or how my wants shall be supplied;
But Jesus knows, and will provide.
- 6 Though sin would fill me with distress,
The throne of grace I dare address,
For Jesus is my righteousness.
- 7 Though faint my prayers, and cold my love,
My steadfast hope shall not remove,
While Jesus intercedes above.
- 8 Against me earth and hell combine;
But on my side is power divine;
Jesus is all, and he is mine.

374.

Prospect of the resurrection unto life.

- 1 THROUGH sorrow's night, and danger's path,
Amid the deepening gloom,
We, soldiers of an injured King,
Are marching to the tomb.
- 2 There, when the turmoil is no more,
And all our powers decay,
Our cold remains in solitude
Shall sleep the years away.
- 3 Our labours done, securely laid
In this our last retreat,
Unheeded o'er our silent dust
The storms of life shall beat.
- 4 Yet not thus lifeless, thus inane,
The vital spark shall lie;
For o'er life's wreck that spark shall rise
To seek its kindred sky.
- 5 These ashes too, this little dust,
Our Father's care shall keep,
Till the last angel rise and break
The long and dreary sleep.
- 6 Then love's soft dew o'er every eye
Shall shed its mildest rays,

And the long silent dust shall burst
With shouts of endless praise.

375.

The antepast of heaven.

- 1 WHAT must it be to dwell above,
At God's right hand, where Jesus reigns,
Since the sweet earnest of his love
O'erwhelms us on these dreary plains!
No heart can think, no tongue explain,
What bliss it is with Christ to reign.
- 2 When sin no more obstructs our sight,
When sorrow pains our heart no more,
How shall we view the Prince of Light,
And all his works of grace explore!
What heights and depths of love divine
Will there through endless ages shine!
- 3 This is the heaven I long to know;
For this, with patience, I would wait,
Till, wean'd from earth, and all below,
I mount to my celestial seat,
And wave my palm, and wear my crown,
And, with the elders, cast them down.

376.

Fortitude and self-denial.

- 1 AM I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own his cause—
Or blush to speak his name?
- 2 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?
- 3 Sure I must fight, if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord!
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

- 4 Thy saints in all this glorious war
Shall conquer though they're slain :
They see the triumph from afar,
And shall with Jesus reign.
- 5 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thy armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

377.

*Cowper**Walking with God.*

- 1 OH! for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame ;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb !
- 2 Where is the blessedness I knew,
When first I saw the Lord ?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus, and his word ?
- 3 What peaceful hours I once enjoy'd !
How sweet their memory still !
But they have left an aching void,
The world can never fill.
- 4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest ;
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,
And drove Thee from my breast.
- 5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only Thee.
- 6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame ;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

378. *Noel.**Remembrance of Christ.*

- 1 IF human kindness meets return,
And owns the grateful tie;
If tender thoughts within us burn,
To feel a friend is nigh,—
- 2 O! shall not warmer accents tell
The gratitude we owe
To Him who died, our fears to quell,
Our more than orphan's wo!
- 3 While yet his anguish'd soul survey'd
Those pangs He would not flee;
What love his latest word's display'd,
“Meet and remember me!”
- 4 Remember Thee! thy death, thy shame,
Our sinful hearts to share!
O memory, leave no other name
But His recorded there!

379. *Harb.**The heart of stone.*

- 
- 1 OH! for a glance of heavenly day,
To take this stubborn stone away;
And thaw with beams of love divine
This heart, this frozen heart of mine.
 - 2 The rocks can rend; the earth can quake
The sea can roar; the mountains shake;
Of feeling all things show some sign,
But this unfeeling heart of mine.
 - 3 To hear the sorrows Thou hast felt,
Dear Lord, an adamant would melt;
But I can read each moving line,
And nothing move this heart of mine.
 - 4 Thy judgments, too, unmoved I hear,
(Amazing thought!) which devils fear:

Goodness and wrath in vain combine,
To stir this stupid heart of mine.

- 5 But something yet can do the deed ;
And that dear something much I need :
Thy Spirit can from dross refine,
And move and melt this heart of mine.

380. *Beddome*

Hope reviving.

- 1 AND shall I sit alone,
Oppress'd with grief and fear;
To God my Father make my moan,
And He refuse to hear?
- 2 If He my Father be,
His pity He will show ;
From cruel bondage set me free,
And inward peace bestow.
- 3 If still He silence keep,
'Tis but my faith to try ;
He knows and feels whene'er I weep,
And softens every sigh.
- 4 Then will I humbly wait,
Nor once indulge despair ;
My sins are great, but not so great
As his compassions are.

381.

Resignation under sore trials.

- 1 IT is the Lord—enthroned in light,
Whose claims are all divine ;
Who has an undisputed right
To govern me and mine.
- 2 It is the Lord—should I distrust,
Or contradict his will,
Who cannot do but what is just,
And must be righteous still?

- 3 It is the Lord—who gives me all,
My wealth, my friends, my ease;
And of his bounties may recal
Whatever part He please.
- 4 It is the Lord—who can sustain
Beneath the heaviest load,
From whom assistance I obtain
To tread the thorny road,
- 5 It is the Lord—whose matchless skill
Can from afflictions raise
Blessings, eternity to fill
With ever-growing praise.
- 6 It is the Lord—my covenant God,
Thrice blessed be his name,
Whose gracious promise, seal'd with blood,
Must ever be the same.
- 7 His covenant will my soul defend,
Should Nature's self expire,
And the great Judge of all descend
In awful flames of fire.
- 8 Can I, with hopes so firmly built,
Be sullen, or repine?
No, gracious God, take what Thou wilt,
To Thee I ALL resign.

382.

*God drive**The vanity of earthly joys.*

- 1 How vain are all things here below!
How false, and yet how fair!
Each pleasure has its poison too,
And every sweet a snare.
- 2 The brightest things below the sky
Shine with deceitful light;
We should suspect some danger nigh,
Where we possess delight.
- 3 Our dearest joys and nearest friends,
The partners of our blood,

How they divide our wavering minds
And leave but half for God!

- 4 The fondness of a creature's love
How strong it strikes the sense!
Thither the warm affections move,
Nor can we call them thence.
- 5 Dear Saviour, let thy beauties be
My soul's eternal food,
And grace command my heart away
From all created good!

383.

Secret trials. Cowper

- 1 THE Lord will happiness divine
On contrite hearts bestow—
Then tell me, gracious God, is mine
A contrite heart or no?
- 2 I hear, but seem to hear in vain,
Insensible as steel;
If aught is felt, 'tis only pain,
To find I cannot feel.
- 3 I sometimes think myself inclined
To love Thee, if I could;
But often feel another mind,
Averse to all that's good.
- 4 My best desires are faint and few,
I fain would strive for more;
But when I cry, "My strength renew,"
Seem weaker than before.
- 5 Thy saints are comforted, I know,
And love thy house of prayer;
I therefore go where others go,
But find no comfort there.
- 6 O make this heart rejoice or ache;
Decide this doubt for me;
And if it be not broken, break,
And heal it, if it be.

384.

The light and glory of God's word.

- 1 THE Spirit breathes upon the word,
And brings the truth to sight;
Precepts and promises afford
A sanctifying light.
- 2 A glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic, like the sun;
It gives a light to every age,
It gives, but borrows none.
- 3 The hand that gave it, still supplies
The gracious light and heat;
His truths upon the nations rise,
They rise, but never set.
- 4 Let everlasting thanks be thine,
For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.
- 5 My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of Him I love,
Till glory breaks upon my view
In brighter worlds above.

385.

Prayer answered by crosses.

- 1 I ASK'D the Lord, that I might grow
In faith, and love, and every grace;
Might more of his salvation know,
And seek more earnestly his face.
- 2 'Twas He who taught me thus to pray,
And He, I trust, has answer'd prayer;
But it has been in such a way,
As almost drove me to despair.
- 3 I hoped that in some favour'd hour,
At once He'd answer my request;

And by his love's constraining power,
Subdue my sins, and give me rest.

- 4 Instead of this, He made me feel
The hidden evils of my heart ;
And let the angry powers of hell
Assault my soul in every part.
- 5 Yea more, with his own hand He seem'd
Intent to aggravate my wo ;
Cross'd all the fair designs I schemed,
Blasted my gourds, and laid me low.
- 6 Lord, why is this ? I trembling cry'd,
Wilt Thou pursue thy worm to death ?
" 'Tis in this way," the Lord reply'd,
" I answer prayer for grace and faith.
- 7 These inward trials I employ,
From self and pride to set thee free !
And break thy schemes of earthly joy,
That thou may'st seek thy all in Me."

386.

Example.

- 1 IN duties and in sufferings too,
My Lord I fain would trace ;
As Thou hast done, so would I do,
Depending on thy grace.
- 2 Enflamed with zeal, 'twas thy delight
To do thy Father's will ;
May the same zeal my soul excite,
Thy precepts to fulfil.
- 3 Meekness, humility and love,
Through all thy conduct shine ;
O may my whole deportment prove,
A copy, Lord, of thine.

387.

Following hard after God.

- 1 By every means, in every way,
My soul shall seek the Lord;
At home, abroad, by night, by day,
Till He his grace afford.
- 2 Does He retire? I'll still pursue,
And mend my heavy pace,
Till with rejoicing eyes I view
His lovely, smiling face.
- 3 I with his people will attend,
Expecting Him to see;
Jesus, my Saviour and my friend,
O come and visit me!
- 4 Were I of all the world possess'd,
I would the whole resign,
If I might only once be bless'd,
And say that Thou art mine.

388.

Teachings of the Spirit.

- 1 COME, blessed Spirit, source of light,
Whose power and grace are unconfined,
Dispel the gloomy shades of night,
The thicker darkness of the mind.
- 2 To mine illumined eyes display
The glorious truth thy word reveals,
Cause me to run the heavenly way,
The book unfold, and loose the seals.
- 3 Thine inward teachings make me know
The mysteries of redeeming love,
The emptiness of things below,
And excellence of things above.
- 4 While through this dubious maze I stray,
Spread, like the sun, thy beams abroad,

To show the dangers of the way,
And guide my feeble steps to God.

389.

The Christian's hidden life.

- 1 LET sinners boast of kindred joys,
The poor delights of sense;
'Tis Christ our inmost thoughts employs,
We draw our comforts thence.
- 2 With sweet contentment now we bid
Farewell to pleasures here;
With Christ in God our life is hid,
And all its springs are there.
- 3 'Tis now conceal'd and lodged secure
In God's eternal Son;
From age to age shall it endure,
Though to the world unknown.
- 4 Jesus, remove whate'er divides
Our lingering souls from Thee;
'Tis fit that where the head resides
The members too should be.

390.

The water of life.

- 1 THE fountain in its source,
No drought of summer fears;
The farther it pursues its course,
The nobler it appears.
- 2 But shallow cisterns yield
A scanty, short supply;
The morning sees them amply fill'd,
At evening they are dry.
- 3 The cisterns I forsake,
O Fount of bliss, for Thee;
My thirst with living waters slake,
And drink eternity.

391.

God omnipotent.—(A Child's reflection.)

- 1 AMONG the deepest shades of night,
Can there be one who sees my way?
Yes;—God is like a shining light,
That turns the darkness into day.
- 2 When every eye around me sleeps,
May I not sin without control?
No; for a constant watch He keeps,
On every thought of every soul.
- 3 If I could find some cave unknown,
Where human feet had never trode,
Yet there I could not be alone;
On every side there would be God.
- 4 He smiles in heaven; He frowns in hell;
He fills the air, the earth, the sea:—
I *must* within his presence dwell;
I *cannot* from his anger flee.
- 5 Yet I may flee—He shows me where;
Tells me to Jesus Christ to fly:
And while He sees me weeping there,
There's only mercy in his eye.

392.

A Child's Prayer.

- 1 MY Saviour dear, Thou for my good
Wert pleased a child to be,
And thou didst shed thy precious blood
Upon the cross for me.
- 2 Come then, and take this heart of mine,
Come take me as I am,
I know that I by right am thine,
Thou loving, gracious Lamb.
- 3 Down at thy feet still may I bow,
Be thine, my Saviour, still;

- In nothing bad myself allow,
Nor ever show self-will.
- 4 But I am weak, the ill to shun,
The good I cannot do;
Help me, O thou Almighty One!
Help my companions too.
- 5 Preserve our little hearts secure
From every hurt and stain;
First make them, and then keep them pure,
And shut to all that's vain.
- 6 If early Thou wilt take me hence,
O, that no harm will be!
Into thy arms I'll go at once,
And ever live with Thee.
- 7 If Thou wilt have me longer stay,
In years and stature grow;
Help me to serve Thee night and day,
While I am here below.
- 8 Then, after walking in thy ways
And serving Thee in love,
Put a bless'd end unto my days,
And kiss me there above.

393.

Trust in God in old age.

- 1 ALMIGHTY Father of mankind,
On Thee my hopes remain;
And when the day of trouble comes,
I shall not trust in vain.
- 2 In early years Thou wast my guide,
And of my youth the friend;
And as my days began with Thee,
With Thee my days shall end.
- 3 I know the power in whom I trust,
The arm on which I lean;
He will my Saviour ever be,
Who has my Saviour been.

- 4 My God who caused'st me to hope,
When life began to beat ;
And when a stranger in the world,
Didst guide my wandering feet.
- 5 Thou wilt not cast me off, when age
And evil days descend ;
Thou wilt not leave me in despair,
To mourn my latter end.
- 6 Therefore, in life I'll trust to Thee,
In death I will adore ;
And after death will sing thy praise,
When time shall be no more.

394.

God's fidelity in his promises.

- 1 THE promises I sing,
Which sovereign love hath spoke ;
Nor will th' eternal King
His words of grace revoke ;
They stand secure
And steadfast still ;
Not Zion's hill
Abides so sure.
- 2 The mountains melt away
When once the Judge appears,
And sun and moon decay,
That measure mortal years ;
But still the same,
In radiant lines
The promise shines
Through all the flame.
- 3 Their harmony shall sound
Through my attentive ears,
When thunders cleave the ground,
And dissipate the spheres ;
'Midst all the shock
Of that dread scene
I stand serene,
Thy word my rock.

395.

"Fear not."

- 1 YE trembling souls, dismiss your fears,
Be mercy all your theme;
Mercy, which like a river flows,
In one perpetual stream.
- 2 "Fear not" the powers of earth and hell,
God will those powers restrain;
His arm shall all their rage repel,
And make their efforts vain.
- 3 "Fear not" the want of outward good,
For his He will provide;
Grant them supplies of daily food,
And give them heaven beside.
- 4 "Fear not" that He will e'er forsake,
Or leave his work undone;
He's faithful to his promises,
And faithful to his Son.
- 5 "Fear not" the terrors of the grave,
Or death's tremendous sting;
He will from endless wrath preserve,
To endless glory bring.

396.

"Jesus wept."

- 1 DID Christ o'er sinners weep,
And shall our cheeks be dry?
Let floods of penitential grief
Burst forth from every eye.
- 2 The Son of God in tears,
The wondering angels see!
Be thou astonish'd, O my soul!
He shed those tears for thee.
- 3 He wept that we might weep,
Each sin demands a tear;
In heaven alone no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there.

397.

God's love.

- 1 COME, ye that know and fear the Lord,
And raise your thoughts above :
Let every heart and voice accord,
To sing that " God is Love."
- 2 This precious truth his word declares,
And all his mercies prove ;
Jesus, the Gift of gifts appears,
To show that " God is Love."
- 3 Behold his patience, bearing long
With those who from him rove ;
Till mighty grace their hearts subdues
To teach them—" God is Love."
- 4 The work begun is carried on
By power from heaven above,
And every step, from first to last,
Declares that " God is Love."
- 5 O may we all, while here below,
This best of blessings prove ;
Till warmer hearts, in brighter worlds,
Proclaim that " God is Love."

398.

Light shining in darkness.

- 1 God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform ;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.
- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.
- 3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.
- 5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.
- 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain:
God is his own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

399.

Glorying in the Lord Jesus Christ.

- 1 WHAT joy or honour could we have,
Polluted as we are,
If not the holy Lamb of God
Our joy and honour were!
- 2 Of nothing we have ever done
To boast could we desire,
When He to judge us shall appear,
Whose eyes are flames of fire.
- 3 None is so holy, pure, and just,
So perfected in love,
That his best plea, or self-defence,
Of any weight could prove.
- 4 Nor is there any other way
Into the holy place,
But Christ, who took away our sins,
His blood and righteousness.
- 5 We know the righteousness complete
Which he procured for all;
We know the kind reception given
To the poor prodigal.
- 6 We know the Shepherd's love who left
The ninety-nine behind,

And through the desert anxious went,
The hundredth sheep to find.

- 7 To Him poor sinners may appeal
With all their misery;
The angels joy to see them come,
Christ calleth, "Come away."

400.

The song of the redeemed.

- 1 AWAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb!
Wake every heart, and every tongue,
To praise the Saviour's name!
- 2 Sing of his dying love,
Sing of his rising power:
Sing how He intercedes above
For us whose sins He bore.
- 3 Ye pilgrims on the road
To Zion's city, sing!
Rejoice ye in the Lamb of God,
In Christ th' eternal King!
- 4 Soon shall we hear Him say,
"Ye blessed children, come!"
Soon will He call us hence away,
To our eternal home.
- 5 There shall our raptured tongues
His endless praise proclaim;
And sweeter voices tune the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

401.

Exhortation to thanksgiving.

- 1 RISE, exalt our Head and King;
Praise the Lord who ever lives!
Glad we are his praise to sing;
He his people's praise receives.
On his powerful day they rise,
Offering free-will sacrifice;

His victorious triumph this,
Since hell's host defeated is.

- 2 Ye who Jesus' death proclaim,
Service yield to Him with joy,
Praise with every breath his name,
Grace t' extol be your employ.
Grace supports us every day,
Leads us in the narrow way;
'Tis through grace alone that we
Can obtain the victory.

- 3 Gracious Lord, may we believe,
Venture all on thy free grace,
Boldly things not seen achieve,
Trusting in thy promises;
Faith thy people's strong hold is,
Their employment daily this,
To proceed on paths unknown,
Leaning on thy grace alone.

- 4 Christ, thy all-atoning death
Is our life while here below;
Strengthen Thou our feeble faith,
Constantly thy aid bestow;
In thy mercy we confide,
Safely to the end us guide;
Zion, if thy Head depart,
Void of life and strength thou art.

- 5 Lord, thy body ne'er forsake,
Ne'er thy congregation leave;
We to Thee our refuge take,
Of thy fulness we receive:
Every other help be gone,
Thou art our support alone,
For on thy supreme commands,
All the universe depends.

402.

Man frail, God his preserver.

- 1 LET others boast how strong they be,
Nor death nor danger fear;

But we'll confess, O Lord, to Thee
What feeble things we are.

- 2 Fresh as the grass our bodies stand,
And flourish bright and gay,
A blasting wind sweeps o'er the land,
And fades the grass away.
- 3 Our life contains a thousand springs,
And dies if one go wrong ;
Strange ! that a harp of thousand strings
Should keep in tune so long.
- 4 'Tis God who made and keeps our frame,
In God alone we'll trust ;
Salvation to th' Almighty Name
That rear'd us from the dust.

403.

The deceitfulness of sin.

- 1 SIN has a thousand treacherous arts
To practise on the mind ;
With flattering looks she tempts our hearts,
But leaves a sting behind.
- 2 With names of virtue she deceives
The aged and the young ;
And while the heedless wretch believes,
She makes his fetters strong.
- 3 She pleads for all the joys she brings,
And gives a fair pretence ;
But cheats the soul of heavenly things,
And chains it down to sense.
- 4 So on a tree divinely fair
Grew the forbidden food ;
Our mother took the poison there,
And tainted all her blood.

404.

The Law and the Gospel.

- 1 THE Lord declares his will,
And keeps the world in awe;
Amidst the smoke on Sinai's hill
Breaks out his fiery law.
- 2 The Lord reveals his face,
And smiling from above
Sends down the gospel of his grace,
Th' epistles of his love.
- 3 These sacred words impart
Our Maker's just commands;
The pity of his melting heart,
And vengeance of his hands.
- 4 Hence we awake our fear,
We draw our comfort hence;
The arms of grace are treasured here,
And armour of defence.
- 5 We learn Christ crucified,
And here behold his blood;
All arts and knowledges beside
Will do us little good.
- 6 We read the heavenly word,
We take the offer'd grace,
Obey the statutes of the Lord,
And trust his promises.
- 7 In vain shall Satan rage
Against a book divine;
Where wrath and lightning guard the page,
Where beams of mercy shine.

405.

A living and a dead faith.

- 1 MISTAKEN souls ! that dream of heaven,
And make their empty boast
Of inward joys, and sins forgiven,
While they are slaves to lust.

- 2 Vain are our fancies, airy flights,
If faith be cold and dead,
None but a living power unites
To Christ the living head.
- 3 'Tis faith that changes all the heart,
'Tis faith that works by love,
That bids all sinful joys depart,
And lifts the thoughts above.
- 4 'Tis faith that conquers earth and hell
By a celestial power ;
This is the grace that shall prevail
In the decisive hour.
- 5 Faith must obey her Father's will
As well as trust his grace ;
A pardoning God is jealous still
For his own holiness.
- 6 When from the curse He sets us free,
He makes our natures clean,
Nor would He send his Son to be
The minister of sin.
- 6 His Spirit purifies our frame,
And seals our peace with God ;
Jesus, and his salvation, came
By water and by blood.

406.

Sinners called to repentance.

- 1 SINNERS, turn, why will ye die ?
God, your Maker, asks you why ?
God, who did your being give,
Made you with himself to live ;
He the fatal cause demands,
Asks the works of his own hands,
Why, ye thankless creatures, why
Will ye cross his love, and die ?
- 2 Sinners, turn, why will ye die ?
God, your Saviour, asks you why ?

God, who did your souls retrieve,
 Died himself, that ye might live.
 Will ye let Him die in vain?
 Crucify your Lord again?
 Why, ye ransom'd sinners, why
 Will ye slight his grace, and die?

- 3 Sinners turn, why will ye die?
 God, the Spirit, asks you why?
 He, who all your lives hath strove,
 Wooed you to embrace his love.
 Will ye not his grace receive?
 Will ye still refuse to live?
 Why, you long-sought sinners, why
 Will you grieve your God, and die?

- 4 Dead already, dead within,
 Spiritually dead in sin,
 Dead to God, while here you breathe,
 Pant you after second death?
 Will ye still in sin remain?
 Greedy of eternal pain:
 O ye dying sinners, why,
 Why will ye for ever die?

407.

Good and faithful servants.

- 1 WATCH'D by the world's malignant eye,
 Who loads us with reproach and shame;
 As servants of the Lord Most High,
 As zealous for his glorious Name:
 We ought in all his paths to move,
 With holy fear and humble love.
- 2 That wisdom, Lord, on us bestow,
 From every evil to depart;
 To stop the mouth of every foe,
 While, upright both in life and heart,
 The proofs of godly fear we give,
 And show them how the Christians live.

408.

For pardon, holiness, and heaven.

- 1 SINNERS, of Adam's fallen race,
Sinners by practice too,
In prayer, O God ! we seek thy face,
In prayer for mercy sue.
- 2 No trembling penitent to Thee
E'er turn'd, and was denied :
Accept, O Lord ! our only plea ;
For us thy Son hath died.
- 3 For Him, thy gift, thy name we bless :
To us, for whom He died,
Through faith impute his righteousness,
And we are justified.
- 4 Nor rest we here, thou God of love !
May we, for whom He died,
Receive thy Spirit from above,
And thus be sanctified.
- 5 At length made holy, just, forgiven,
Through Christ who for us died,
May we, exchanging earth for heaven,
With Him be glorified.

409.

Warning against slothfulness.

- 1 O ISRAEL ! to thy tents repair :
Why thus secure on hostile ground ?
Thy Lord commands thee to beware ;
For many foes thy camp surround.
- 2 The trumpet gives a martial strain !
O Israel ! gird thee for the fight :
Arise, the combat to maintain :
Arise, and put thy foes to flight.
- 3 Oh ! sleep not thou as others do ;
Awake, be vigilant, be brave ;
The coward, and the sluggard too,
Must wear the fetters of the slave.

- 4 A nobler lot is cast for thee !
A crown awaits thee in the skies !
With such a hope shall Israel flee,
And yield, through weariness, the prize ?
- 5 No : let a careless world repose,
And slumber on through life's short day,
While Israel to the conflict goes,
And bears the glorious prize away.

410.

The vicissitudes of mortal life.

- 1 A SOLDIER'S course, from battles won
To new-commencing strife,
A Pilgrim's, restless as the sun :—
Behold the Christian's life !
- 2 The hosts of Satan pant for spoil :
How can our warfare close ?
Lonely we tread a foreign soil :
How can we hope repose !
- 3 Oh ! let us seek our heavenly home,
Reveal'd in sacred lore ;
The land whence pilgrims never roam,
Where soldiers war no more :—
- 4 Where grief shall never wound, nor death,
Beneath the Saviour's reign ;
Nor sin with pestilential breath
His holy realm profane :—
- 5 The land where (suns and moons unknown,
And night's alternate sway,)
Jehovah's ever-burning throne
Upholds unbroken day :—
- 6 Where they who meet shall never part ;
Where grace achieves its plan ;
And God, uniting every heart,
Dwells face to face with man.

411.

The blessings of the New Covenant.

- 1 GOD, in the gospel of his Son,
Makes his eternal counsels known :
Where love in all its glory shines,
And truth is drawn in fairest lines.
- 2 Here sinners, of a humble frame,
May taste his grace, and learn his name ;
May read, in characters of blood,
The wisdom, power, and grace of God.
- 3 The prisoner here may break his chains ;
The weary rest from all his pains ;
The captive feel his bondage cease ;
The mourner find the way of peace.
- 4 Here faith reveals to mortal eyes
A brighter world beyond the skies :
Here shines the light which guides our way
From earth to realms of endless day.
- 5 Oh ! grant us grace, Almighty Lord !
To read, and mark, thy holy word ;
Its truths with meekness to receive,
And by its holy precepts live.

412.

The Characters of the Redeemer.

- 1 WHAT various lovely characters,
The condescending Saviour bears !
All human virtues, all divine,
In Him unite, with splendour shine.
- 2 The corner stone on which we build,
The balm by which our souls are healed
The morning star, whose cheering ray
Dispels the shades, and brings the day.
- 3 He is our rock, and our defence,
Nor earth nor hell can force us thence,
Our advocate before the throne,
Who with our prayers presents his own.

- 4 He is the burden'd sinner's rest,
Our prophet, and atoning priest;
To Him as our exalted king,
We homage pay, our offerings bring.
- 5 He is our captain and our guide,
The friend, the husband of the bride;
The counsellor, the prince of peace,
The Lord our strength and righteousness.
- 6 The fountain whence our blessings flow,
A lamb, and yet a lion too;
The sun for light and guidance given,
The door which opens into heaven.
- 7 He is the shepherd of the sheep,
Who does His flock in safety keep;
The conqueror He, the judge of men,
The faithful witness, the Amen!

413.

The sufficiency of the Scriptures.

- 1 FATHER of mercies, in thy word
What endless glory shines!
For ever be thy name adored,
For these celestial lines.
- 2 Here may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find;
Riches, above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.
- 3 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around;
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.
- 4 O may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.
- 5 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
Be Thou for ever near!

Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there.

414.

Sinners invited to Christ.

- 1 COME, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
This is your accepted hour ;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity join'd with power :
He is able,
He is willing : doubt no more !
- 2 Come, ye thirsty, come and welcome !
God's free bounty glorify :
True belief, and true repentance,
Every grace that brings us nigh—
Without money
Come to Jesus Christ, and buy.
- 3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream ;
All the fitness He requireth,
Is to feel your need of Him :
This He gives you ;
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.
- 4 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Lost and ruin'd by the fall !
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all :
Not the righteous—
Sinners Jesus came to call.
- 5 Agonizing in the garden,
Lo, your Saviour prostrate lies !
On the bloody tree behold Him,
Here Him cry before He dies,
“ It is FINISH'D : ”
Sinners, will not *this* suffice ?
- 6 Lo, th' incarnate God ascended,
Pleads the merit of his blood :
Venture on Him, venture wholly,

Let no other trust intrude :
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

- 7 Saints and angels join'd in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb :
While the blissful seats of heaven
Sweetly echo with his name.
Hallelujah !
Sinners here may sing the same.

415.

Christ a friend, though injured.

- 1 FLOW fast, my tears, the cause is great ;
This tribute, claims an injured Friend :
One whom I long pursued with hate,
And yet He loved me to the end.
When death his terrors round me spread,
And aim'd his arrows at my head,
Christ interposed, the wound He bore,
And bade the monster dare no more.
- 2 Fast flow my tears, yet faster flow,
Stream copious as yon purple tide,
'Twas I that dealt the deadly blow,
I urged the hand that pierced his side.
Keen pangs and agonizing smart
Oppress his soul, and rend his heart ;
While justice, arm'd with power divine,
Pours on his head what's due to mine.
- 3 Fast, and yet faster flow my tears,
Love breaks the heart, and drowns the eyes ;
His visage marr'd tow'rd's heaven he rears,
And pleading for his murderers dies !
My grief, nor measure knows nor end,
Till He appears the sinner's friend !
And gives me in a happy hour,
To feel the risen Saviour's power.

416.

The lesson of death.

- 1 OUR hearts are fasten'd to this world
By strong and endless ties;
And every sorrow cuts a string
And urges us to rise.
- 2 When God would kindly set us free,
And earth's enchantment end:
He takes the most effectual means,
And robs us of a Friend.
- 3 Since vain all here, all future vast,
Embrace the lot assign'd;
Heaven wounds to heal; its frowns are friends;
Its strokes severe, most kind.
- 4 To final good the worst events,
Through secret channels, run;
Finish for saints their destined course,
As 'twas for saints begun.
- 5 O! for that summit of my wish,
Whilst here I draw my breath,
That promise of eternal life,
A glorious smile in death.

417.

The gain of death.

- 1 SOVEREIGN of life, before thine eye,
Lo! mortal men by thousands die:
One glance from thee, at once brings down
The proudest brow that wears a crown.
- 2 Banish'd at once from human sight,
To the dark grave's unchanging night,
Imprison'd in that dusty bed,
We hide our solitary head.
- 3 The friendly band no more shall greet,
Accents familiar once, and sweet;
No more the well-known features trace,
No more renew the fond embrace.

- 4 Yet if our Father's faithful hand
Conduct us through this gloomy land,
Our souls with pleasure shall obey,
And follow where He leads the way.
- 5 He, nobler friends than here we leave,
In brighter, surer worlds can give;
Or, by the beamings of his eye,
A lost creation well supply.

418.

The emblems of death.

- 1 SEE the leaves around us falling,
Dry and wither'd to the ground;
Thus to thoughtless mortals calling,
In a sad and solemn sound:—
- 2 “ Sons of Adam, (once in Eden,
Where, like us, he blighted fell,)
Hear the lesson we are reading;
Mark the awful truth we tell:
- 3 “ Youth, on length of days presuming,
Who the paths of pleasure tread:
View us, late in beauty blooming,
Number'd now among the dead:—
- 4 “ What though yet no losses grieve you,
Gay with health and many a grace,
Let not cloudless skies deceive you;
Summer gives to autumn place.
- 5 “ Yearly in our course returning,
Messengers of shortest stay,
Thus we preach this truth concerning,
Heaven and earth shall pass away.”
- 6 On the tree of life eternal,
O let all our hopes be laid:
This alone, for ever vernal,
Bears a leaf that shall not fade.

419.

Weak believers comforted.

- 1 YOUR harps, ye trembling saints,
Down from the willows take;
Loud to the praise of love divine,
Bid every string awake.
- 2 Though in a foreign land,
We are not far from home,
And nearer to our house above
We every moment come.
- 3 His grace will, to the end,
Stronger and brighter shine;
Nor present things, nor things to come,
Shall quench the love divine.
- 4 When we in darkness walk,
Nor feel the heavenly flame;
Then is the time to trust our God,
And rest upon his name.
- 5 Soon shall our doubts and fears
Subside, at his control;
His loving-kindness shall break through
The midnight of the soul.
- 6 Bless'd is the man, O God,
That stays himself on thee!
Who waits for thy salvation, Lord,
Shall thy salvation see.

420.

Beholding transgressors with grief.

- 1 ARISE, my tenderest thoughts arise;
To torrents melt my streaming eyes,
And thou, my heart, with anguish feel
Those evils, which thou canst not heal.
- 2 See human nature sunk in shame;
See scandals pour'd on Jesus' name;

The Father wounded through the Son;
The world abused; the soul undone.

- 3 See the short course of vain delight
Closing in everlasting night;
In flames, that no abatement know,
Though briny tears for ever flow.
- 4 My God, I feel the mournful scene;
My bowels yearn o'er dying men;
And fain my pity would reclaim,
And snatch the fire-brands from the flame.
- 5 But feeble my compassion proves,
And can but weep, where most it loves;
Thy own all-saving arm employ,
And turn these drops of grief to joy.

421.

The example of Christ.

- 1 AND is the gospel peace and love?
So let our conversation be;
The serpent blended with the dove,
Wisdom and meek simplicity.
- 2 Whene'er the angry passions rise,
And tempt our thoughts or tongues to strife,
On Jesus let us fix our eyes,
Bright pattern of the Christian life!
- 3 O how benevolent and kind!
How mild! how ready to forgive!
Be his the temper of our mind,
And his the rules by which we live.
- 4 To do his heavenly Father's will,
Was his employment and delight:
Humanity and holy zeal
Shone through his life divinely bright.
- 5 Dispensing good where'er He came,
The labours of his life were love:
If then we love our Saviour's name,
Let his divine example move.

- 6 But ah, how blind! how weak we are,
How frail! how apt to turn aside!
Lord, we depend upon thy care,
And ask thy Spirit for our guide!

422.

Recollections of first love.

- 1 O WHERE is now that glowing love,
That mark'd our union with the Lord?
Our hearts were fix'd on things above.
Nor could the world a joy afford.
- 2 Where is the zeal that led us then
To make our Saviour's glory known;
That freed us from the fear of men,
And kept our eye on Him alone?
- 3 Where are the happy seasons spent
In fellowship with him we loved?
The sacred joy, the sweet content,
The blessedness that then we proved?
- 4 Behold, again we turn to Thee,
O cast us not away, though vile!
No peace we have, no joy we see,
O Lord our God, but in thy smile.

423.

Providence and Grace unsearchable.

- 1 ALMIGHTY God, thy wondrous works
Of providence and grace,
An angel's perfect mind exceed,
And all our pride abase.
- 2 Stupendous heights! amazing depths!
Creatures in vain explore;
Or if a transient glimpse we gain,
'Tis faint, and quickly o'er.
- 3 Though all the mysteries lie concealed,
Beyond what we can see,

Grant us the knowledge of ourselves,
The knowledge, Lord, of Thee.

424.

The Mariner's prayer.

- 1 LORD of the wide-extended main,
Whose power the winds and seas controls,
Whose hand doth earth and heaven sustain,
Whose Spirit leads believing souls;
- 2 For Thee we leave our native shore,
(We, whom thy love delights to keep)
In other worlds thy works explore,
And see thy wonders in the deep.
- 3 'Tis here thine unknown paths we trace,
Which dark to human eyes appear,
While through the mighty waves we pass,
Faith only sees that God is here.
- 4 Throughout the deep thy footsteps shine,
We own thy way is in the sea,
O'erawed by majesty divine,
And lost in thy immensity!
- 5 Thy wisdom here we learn t' adore,
Thine everlasting truth we prove,
Amazing heights of boundless power,
Unfathomable depths of love.
- 6 Infinite God, thy greatness spann'd
These heavens, and metted out the skies;
Lo! in the hollow of thy hand
The measured waters sink and rise.
- 7 Thee to perfection who can tell?
Earth, and her sons beneath Thee lie,
Lighter than dust within thy scale,
And less than nothing in thine eye.
- 8 Yet in thy Son divinely great,
We claim thy providential care:
Boldly we stand before thy seat,
Our advocate hath placed us there.

- 9 With Him we are gone up on high,
Since He is ours, and we are his ;
With Him we reign above the sky,
Yet walk upon our subject seas.
- 10 We boast of our recover'd powers,
Lords are we of the lands, and floods,
And earth, and heaven, and all is ours,
And we are Christ's, and Christ is God's.

425.

The Mariner's song of deliverance.

- 1 GLORY to Thee, whose powerful word
Bids the tempestuous wind arise,
Glory to Thee, the sovereign Lord
Of air, and earth, and seas, and skies !
- 2 Let air, and earth, and skies obey,
And seas thine awful will perform :
From them we learn to own thy sway,
And shout to meet the gathering storm.
- 3 What though the floods lift up their voice,
Thou hearest, Lord, our louder cry ;
They cannot damp thy children's joys,
Or shake the soul, when God is nigh.
- 4 Headlong we cleave the yawning deep,
And back to highest heaven are born,
Unmoved, though rapid whirlwind sweep,
And all the watery world upturn.
- 5 Roar on, ye waves, our souls defy
Your roaring to disturb our rest ;
In vain t' impair the calm ye try,
The calm in a believer's breast.
- 6 Rage, while our faith the Saviour tries,
Thou sea, the servant of his will :
Rise, while our God permits thee, rise ;
But fall when He shall say, *Be still !*

426.

Britain's Privileges.

- 1 AT Jacob's well a stranger sought,
His drooping frame to cheer:
Samaria's daughter little thought
That Jacob's God was near.
- 2 This had she known, her fainting mind,
For richer draughts had sigh'd;
Nor had Messiah, ever kind,
Those richer draughts denied.
- 3 This ancient well (no glass so true)
Britannia's image shows;
Now Jesus travels Britain through,
But who the stranger knows?
- 4 Yet Britain must the stranger know,
Or soon her loss deplore;
Behold! the living waters flow;
Come—drink, and thirst no more.

427.

Cleaving to the Lord.

- 1 SATAN, the world and sin,
Entice me from my God;
Tempt me to leave the heavenly path,
And tread the downward road.
- 2 O Thou who on the cross
Didst for my sins atone,
Although rebellious and perverse,
Do not a child disown!
- 3 Thine by a thousand ties
I am, and still would be;
Strengthen my faith, enflame my love,
And draw my soul to Thee.

428.

The Fall and its effects.

- 1 WHEN Adam sinn'd, through all his race
The dire contagion spread :
Sickness and death, and deep disgrace
Sprang from our fallen head.
- 2 Satan in strong and heavy chains,
Binds the deluded soul ;
And every furious passion reigns,
Without the least control.
- 3 From God and happiness we fly,
To earth and sense confined ;
Lost in a maze of misery,
Yet to our misery blind.
- 4 Whene'er the man begins his race,
The criminal appears ;
And evil habits keep their pace
With our increasing years.
- 5 Corruption flows through all our veins,
Our moral beauty's gone ;
The gold is fled, the dross remains,
O sin, what hast thou done !
- 6 Jesus, reveal thy pardoning grace,
And draw our souls to Thee ;
Thou art the only hiding place,
Where ruined souls can flee.

429.

For a Fast Day at the commencement of War.

- 1 THE gathering clouds, with aspect dark,
A rising storm presage ;
O! to be hid within the ark,
And shelter'd from its rage !
- 2 See the commission'd angel frown !
That vial in his hand,
Fill'd with fierce wrath, is pouring down
Upon our guilty land !

- 3 Ye saints, unite in wrestling prayer,
If yet there may be hope;
Who knows but mercy yet may spare,
And bid the angel stop?
- 4 Already is the plague begun,
And fired with hostile rage,
Brethren, by blood and interest one,
With brethren now engage.
- 5 Peace spreads her wings, prepared for flight;
And War with flaming sword,
And hasty strides, draws nigh, to fight
The battles of the Lord.
- 6 The first alarm, alas! how few,
While distant, seem to hear!
But they will hear, and tremble too,
When God shall send it near.
- 7 So thunder o'er the distant hills
Gives but a murmuring sound;
But as the tempest spreads, it fills
And shakes the welkin round.
- 8 May we, at least, with one consent,
Fall low before the throne;
With tears the nation's sins lament,
The church's and our own.
- 9 The humble souls who mourn and pray,
The Lord approves and knows;
His mark secures them in the day
When vengeance strikes His foes.

430.

Glimpses of the invisible world.

- 1 A GLANCE from heaven, with sweet effect,
Sometimes my pensive spirit cheers;
But ere I can my thoughts collect,
As suddenly it disappears.
- 2 So lightning in the gloom of night
Affords a momentary day;

- Disclosing objects full in sight,
Which, soon as seen, are snatch'd away.
- 3 Ah! what avail these pleasing scenes!
They do but aggravate my pain;
While darkness quickly intervenes,
And swallows up my joys again.
- 4 But shall I murmur at relief?
Though short, it was a precious view,
Sent to control my unbelief,
And prove that what I read was true.
- 5 The lightning's flash did not create
The opening prospect it reveal'd;
But only show'd the real state
Of what the darkness had conceal'd,
- 6 Just so, we by a glimpse discern
The glorious things within the veil:
That when in darkness, we may learn
To live by faith, till light prevail.
- 7 The Lord's great day will soon advance,
Dispersing all the shades of night;
Then we no more shall need a glance,
But see by an eternal light.

431.

The Hiding Place.

- 1 HAIL, sovereign Love, that first began
The scheme to rescue fallen man!
Hail, matchless, free, eternal Grace,
That gave my soul an hiding-place.
- 2 Against the God that rules the sky
I fought, with hand uplifted high;
Despised the mention of his grace,
Secure, without an hiding-place.
- 3 Enwrap't in thick, Egyptian night,
And fond of darkness, more than light,
Madly I ran the sinful race,
Too proud to seek an hiding-place.

- 4 Indignant Justice stood in view;
To Sinai's fiery mount I flew;
But Justice cried, with frowning face,
"This mountain is no hiding-place."
- 5 Ere long a heavenly voice I heard,
And mercy's angel form appear'd;
She led me on, with joyful pace,
To Jesus, as my hiding-place.
- 6 On him the tenfold vengeance fell,
That would have sunk a world to hell;
He bore it for a fallen race,
And thus became their hiding-place.
- 7 A few more rolling suns, at most,
Will land me on fair Canaan's coast;
There I shall sing the song of grace,
And see my glorious hiding-place.

432.

The invisible state.

- 1 O THE hour when this material
Shall have vanished like a cloud;
When amid the wide ethereal
All the invisible shall crowd;
And the naked soul surrounded,
With innumerable hosts of light,
Triumph in the view unbounded,
And adore the Infinite.
- 2 In that sudden strange transition,
By what new and finer sense,
Shall she grasp the mighty vision,
And receive it's influence?
Angels, guard the new immortal
Through the wonder-teeming space,
To the everlasting portal,
To the spirit's resting place.
- 3 Will she there no fond emotion
Nought of earthly love retain;
Or absorbed in pure devotion,
Will no mortal trace remain?

Can the grave those ties dissever,
With the very heart strings twined?
Must she part, and part for ever,
With the friend she leaves behind?

- 4 No: the past she still remembers,
Faith and hope surviving too,
Ever watch those sleeping embers,
Which must rise and live anew:
For the widowed lonely spirit
Mourns till she be clothed afresh,
Longs perfection to inherit,
And to triumph in the flesh.
- 5 Angels, let the ransom'd stranger
In your tender care be blest,
Hoping, trusting, free from danger,
Till the trumpet end her rest:
Till the trump which shakes creation
Through the circling heavens shall roll,
Till the day of consummation,
Till the bridal of the soul.
- 6 Can I trust a fellow-being?
Can I trust an angel's care?
O thou merciful All-seeing,
Beam around my spirit there!
Jesus, blessed Mediator,
Thou the airy path hast trod!
Thou the Judge, the Consummator,
Shepherd of the fold of God!
- 7 Blessed fold! no foe can enter,
And no friend departeth thence;
Jesus is their sun, their centre,
And their shield Omnipotence:
Blessed! for the Lamb shall feed them,
All their tears shall wipe away,
To the living fountains lead them,
Till fruition's perfect day.
- 8 Lo! it comes, that day of wonder,
Louder chorals shake the skies:

Hades' gates are burst asunder,
See the new cloth'd myriads rise !
Thought repress thy weak endeavour,
Here must Reason prostrate fall :
O the ineffable " For Ever,"
And the " Eternal All in All."

433.

Life and its issues.

- 1 THEE we adore, eternal name,
And humbly own to Thee,
How feeble is our mortal frame !
What dying worms are we !
- 2 Our wasting lives grow shorter still
As months and days increase ;
And every beating pulse we tell
Leaves but the number less.
- 3 The year rolls round, and steals away
The breath that first it gave ;
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
We're travelling to the grave.
- 4 Dangers stand thick through all the ground
To push us to the tomb,
And fierce diseases wait around
To hurry mortals home.
- 5 Good God ! on what a slender thread
Hang everlasting things !
The eternal states of all the dead
Upon life's feeble strings.
- 6 Infinite joy or endless wo
Attends on every breath ;
And yet how unconcern'd we go
Upon the brink of death !
- 7 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense
To walk this dangerous road ;
And if our souls are hurried hence
May they be found with God !

434.

Man passing away, God abiding for ever.

- 1 OUR God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home.
- 2 Under the shadow of thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.
- 3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.
- 4 A thousand ages in thy sight
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.
- 5 The busy tribes of flesh and blood
With all their lives and cares,
Are carried downwards by Thy flood,
And lost in following years.
- 6 Time like an ever-rolling stream
Bears all its sons away;
They fly forgotten as a dream
Dies at the opening day.
- 7 Like flowery fields the nations stand,
Pleased with the morning light;
The flowers beneath the mower's hand
Lie withering ere 'tis night.
- 8 OUR God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home.

435.

Death easy in prospect of heaven.

- 1 THERE is a land of pure delight
Where saints immortal reign,
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.
- 2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers:
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.
- 3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dress'd in living green:
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan roll'd between.
- 4 But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.
- 5 O! could we make our doubts remove,
These gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love,
With unclouded eyes!
- 6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

436.

The Pilgrim's Song.

- 1 CHILDREN of the heavenly King!
As ye journey, sweetly sing:
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways!
- 2 Ye are travelling home to God
In the way the fathers trod:
They are happy now—and ye
Soon their happiness shall see.

- 3 Shout, ye ransom'd flock, and bless'd !
 Ye on Jesus' throne shall rest :
 There your seat is now prepared ;
 There your kingdom and reward.
- 4 Fear not, brethren ! joyful stand
 On the borders of your land :
 Jesus Christ, God's only Son,
 Bids you undismay'd go on.
- 5 Lord, submissive may we go,
 Gladly leaving all below :
 Only Thou our Leader be,
 And we still will follow Thee.

437.

Deliverance to the captives.

- 1 On the mountain's top appearing,
 Lo ! the sacred Herald stands !
 Welcome news to Zion bearing,
 Zion long in hostile lands.
 Mourning captive !
 God Himself shall loose thy bands.
- 2 Lo ! thy sun is risen in glory !
 God Himself appears thy Friend ;
 All thy foes shall flee before thee ;
 Here their boasted triumphs end :
 Great deliverance
 Zion's King vouchsafes to send.
- 3 Enemies no more shall trouble ;
 All thy warfare now is past ;
 For thy shame thou shalt have double.
 Days of peace are come at last :
 All thy conflicts
 End in everlasting rest.

438.

The song of the saved on earth.

- 1 FROM Egypt's bondage come,
 Where death and darkness reign,

We seek a new, a better home,
Where we our rest shall gain.
Hallelujah!

We are on our way to God.

- 2 There sin and sorrow cease,
And, every conflict o'er,
We there shall dwell in endless peace,
Nor thirst nor hunger more.
Hallelujah!

We are on our way to God.

- 3 There in celestial strains
Enraptured myriad's sing,
And love in every bosom reigns;
For God Himself is King.
Hallelujah!

We are on our way to God.

- 4 We hope to join the throng,
And soon their pleasures share,
And sing the everlasting song,
With all the ransom'd there.
Hallelujah!

We are on our way to God.

439.

Christ's pilgrimage on earth.

- 1 MAN of sorrows and acquainted
With our griefs, what shall we say?
Never language yet hath painted
All the woes, that on Thee lay:
Had I seen Thee clothed in weakness,
Bearing our reproach and sickness,
To attend Thee day and night
Would have been my heart's delight.
- 2 O that to this heavenly Stranger
I had here my homage paid,
From his first sigh in the manger,
Till He cried: "'TIS FINISHED:"
That first sigh had consecrated
Me his own, and I had waited

On Him from his infancy,
In a constant liturgy.

- 3 Walking, speaking, in devotion,
Far to fields or forests stray'd,
I had watched every motion,
And my Lord my pattern made:
More have angels ne'er desired,
Than on Him, or far retired,
Or at home, awake, asleep,
Fix'd their wondering eyes to keep.
- 4 Tell me, little flock beloved,
Ye, on whom shone Jesus' face,
What within your souls then moved,
When ye felt his kind embrace?
O disciple, once most blessed,
As a bosom friend caressed,
Say, could e'er into thy mind
Other objects entrance find!
- 5 Oft to prayer, by night retreated,
See Him from all search withdrawn;
Tearful eyes, and sighs repeated
Witness'd still the morning dawn;
There, where He made intercession,
I had pour'd forth my confession,
And where for my sins He wept,
Praying, I the watch had kept.
- 6 Should I thus to Thee have cleaved,
'Midst thy poverty and woes,
On Thee, as my Lord, believed,
Or perhaps have join'd thy foes?
Ah! thy mercy I had spurn'd;
But Thyself my heart hast turn'd;
Now Thou know'st beneath, above,
Nought compar'd with Thee I love.

440.

The family altar erected.

- 1 IN all my ways, O God,
I would acknowledge Thee,

And seek to keep my heart and house
From all pollution free.

- 2 Where'er I have a tent,
An altar will I raise ;
And thither my oblations bring,
Of humble prayer and praise.

- 3 Could I my wish obtain,
My household, Lord, should be
Devoted to Thyself alone,
A nursery for Thee.

441.

Parents praying for their offspring.

- 1 God only wise, almighty, good,
Send forth thy truth and light,
To point us out the narrow road,
And guide our steps aright ;
To steer our dangerous course between
The rocks on either hand,
And fix us in the golden mean,
And bring our charge to land.
- 2 Made apt by thy sufficient grace
To teach as taught by Thee,
We come to train in all thy ways
Our rising progeny ;
Their selfish will by times subdue,
And mortify their pride,
And lend their youth a sacred clue
To find the Crucified.
- 3 We would in every step look up,
By thy example taught
T' alarm their fear, excite their hope,
And rectify their thought.
We would persuade them to obey,
With mildest zeal proceed,
And never take the harsher way,
When love will do the deed.

- 4 For this we ask, in faith sincere,
The wisdom from above
To touch their hearts with filial fear,
And pure, ingenuous love ;
To watch their will to sense inclined,
Withhold the hurtful food,
And gently bend their tender mind,
And draw their souls to God.

442.

For domestic worship.

- 1 PEACE be to this habitation ;
Peace to all that dwell therein ;
Peace, the earnest of salvation ;
Peace, the fruit of pardon'd sin ;
Peace, that speaks the heavenly Giver,
Peace to worldly minds unknown ;
Peace divine, that lasts for ever,
Peace, that comes from God alone.
- 2 Prince of Peace, be present near us,
Fix in all our hearts thy home ;
With thy gracious presence cheer us ;
Let thy sacred kingdom come ;
Raise to heaven our expectation,
Give our favour'd souls to prove
Glorious and complete salvation,
In the realms of bliss above.

443.

The young invited to Christ.

- 1 YE hearts with youthful vigour warm,
In smiling crowds draw near,
And turn from every mortal charm,
A Saviour's voice to hear.
- 2 He, Lord of all the worlds on high,
Stoops to converse with you ;
And lays his radiant glories by,
Your friendship to pursue.

- 3 "The soul, that longs to see my face,
Is sure my love to gain;
And those that early seek my grace,
Shall never seek in vain."
- 4 What object, Lord, my soul should move,
If once compared with Thee?
What beauty should command my love,
Like what in Christ I see?
- 5 Away, ye false delusive toys,
Vain tempters of the mind!
'Tis here I fix my lasting choice,
And here true bliss I find.

444.

The blessedness of benevolence.

- 1 BLESS'D is the man whose softening heart
Feels all another's pain;
To whom the supplicating eye
Was never raised in vain:
- 2 Whose breast expands with generous warmth
A stranger's woes to feel;
And bleeds in pity o'er the wound
He wants the power to heal.
- 3 He spreads his kind, supporting arms
To every child of grief:
His secret bounty largely flows,
And brings unask'd relief.
- 4 To gentle offices of love
His feet are never slow:
He views, through mercy's melting eye,
A brother in a foe.
- 5 Peace from the bosom of his God,
My peace to him I give;
And when he kneels before the throne,
His trembling soul shall live.
- 6 To him protection shall be shown,
And mercy from above

Descend on those who thus fulfil
The perfect law of love.

445.

For Sunday or Charity Schools.

- 1 BLESS'D is the man whose heart expands
At melting Pity's call;
And the rich blessings of whose hands
Like heavenly manna fall.
- 2 Children our kind protection claim;
And God will well approve,
When infants learn to lisp his name,
And their Creator love.
- 3 Be ours the bliss, in wisdom's way,
To lead untutor'd youth,
And lead the mind that went astray
To virtue and to truth.
- 4 Almighty God, thine influence shed
To aid this good design:
The honours of thy name be spread,
And all the glory thine.

446.

Instruction from the Works of God.

- 1 THY humblest works, with full accord,
Confirm thy word, Almighty Lord;
And spread beneath man's downward eyes
A scene which bids him seek the skies.
- 2 Emblem of zeal that never tires,
Nor kindles with unhallow'd fires—
Such be my zeal!—in eddying tides
Yon stream its active chrystal guides:
- 3 Or pausing, as a noble wood,
Or wilder cliff, o'erhangs its flood,
(Each wave, each dimpling curl repress'd)
Displays the picture on its breast.

- 4 O well ! were mine as pure a course ;
O well ! with half the truth and force,
Did this degenerate heart of mine
Reflect the beams of grace divine !

447.

For an abundant harvest.

- 1 FOUNTAIN of mercy, God of love !
How rich thy bounties are !
The rolling seasons, as they move,
Proclaim thy constant care.
- 2 When in the bosom of the earth
The sower hid the grain,
Thy goodness mark'd its secret birth,
And sent the early rain.
- 3 The spring's sweet influence, Lord, was thine ;
The plants in beauty grew ;
Thou gav'st refulgent suns to shine,
And mild, refreshing dew.
- 4 These various mercies from above
Matured the swelling grain ;
A kindly harvest crowns thy love,
And plenty fills the plain.
- 5 We own and bless thy gracious sway,
Thy hand all nature hails ;
Seed-time nor harvest, night nor day,
Summer nor winter, fails.

448.

Passage through life.

- 1 WE seek a rest beyond the skies,
In everlasting day ;
Through floods and flames the passage lies,
But Jesus guards the way :
- 2 The swelling flood, and raging flame,
Hear and obey his word :
Then let us triumph in his name,
Our Saviour is the Lord.

449.

Happiness.

- 1 HAPPINESS ! thou lovely name,
Where's thy seat? Oh tell me where!
Learning, pleasure, wealth, and fame,
All cry out "It is not here."
Not the wisdom of the wise
Can inform me where it lies,
Not the grandeur of the great
Can the bliss, I seek, create.
- 2 Object of my first desire,
Jesus ! crucified for me,
All to happiness aspire
Only to be found in Thee :
Thee to praise and Thee to know,
Constitute our bliss below :
Thee to see and Thee to love
Constitute our bliss above.
- 3 Lord ! it is not life to live
If thy presence Thou deny,
Lord ! if Thou thy presence give,
'Tis no longer death—to die.
Source and Giver of repose
Singly from thy smile it flows,
Peace and happiness are thine,
Mine they are if Thou art mine.
- 4 Whilst I feel thy love to me,
Every object teems with joy ;
Here, O may I walk with Thee,
Then into thy presence die !
Let me but Thyself possess,
Total sum of happiness !
Real bliss I then shall prove,
Heaven below and heaven above.

450.

The entire surrender of the soul.

- 1 PEACE has unveil'd her smiling face,
And woos thy soul to her embrace ;

Enjoy'd with ease, if thou refrain
From earthly love, else sought in vain ;
She dwells with all who truth prefer,
But seeks not them who seek not her.

- 2 Yield to the Lord, with simple heart,
All that thou hast, and all thou art ;
Renounce all strength but strength divine,
And peace shall be for ever thine :
Behold the paths the saints have trod,
The paths which led them home to God.

451.

Exhortation against sectarian spirit.

- 1 LET party names no more
The Christian world o'erspread !
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,
Are one in Christ their Head.
- 2 Among the saints on earth,
Let mutual love be found ;
Heirs of the same inheritance,
With mutual blessings crown'd.
- 3 Let envy and ill-will,
Be banish'd far away ;
And all in Christian bonds unite,
Who the same Lord obey.
- 4 Thus will the church below
Resemble that above ;
Where no discordant sounds are heard,
But all is peace and love.

452.

Christians meeting and separating for the work of God.

- 1 GOD of all consolation, take
The glory of thy grace !
Thy gifts to Thee we render back
In ceaseless songs of praise.
- 2 Through Thee we now together came,
In singleness of heart ;

We met, O Jesus, in thy Name,
And in thy name we part.

- 3 Present we still in spirit are,
And intimately nigh ;
While on the wings of faith and prayer,
We each to other fly.
- 4 Our life is hid with Christ in God :
Our life shall soon appear,
And shed his glory all abroad,
In all his members here.
- 5 The heavenly treasure now we have
In a vile house of clay ;
But He shall to the utmost save,
And keep us to that day.
- 6 Then let us lawfully contend,
And fight our passage through :
Bear in our faithful minds the end,
And keep the prize in view.

453.

Union at parting.

- 1 BLESS'D be the dear uniting love,
That will not let us part ;
Our bodies may far off remove ;
We still are one in heart.
- 2 Join'd in one spirit to our Head,
Where He appoints we go ;
And still in Jesus' footsteps tread,
And show his praise below.
- 3 O may we ever walk with Him !
And nothing know beside,
Nothing desire, nothing esteem,
But Jesus crucified.
- 4 Partakers of the Saviour's grace,
The same in mind and heart :
Nor joy, nor grief, nor time, nor place,
Nor life, nor death can part.

- 5 But let us hasten to the day
Which shall our flesh restore ;
When death shall all be done away,
And bodies part no more.

454.

The Lord's vineyard.

- 1 SEE the vineyard lately planted,
By thy hand, O Lord of Hosts!
Let thy people's prayer be granted,
Keep it safe from hostile boasts :
Hear, O ! hear us when we pray :
Keep thy vineyard night and day.
- 2 Drooping plants revive and nourish ;
Let them thrive beneath thy hand ;
Let the weak grow strong and flourish,
Blooming fair at thy command :
Let the fruitful yield Thee more ;
Laden with a faithful store.
- 3 Further, Lord, be Thou entreated ;
Plant the barren waste around ;
Let thy work be thus completed,
And no fruitless spot be found.
Let the earth a vineyard be,
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee.

455.

Salvation.

- 1 SALVATION ! O, the joyful sound !
'Tis pleasure to our ears ;
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.
- 2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay,
But we arise by grace divine
To see a heavenly day.
- 3 Salvation ! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

456.

Heavenly joy on earth.

- 1 COME, we that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known :
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.
- 2 Let those refuse to sing
That never knew our God,
But servants of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.
- 3 The God that rules on high,
And thunders when He please,
That rides upon the stormy sky,
And calms the roaring seas ;
- 4 This awful God is ours,
Our Father and our love,
He shall send down his heavenly powers
To carry us above.
- 5 There we shall see his face,
And never, never sin ;
There, from the rivers of his grace,
Drink endless pleasures in.
- 6 Yea, and before we rise
To that immortal state,
The thoughts of such amazing bliss
Should constant joys create.
- 7 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below,
Celestial fruits on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.
- 8 The hill of Sion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.
- 9 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry ;
We're marching through Immanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high.

457.

The God of thunder.

- 1 SING to the Lord, ye heavenly hosts,
And thou, O earth, adore;
Let death and hell, through all their coasts,
Stand trembling at his power.
- 2 His sounding chariot shakes the sky,
He makes the clouds his throne,
There all his stores of lightning lie,
Till vengeance dart them down.
- 3 His nostrils breathe out fiery streams,
And from his awful tongue
A sovereign voice divides the flames,
And thunder roars along.
- 4 Think, O my soul, the dreadful day
When this incensed God
Shall rend the sky, and burn the sea,
And fling his wrath abroad.
- 5 What shall the wretch, the sinner, do?
He once defied the Lord;
But he shall dread the Thunderer now,
And sink beneath his word.
- 6 Tempests of angry fire shall roll
To blast the rebel-worm,
And beat upon his naked soul
In one eternal storm.

458.

Behold the Lamb of God.

- 1 JESUS, the name high over all,
In hell, or earth, or sky:
Angels and men before it fall,
And devils fear and fly.
- 2 Jesus, the name to sinners dear,
The name to sinners given:
It scatters all their guilty fear;
It turns their hell to heaven.

- 3 Jesus the prisoner's fetters breaks,
And bruises Satan's head ;
Power into strengthless souls it speaks,
And life into the dead.
- 4 O that the world might taste and see
The riches of his grace !
The arms of love that compass me
Would all mankind embrace.
- 5 His only righteousness I show,
His saving truth proclaim :
'Tis all my business here below,
To cry—" Behold the Lamb."
- 6 Happy, if with my latest breath
I may but gasp his name !
Preach him to all, and cry, in death,
Behold, behold the Lamb !

459.

The beatific vision.

- 1 COME on, my partners in distress,
My comrades through the wilderness,
Who still your bodies feel ;
A while forget your griefs and fears,
And look beyond this vale of tears,
To that celestial hill.
- 2 Beyond the bounds of time and space
Look forward to that heavenly place,
The saints' secure abode ;
On faith's strong eagle pinions rise,
And force your passage to the skies,
And scale the mount of God.
- 3 Who suffer with our Master here,
We shall before his face appear,
And by his side sit down ;
To patient faith the prize is sure ;
And all that to the end endure
The cross, shall wear the crown.
- 4 Thrice blessed bliss-inspiring hope !
It lifts the fainting spirits up,

- It brings to life the dead :
 Our conflicts here shall soon be past,
 And you and I ascend at last,
 Triumphant with our Head.
- 5 That great mysterious Deity,
 We soon with open face shall see
 The beatific sight ;
 Shall fill heaven's sounding courts with praise,
 And wide diffuse the golden blaze
 Of everlasting light.
- 6 The Father shining on his throne,
 The glorious co-eternal Son,
 The Spirit, One and Seven,
 Conspire our rapture to complete ;
 And lo ! we fall before his feet,
 And silence heightens heaven.
- 7 In hope of that ecstatic pause,
 Jesus, we now sustain the cross,
 And at thy footstool fall ;
 Till Thou our hidden life reveal,
 Till Thou our ravish'd spirits fill,
 And God be all in all !

460.

The God of Abraham.

- 1 THE God of Abraham praise,
 Who reigns enthroned above ;
 Ancient of everlasting days,
 And God of love ;
 Jehovah, Great I Am !
 By earth and heaven confess'd ;
 I bow and bless the sacred name,
 For ever bless'd.
- 2 The God of Abraham praise,
 At whose supreme command
 From earth I rise—and seek the joys
 At his right hand :
 I all on earth forsake,

Its wisdom, fame, and power,
And Him my only portion make,
My shield and tower.

- 3 The God of Abraham praise,
Whose all-sufficient grace
Shall guide me all my happy days,
In all his ways :
He calls a worm his friend !
He calls himself my God !
And He shall save me to the end,
Through Jesus' blood.

- 4 He by himself hath sworn,
I on his oath depend,
I shall on eagle's wings up-borne
To heaven ascend :
I shall behold his face,
I shall his power adore,
And sing the wonders of his grace
For evermore.

PART SECOND.

- 5 Though nature's strength decay,
And earth and hell withstand,
To Canaan's bounds I urge my way,
At his command :
The watery deep I pass,
With Jesus in my view :
And through the howling wilderness
My way pursue.

- 6 The goodly land I see,
With peace and plenty bless'd ;
A land of sacred liberty,
And endless rest :
There milk and honey flow,
And oil and wine abound ;
And trees of life for ever grow,
With mercy crown'd.

- 7 There dwells the Lord our King,
The Lord our righteousness,
Triumphant o'er the world and sin,

- The Prince of Peace :
On Sion's sacred height
His kingdom still maintains ;
And glorious, with his saints in light,
For ever reigns.
- 8 He keeps his own secure,
He guards them by his side,
Arrays, in garments white and pure,
His spotless bride ;
With streams of sacred bliss,
With groves of living joys,
With all the fruits of paradise,
He still supplies.
- 9 Before the Three in One,
They all exulting stand ;
And tell the wonders He hath done,
Through all their land.
The listening spheres attend,
And swell the growing fame,
And sing, in songs which never end,
The wondrous Name.

PART THIRD.

- 10 The God who reigns on high,
The great arch-angels sing,
And "Holy, Holy, Holy," cry,
"Almighty King !
Who was, and is the same ;
And evermore shall be ;
Jehovah—Father—Great I Am !
We worship Thee."
- 11 Before the Saviour's face
The ransom'd nations bow ;
O'erwhelm'd at his Almighty grace,
For ever new :
He shows his prints of love,
They kindle to a flame,
And sound, through all the world above,
The slaughter'd Lamb.
- 12 The whole triumphant host
Give thanks to God on high ;

Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
They ever cry :
Hail, Abraham's God and mine,
I join the heavenly lays ;
All might and majesty are thine,
And endless praise.

461.

Christ the King of Saints.

- 1 REJOICE, the Lord is King ;
Your Lord and King adore ;
Mortals, give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore :
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.
- 2 Jesus the Saviour reigns,
The God of truth and love ;
When He had purged our stains,
He took his seat above :
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.
- 3 His kingdom cannot fail,
He rules o'er earth and heaven ;
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Jesus given :
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.
- 4 He sits at God's right hand,
Till all his foes submit,
And bow to his command,
And fall beneath his feet :
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.
- 5 Rejoice in glorious hope,
Jesus the Judge shall come,
And take his servants up
To their eternal home :
We soon shall hear th' archangel's voice,
The trump of God shall sound, Rejoice.

PART FIFTH.

ORIGINAL HYMNS,

BY

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

THE
CHRISTIAN PSALMIST.

PART V.
ORIGINAL HYMNS.

462.

"I have sinned against the Lord."—2 Sam. xii. 13.

- 1 I LEFT the God of truth and light,
I left the God who gave me breath,
To wander in the wilds of night,
And perish in the snares of death.
- 2 Sweet was his service, and his yoke
Was light and easy to be borne;
Through all his bonds of love I broke,
I cast away his gifts with scorn.
- 3 I danced in folly's giddy maze,
And drank the sea, and chased the wind;
But falsehood lurk'd in all her ways,
Her laughter left remorse behind.
- 4 I dream'd of bliss in pleasure's bowers,
While pillowing roses stay'd my head;
But serpents hiss'd among the flowers;
I 'woke, and thorns were all my bed.
- 5 In riches when I sought for joy,
And placed in sordid gains my trust,
I found that gold was all alloy,
And worldly treasure fleeting dust.
- 6 I wooed ambition, climb'd the pole,
And shone among the stars;—but fell,
Headlong, in all my pride of soul,
Like Lucifer, from heaven to hell.

- 7 Heart-broken, friendless, poor, cast down,
Where shall the chief of sinners fly,
Almighty Vengeance, from thy frown?
Eternal Justice, from thine eye?
- 8 Lo, through the gloom of guilty fears,
My faith discerns a dawn of grace;
The Sun of Righteousness appears
In Jesus' reconciling face.
- 9 My suffering, slain, and risen Lord,
In sore distress I turn to Thee;
I claim acceptance on thy word;
My God, my God, forsake not me.
- 10 Prostrate before the mercy-seat,
I dare not, if I would, despair;
None ever perish'd at thy feet,
And I will lie for ever there.

463.

"O save me for thy mercies' sake."—Ps. vi. 4.

- 1 MERCY alone can meet my case;
For mercy, Lord, I cry;
Jesus, Redeemer, show thy face
In mercy, or I die.
- 2 Save me, for none beside can save;
At thy command I tread,
With failing step, life's stormy wave;
—The wave goes o'er my head.
- 3 I perish, and my doom were just;
But wilt Thou leave me?—No:
I hold Thee fast, my hope, my trust;
I will not let Thee go.
- 4 Still sure to me thy promise stands,
And ever must abide;
Behold it written on thy hands,
And graven in thy side.
- 5 To this, this only will I cleave;
Thy word is all my plea;

That word is truth; and I believe;
—Have mercy, Lord, on me.

464.

The image of God.

- 1 FATHER of eternal grace,
Glorify Thyself in me;
Meekly beaming in my face,
May the world thine image see.
- 2 Happy only in thy love,
Poor, unfriended, or unknown,
Fix my thoughts on things above,
Stay my heart on Thee alone.
- 3 Humble, holy, all resign'd
To thy will,—thy will be done!
Give me, Lord, the perfect mind
Of thy well-beloved Son.
- 4 Counting gain and glory loss,
May I tread the path He trode,
Die with Jesus on the cross,
Rise with Him to Thee, my God.

465.

Resignation.

- 1 ONE prayer I have,—all prayers in one,—
When I am wholly thine;
Thy will, my God, thy will be done,
And let that will be mine.
- 2 All-wise, almighty, and all-good,
In Thee I firmly trust;
Thy ways, unknown or understood,
Are merciful and just.
- 3 Is life with many comforts crown'd,
Upheld in peace and health,
With dear affections twined around?
—Lord, in my time of wealth,—

- 4 May I remember, that to Thee,
Whate'er I have I owe;
And back, in gratitude from me,
May all thy bounties flow.
- 5 Thy gifts are only then enjoy'd,
When used as talents lent;
Those talents only well employ'd,
When in thy service spent.
- 6 And though thy wisdom takes away,
Shall I arraign thy will?
No, let me bless thy name, and say,
"The Lord is gracious still."
- 7 A pilgrim through the earth I roam,
Of nothing long possess'd,
And all must fail when I go home,
For this is not my rest.
- 8 Write but my name upon the roll
Of thy redeem'd above;
Then, heart and mind, and strength and soul,
I'll love Thee for *thy* love.

466.

Choosing the heritage of God's people.

- 1 PEOPLE of the living God,
I have sought the world around,
Paths of sin and sorrow trode,
Peace and comfort no where found.
Now to you my spirit turns,
Turns, a fugitive unblest'd;
Brethren, where your altar burns,
O receive me into rest!
- 2 Lonely I no longer roam,
Like the cloud, the wind, the wave,
Where you dwell shall be my home,
Where you die shall be my grave;
Mine the God whom you adore,
Your Redeemer shall be mine;

Earth can fill my heart no more,
Every idol I resign.

- 3 Tell me not of gain or loss,
Ease, enjoyment, pomp and power—
Welcome poverty and cross,
Shame, reproach, affliction's hour:
“Follow me;”—I know thy voice;
Jesus, Lord, thy steps I see;
Now I take thy yoke by choice,
Light thy burden now to me.

467.

The Lord's day.

- 1 THIS is the day the Lord hath made,
Let young and old rejoice:
To Him be vows and homage paid,
Whose service is our choice.
- 2 This is the temple of the Lord;
How dreadful is this place!
With meekness let us hear his word,
With reverence seek his face.
- 3 This is the homage He requires,—
The voice of praise and prayer,
The soul's affections, hopes, desires,
Ourselves and all we are.
- 4 While rich and poor for mercy call,—
Propitious from the skies,
The Lord, the Maker of them all,
Accepts the sacrifice.
- 5 Well pleased through Jesus Christ his Son,
From sin He grants release;
According to their faith 'tis done,
He bids them go in peace.

468.

A day in the courts of the Lord.

- 1 To thy temple I repair,
Lord I love to worship there,

- When within the veil I meet
Christ before the mercy-seat.
- 2 Thou, through Him art reconciled,
I, through Him, became thy child ;
Abba ! Father ! give me grace,
In thy courts, to seek thy face.
- 3 While thy glorious praise is sung,
Touch my lips, unloose my tongue,
That my joyful soul may bless
Thee, the Lord my righteousness.
- 4 While the prayers of saints ascend,
God of love, to mine attend ;
Hear me, for thy Spirit pleads,
Hear, for Jesus intercedes.
- 5 While I hearken to thy law,
Fill my soul with humble awe,
Till thy gospel bring to me
Life and immortality.
- 6 While thy ministers proclaim
Peace and pardon in thy name,
Through their voice, by faith may I
Hear Thee speaking from the sky.
- 7 From thy house when I return,
May my heart within me burn,
And at evening let me say,
—I have walk'd with God to-day.

469.

Waiting on the Lord.

- 1 JOYFUL in thy house of prayer,
Shall thy chosen people be ;
God of mercy, meet me there,
While my spirit waits on Thee.
- 2 There, with strength renew'd, the saint
As on eagle-wings shall fly,
Walk and run and never faint,
Fight and conquer ;—so would I.

- 3 There, with faces Zion-ward,
When transgressors ask the way
To the city of the Lord,
Each shall hear the watchman say : —
- 4 “ To the cross direct thine eyes,
Thither from destruction flee,
For the gates of Paradise
Open stand on Calvary.
- 5 “ He who bore a sinner thence
As a trophy of his death,
There will pardon thine offence,
There receive thy latest breath.”
- 6 There, where my Redeemer died,
Humbly in the dust I fall;
Jesus, and Him crucified,
Now shall be mine all in all.

470.

For a solemn Assembly.

- 1 COMMAND thy blessing from above,
O God, on all assembled here;
Behold us with a Father's love,
While we look up with filial fear.
- 2 Command thy blessing, Jesus, Lord;
May we thy true disciples be;
Speak to each heart the mighty word,
Say to the weakest—“ Follow me.”
- 3 Command thy blessing in this hour,
Spirit of truth, and fill the place,
With humbling and with healing power,
With killing and with quickening grace.
- 4 O Thou, our Maker, Saviour, Guide,
One true eternal God confess'd!
Whom Thou hast join'd may none divide,
None dare to curse whom Thou hast bless'd.
- 5 With Thee and these for ever found,
May all the souls who here unite,

With harps and songs thy throne surround,
Rest in thy love and reign in light.

471.

For the gift of the Holy Spirit.

- 1 POWER from on high, O God, impart,
Power in thy gospel to believe,
Power to surrender our whole heart,
Power all thy mercy to receive.
- 2 The word to us in vain were given,
We hear, we read, we learn in vain;
In vain thy Son came down from heaven,
If Thou "the Spirit's might" restrain.
- 3 Here be his sacred influence felt
With searching, cleansing, quickening force,
Till souls of millstone-hardness melt,
And flow like waters from their source.
- 4 Convinced and humbled in the dust
Beneath the burden of our guilt,
We own thy law's dread sentence just,
But plead the blood of pardon spilt.
- 5 Thy Spirit witness with that blood,
And Christ our Saviour glorify,
While we, as children born of God,
With rapture, "Abba! Father!" cry.

472.

After divine service.

- 1 AGAIN our ears have heard the voice,
At which the dead shall live;
O may the sound our hearts rejoice,
And strength immortal give!
- 2 And have we heard the word with joy?
And have we felt its power?
To keep it be our bless'd employ
Till life's extremest hour.

473.

On leaving the House of God.

- 1 THY word, almighty Lord,
Where'er it enters in,
Is sharper than a two-edged sword
To slay the man of sin.
- 2 Thy word is power and life;
It bids confusion cease,
And changes envy, hatred, strife,
To love, and joy, and peace.
- 3 Then let our hearts obey
The gospel's glorious sound,
And all its fruits, from day to day,
Be in us and abound.

474.

On laying the foundation stone of a place for worship.

- 1 THIS stone to Thee in faith we lay,
We build the temple, Lord, to Thee;
Thine eye be open night and day
To guard this house and sanctuary.
- 2 Here, when thy people seek thy face,
And dying sinners pray to live,
Hear, Thou, in heaven thy dwelling-place,
And when Thou hearest, O forgive!
- 3 Here, when thy messengers proclaim
The blessed gospel of thy Son,
Still by the power of his great name
Be mighty signs and wonders done.
- 4 Hosanna! to their heavenly king,
When children's voices raise that song;
Hosanna! let their angels sing,
And heaven with earth the strain prolong.
- 5 But will indeed Jehovah deign
Here to abide, no transient guest?
Here will the world's Redeemer reign,
And here the Holy Spirit rest?

- 6 That glory never hence depart !
Yet choose not, Lord, this house alone ;
Thy kingdom come to every heart,
In every bosom fix thy throne.

475.

On opening a place for worship.

- 1 LORD of Hosts, to Thee we raise
Here an house of prayer and praise ;
Thou thy people's hearts prepare
Here to meet for praise and prayer.
- 2 Let the living here be fed
With thy word, the heavenly bread ;
Here, in hope of glory bless'd,
May the dead be laid to rest.
- 3 Here to Thee a temple stand,
While the sea shall gird the land ;
Here reveal thy mercy sure,
While the sun and moon endure.
- 4 Hallelujah !—earth and sky
To the joyful sound reply ;
Hallelujah !—hence ascend
Prayer and praise till time shall end.

476.

The unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace.

- 1 THE glorious universe around,
The heavens with all their train,
Sun, moon, and stars, are firmly bound
In one mysterious chain.
- 2 The earth, the ocean, and the sky
To form one world agree,
Where all that walk, or swim, or fly,
Compose one family.
- 3 God in creation thus displays
His wisdom and his might,

While all his works with all his ways
Harmoniously unite.

- 4 In one fraternal bond of love,
One fellowship of mind,
The saints below and saints above
Their bliss and glory find.
- 5 Here, in their house of pilgrimage,
Thy statutes are their song;
There, through one bright, eternal age,
Thy praises they prolong.
- 6 Lord, may our union form a part
Of that thrice happy whole,
Derive its pulse from Thee the Heart,
Its life from Thee the Soul.

477.

For grace to surrender all to Christ.

- 1 JESUS, our best beloved Friend,
Draw out our souls in pure desire;
Jesus, in love to us descend,
Baptize us with thy Spirit's fire.
- 2 On thy Redeeming name we call,
Poor and unworthy though we be:
Pardon and sanctify us all;
Let each thy full salvation see.
- 3 Our souls and bodies we resign,
To fear and follow thy commands;
O take our hearts—our hearts are thine,
Accept the service of our hands.
- 4 Firm, faithful, watching unto prayer,
May we thy blessed will obey;
Toil in thy vineyard here, and bear
The heat and burden of the day.
- 5 Yet, Lord, for us a resting-place,
In heaven, at thy right hand, prepare;
And till we see Thee face to face,
Be all our conversation there.

478.

The good Shepherd and his flock.

- 1 GREEN pastures and clear streams,
Freedom, and quiet rest,
Christ's flock enjoy, beneath his beams,
Or in his shadow, blest.
- 2 The mountain and the vale,
Forest and field, they range;
The morning dew, the evening gale,
Bring health in every change.
- 3 Secure amidst alarms,
From violence or snares,
The lambs He gathers in his arms,
And in his bosom bears.
- 4 The wounded and the weak,
He comforts, heals, and binds;
The lost He came from heaven to seek,
And saves them when he finds.
- 5 Through wilds of brier and thorn,
In darkness if they stray,
They wander not like waifs forlorn,
Their Shepherd is their way.
- 6 Should storms of trouble blow,
Warn'd of the coming shock,
They to the Rock of Ages go,
Their Shepherd is their rock.
- 7 Let earth and hell oppose,
Let Satan take the field;
Quench'd are the darts of all their foes,
Their Shepherd is their Shield.
- 8 Death may assail, but Death
Is vanquish'd in the strife;
Their moment of departing breath,
Begins eternal life.
- 9 Conflicts and trials done,
His glory they behold,
Where Jesus and his flock are one,
One Shepherd, and one fold.

- 10 When the last trump shall sound,
And graves break up their sleep,
At his right hand may we be found,
Among the chosen sheep.

479.

The Christian Israel.

- 1 THUS far on life's perplexing path,
Thus far Thou, Lord, our steps hast led ;
Snatch'd from the world's pursuing wrath,
Unharm'd though floods hung o'er our head;
Like ransom'd Israel on the shore,
Here then we pause, look back, adore.
- 2 Strangers and pilgrims here below,
Like all our fathers in their day,
We to the land of promise go,
Lord, by thine own appointed way ;
Still guide, illumine, cheer our flight,
In cloud by day, in fire by night.
- 3 Safety thy presence is, and rest ;
While,—as the eagle, o'er her brood,
Flutters her pinions, stirs the nest,
Covers, defends, provides them food,
Bears on her wings, instructs to fly,—
Thy love prepares us for the sky.
- 4 Protect us through the wilderness,
From fiery serpent, plague and foe,
With bread from heaven thy people bless,
And living streams wherein we go ;
Nor let our rebel-hearts repine,
Or follow any voice but thine.
- 5 Thy holy law to us proclaim,
But not from Sinai's top alone ;
Hid in the rock-cleft be thy name,
Thy power, and all thy goodness, shown ;
And may we never bow the knee,
Or worship any God but Thee.

- 6 When we have number'd all our years,
And stand, at length, on Jordan's brink,
Though the flesh fail with mortal fears,
O let not then the Spirit sink ;
But, strong in faith, and hope, and love,
Plunge through the stream, to rise above !

480.

What is Prayer?

- 1 PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Utter'd, or unexpress'd ;
The motion of a hidden fire,
That trembles in the breast.
- 2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear ;
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.
- 3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech,
That infant-lips can try ;
Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.
- 4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air ;
His watchword at the gates of death ;
He enters heaven with prayer.
- 5 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways ;
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, " Behold, he prays !"
- 6 The saints in prayer appear as one,
In word, and deed, and mind ;
While with the Father, and the Son,
Sweet fellowship they find.
- 7 Nor prayer is made on earth alone ;
The Holy Spirit pleads,
And Jesus on th' eternal throne,
For mourners intercedes.

- 8 O Thou, by whom we come to God,
The life, the truth, the way!
The path of prayer Thyself hast trode:
Lord, teach us how to pray!

481.

"O Thou that hearest prayer!"—Psal. lxxv. 2.

- 1 THOU, God, art a consuming fire;
Yet mortals may find grace,
From toil and tumult to retire,
And meet Thee face to face.
- 2 Though "Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord!"
Seraph to seraph sings;
And angel-choirs, with one accord,
Worship, with veiling wings;—
- 3 Though earth thy footstool, heaven thy throne,
Thy way amidst the sea;
Thy path deep floods, thy steps unknown,
Thy counsels mystery;—
- 4 Yet wilt Thou look on him who lies
A suppliant at thy feet;
And hearken to the feeblest cries
That reach the mercy-seat.
- 5 Between the Cherubim of old,
Thy glory was express'd;
But God, through Christ, we now behold
In flesh made manifest.
- 6 Through Him who all our sickness felt,
Who all our sorrows bare;
Through Him in whom thy fulness dwelt,
We offer up our prayer.
- 7 Touch'd with a feeling of our woes,
Jesus, our High-Priest, stands;
All our infirmities He knows;
Our souls are in his hands.
- 8 He bears them up with strength Divine,
When at thy feet we fall:

Lord, cause thy face on us to shine;
Hear us—on Thee we call.

482.

The preparation of the heart.

- 1 LORD, teach us how to pray aright,
With reverence and with fear:
Though dust and ashes in thy sight,
We may, we must draw near.
- 2 We perish if we cease from prayer;
O grant us power to pray;
And when to meet Thee we prepare,
Lord, meet us by the way.
- 3 Burden'd with guilt, convinced of sin,
In weakness, want, and wo,
Fightings without, and fears within,
Lord, whether shall we go?
- 4 God of all grace, we come to Thee,
With broken, contrite hearts;
Give what thine eye delights to see,
—Truth in the inward parts;—
- 5 Give deep humility;—the sense
Of godly sorrow give;
—A strong, desiring confidence
To hear thy voice, and live;—
- 6 Faith in the only sacrifice
That can for sin atone;
To cast our hopes, to fix our eyes,
On Christ, on Christ alone;—
- 7 Patience, to watch, and wait, and weep,
Though mercy long delay;
Courage, our fainting souls to keep,
And trust Thee though Thou slay.
- 8 Give these;—and then thy will be done;
Thus strengthen'd with all might,
We, by thy Spirit and thy Son,
Shall pray, and pray aright.

483.

"Ask and ye shall receive."—John xvi. 24.

- 1 WHAT shall we ask of God in prayer?
—Whatever good we want;
Whatever man may seek to share,
Or God in wisdom grant.
- 2 Father of all our mercies,—Thou,
In whom we move and live,
Hear us in heaven, thy dwelling now,
And answer, and forgive.
- 3 When bound with sins and trespasses,
From wrath we fain would flee,
Lord, cancel our unrighteousness,
And set the captives free.
- 4 When harass'd by ten thousand foes,
Our helplessness we feel;
O give the weary soul repose,
The wounded spirit heal.
- 5 When dire temptations gather round,
And threaten or allure,
By storm or calm, in Thee be found
A refuge strong and sure.
- 6 When age advances, may we grow
In faith, and hope, and love;
And walk in holiness below
To holiness above.
- 7 When earthly joys and cares depart,
Desire and envy cease,
Be Thou the portion of our heart,
In Thee may we have peace.
- 8 When flames these elements destroy,
And worlds in judgment stand,
May we lift up our heads with joy,
And meet at thy right hand.

484.

The Lord's Prayer.

- 1 OUR heavenly Father, hear
The prayer we offer now ;
Thy name be hallow'd far and near,
To Thee all nations bow ;
Thy kingdom come ; thy will
On earth be done in love,
As saints and seraphim fulfil
Thy perfect law above.
- 2 Our daily bread supply,
While by thy word we live ;
The guilt of our iniquity
Forgive, as we forgive ;
From dark temptation's power,
From Satan's wiles defend,
Deliver in the evil hour,
And guide us to the end.
- 3 Thine then for ever be
Glory and power divine ;
The sceptre, throne, and majesty
Of heaven and earth are thine.
—Thus humbly taught to pray
By thy beloved Son,
Through Him, we come to Thee, and say,
All for His sake be done.

485.

Christ's mission.

- 1 The world in condemnation lay,
And Death, from Adam reigning,
O'er man maintain'd remorseless sway,
While sin, his soul enchaining,
Foredoom'd the second death to all
That shared the ruins of the fall ;
But Christ's triumphant mission
Redeem'd us from perdition.
- 2 Then round his manger let us throng,
Attend Him in temptation,

Carry our cross with joy along
His path of tribulation;
With Him to Olivet retire,
On Calvary at his feet expire,
Then, on Mount Zion seated,
Our bliss shall be completed.

486.

The Prince of Peace.

- 1 WHEN war on earth suspended
His wild career of woes,
The Prince of Peace descended,
A guiltier strife to close;
Vain battles worms were waging
With their Creator, God;
He came, and wrath assuaging,
Made peace with his own blood.
- 2 The storm, that flamed and lower'd,
Was calm at his command;
The rod of Justice flower'd,
Like Aaron's, in his hand:
That sceptre, love-revealing,
Rebels, approach and kiss;
Its leaves are for your healing,
Its fruits—immortal bliss.

487.

Good tidings of great joy to all people.

- 1 ANGELS, from the realms of glory,
Wing your flight o'er all the earth,
Ye who sang creation's story,
Now proclaim Messiah's birth;
Come and worship,
Worship Christ the new-born King.
- 2 Shepherds, in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night,
God with man is now residing,
Yonder shines the infant-light;
Come and worship,
Worship Christ the new-born King.

- 3 Sages, leave your contemplations,
Brighter visions beam afar;
Seek the great Desire of nations;
Ye have seen his natal star;
Come and worship,
Worship Christ the new-born King.
- 4 Saints, before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear,
Suddenly the Lord descending
In his temple shall appear;
Come and worship,
Worship Christ the new-born King.
- 5 Sinners, wrung with true repentance,
Doom'd for guilt to endless pains,
Justice now revokes the sentence,
Mercy calls you,—break your chains;
Come and worship,
Worship Christ the new-born King.

488.

A visit to Bethlehem in spirit.

- 1 THE scene around me disappears,
And borne to ancient regions,
While Time recalls the flight of years,
I see angelic legions
Descending in an orb of light,
Amidst the dark and silent night;
I hear celestial voices.
- 2 “ Tidings, glad tidings from above,
To every age and nation;
Tidings, glad tidings, God is love;
To man He sends salvation;
His Son beloved, his only Son,
The work of mercy hath begun;
Give to his name the glory.”
- 3 Through David's city I am led;
Here all around are sleeping;
A light directs to yon poor shed,
There lonely watch is keeping:

I enter;—ah! what glories shine!
Is this Immanuel's earthly shrine?
Messiah's infant temple?

- 4 It is, it is; and I adore
This Stranger meek and lowly,
As saints and seraphs bow before
The throne of God thrice holy;
Faith through the vale of flesh can see
The face of thy Divinity,
My Lord, my God, my Saviour!

489.

The names and offices of Christ.

- 1 BRIGHT and joyful is the morn,
For to us a Child is born;
From the highest realms of heaven
Unto us a Son is given.
- 2 On his shoulder He shall bear
Power and majesty, and wear,
On his vesture and his thigh,
Names most awful, names most high.
- 3 Wonderful in counsel He,
The incarnate Deity,
Sire of ages ne'er to cease,
King of kings, and Prince of Peace.
- 4 Come and worship at his feet,
Yield to Christ the homage meet;
From his manger to his throne,
Homage due to God alone.

490.

The curse and the blessing.

- 1 To Adam thus Jehovah spake;
"The ground is cursed for thy sake;
Thence eat thy bread, and there once more
Become the dust thou wert before.
- 2 "Serpent," again Jehovah said,
"The woman's seed shall bruise thy head,

Yet in the strife thy fury feel,
For thou shalt turn and wound his heel."

- 3 He comes ;—we hail his glorious birth,
Who brings the blessing back to earth ;
Nor Eden only, but the Tree
Of life and immortality.

491.

Christ our example in suffering.

- 1 Go to dark Gethsemane,
Ye that feel the tempter's power,
Your Redeemer's conflict see,
Watch with Him one bitter hour ;
Turn not from his griefs away,
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.
- 2 Follow to the judgment-hall,
View the Lord of life arraign'd ;
O the wormwood and the gall !
O the pangs his soul sustain'd !
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss,
Learn of Him to bear the cross.
- 3 Calvary's mournful mountain climb ;
There adoring at his feet,
Mark that miracle of Time,
—God's own sacrifice complete :
" It is finish'd ;"—hear their cry ;
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.
- 3 Early hasten to the tomb,
Where they laid his breathless clay ;
All is solitude and gloom,
—Who hath taken Him away ?
Christ is risen ;—He meets our eyes ;
Saviour, teach us so to rise.

492.

Christ's passion.

- 1 THE morning dawns upon the place,
Where Jesus spent the night in prayer ;
Through yielding glooms behold his face,
Nor form nor comeliness is there.

- 2 Last eve, by those He call'd his own,
Betray'd, forsaken, or denied,
He met his enemies alone
In all their malice, rage and pride.
- 3 Brought forth to judgment, now He stands
Arraign'd, condemn'd at Pilate's bar,
Here spurn'd by fierce Prætorian bands,
There mock'd by Herod's men of war.
- 4 He bears their buffeting and scorn,
The homage of the lip, the knee,
The purple robe, the crown of thorn,
The scourge, the nail, th' accursed tree.
- 5 No guile within his mouth is found,
He neither threatens nor complains;
Meek as a Lamb for slaughter bound,
Dumb 'midst his murderers He remains.
- 6 But hark! he prays,—'tis for his foes;
He speaks,—'tis comfort to his friends;
Answers,—and Paradise bestows;
He bows his head; the conflict ends.
- 7 Truly this was the Son of God!
—Though in a servant's mean disguise,
And bruised beneath the Father's rod,
Not for Himself,—for Man He dies.

493.

The three mountains.

- 1 WHEN on Sinai's top I see
God descend in majesty,
To proclaim his holy law,
All my spirit sinks with awe.
- 2 When, in ecstasy sublime,
Tabor's glorious steep I climb,
At the too transporting light,
Darkness rushes o'er my sight.
- 3 When on Calvary I rest,
God, in flesh made manifest,

Shines in my Redeemer's face,
Full of beauty, truth, and grace.

- 4 Here I would forever stay,
Weep and gaze my soul away;
Thou art heaven on earth to me,
Lovely, mournful Calvary!

494.

A fountain opened for sin and uncleanness.

- 1 COME to Calvary's holy mountain,
Sinners, ruin'd by the fall;
Here a pure and healing fountain
Flows to you, to me, to all,
In a full, perpetual tide,
Open'd when our Saviour died.
- 2 Come, in poverty and meanness,
Come, defiled without, within;
From infection and uncleanness,
From the leprosy of sin,
Wash your robes and make them white;
Ye shall walk with God in light.
- 3 Come, in sorrow and contrition,
Wounded, impotent, and blind;
Here the guilty free remission,
Here the troubled peace may find;
Health this fountain will restore,
He that drinks shall thirst no more:—
- 4 He that drinks shall live for ever;
'Tis a soul-renewing flood:
God is faithful;—God will never
Break his covenant in blood,
Sign'd when our Redeemer died,
Seal'd when he was glorified.

495.

The power of Christ's resurrection.

- 1 COME see the place where Jesus lay,
For He hath left his gloomy bed;
What Angel roll'd the stone away?
What Spirit brought Him from the dead?

- 2 By his omnipotence He rose,
By his own Spirit lived again,
To crush forever all his foes,
To raise forever ruin'd men.
- 3 Those who his image here partake,
Though worms in dust their flesh consume,
Shall sleep in Jesus, and awake
To life eternal from the tomb.
- 4 What shall restore a world from death,
Where Satan holds his murderous reign?
Spirit of Jesus, with thy breath,
Shake the dry bones, revive the slain.
- 5 Dead while they live are Adam's race,
By nature, since their father's fall;
But lo! the messengers of grace
Proclaim the gospel-hope to all.
- 6 Hear it, ye dead, of every clime,
Before the second death begins;
Come forth to this new life in time;
—This resurrection from your sins.

496.

Moses in the desert.

- 1 Go where a foot hath never trode,
Through unfrequented forests flee,
The wilderness is full of God,
His presence dwells in every tree.
- 2 To Israel and to Egypt dead,
Moses the fugitive appears;
Unknown he lived, till o'er his head
Had fall'n the snow of fourscore years.
- 3 But God the wandering exile found
In his appointed time and place;
The desert-sand grew holy ground,
And Horeb's rock a throne of grace.
- 4 The lowly bush a tree became,
A tree of beauty and of light,

Involved with unconsuming flame,
That made the noon around it night.

- 5 Thence came th' eternal voice that spake
Salvation to the chosen seed ;
Thence went th' Almighty arm, that brake
Proud Pharaoh's yoke, and Israel freed.
- 6 By Moses, old and slow of speech,
These mighty miracles were shown ;
Jehovah's messenger !—to teach
That power belongs to God alone.

497.

Scriptural prayers.

- 1 WITH wandering Jacob, let us say,
“ If God will keep me by the way,
Guide and defend me, clothe and feed,
Then God shall be my God indeed.”
- 2 With him, who led the ransom'd flock
Through the Red Sea to Sinai's rock,
Be this our one supreme request,
“ Thy presence with us go or rest.”
- 3 Join we God's people in our youth,
Quit the vain world, like humble Ruth,
With them resolved our lot to try,
Rejoice or suffer, live and die.
- 4 Like Joshua, through this war of life,
Victor in many a deadly strife,
May each this solemn pledge record,
“ I and my house will serve the Lord.”
- 5 When prayers and vows to heaven we make,
The words of Solomon we'll take,
Freely for *every* blessing call,
Yet ask *forgiveness* with them all.
- 6 And now, O Lord our God, to Thee
The sum of our petitions be
The language of thy blessed Son,
“ Father, thy will, not mine, be done.”

498.

Solomon's prayer for wisdom.

- 1 ALMIGHTY God, in humble prayer,
To Thee our souls we lift,
Do Thou our waiting minds prepare
For thy most needful gift,
- 2 We ask not golden streams of wealth
Along our path to flow ;
We ask not undecaying health,
Nor length of years below.
- 3 We ask not honours, which an hour
May bring and take away ;
We ask not pleasure, pomp, and power,
Lest we should go astray.
- 4 We ask for wisdom :—Lord impart
The knowledge how to live ;
A wise and understanding heart
To all before Thee give.
- 5 For we, as children, born in sin,
Know not, till Thou has taught,
How to go out, or how come in,
By word, or deed, or thought.
- 6 The young remember Thee in youth,
Before the evil days !
The old be guided by thy truth
In wisdom's pleasant ways !

499.

*Longing to draw near to a throne of grace.—Job xxiii.
3, 4—10, 16.*

- 1 O THAT I knew where I might find
My righteous Judge's seat,
To pour out all my troubled mind
In prayer before his feet !
- 2 Not with the thunder of thy power
Wouldst Thou against me plead ;
No, thy good Spirit, in that hour,
For me would intercede.

- 3 For me, thy Son Himself would pray,
Thy well-beloved Son;
Father, Thou couldst not turn away
From thine Anointed One.
- 4 Thine own unutterable grace,
Thy love,—thy love to *me*,—
Constrain me thus to seek thy face,
And cast my cares on Thee.
- 5 Hear then the voice of my desire,
My griefs, my fears behold;
Search me, and try me as with fire,
And bring me forth like gold.
- 6 Lo, Thou hast troubled my repose,
Thy chastisements I feel;
Thine hand hath touch'd my heart,—it glows,
It melts,—impress thy seal.
- 7 Stamp thine own image on my soul;
Lift from the dust mine head;
Lord, Thou hast wounded,—make me whole;
Hast slain,—now raise the dead.

500.

The soul returning to God.—Psal. cxvi.

- 1 RETURN, my soul, unto thy rest,
From vain pursuits and maddening cares;
From lonely woes that wring thy breast,
The world's allurements, Satan's snares.
- 2 Return unto thy rest, my soul,
From all the wanderings of thy thought;
From sickness unto death, made whole;
Safe through a thousand perils brought.
- 3 Then to thy rest, my soul, return,
From passions every hour at strife,
Sin's works, and ways, and wages spurn,
Lay hold upon eternal life.
- 4 God is thy rest;—with heart inclined
To keep his word, that word believe;

Christ is thy rest;—with lowly mind,
His light and easy yoke receive.

501.

The invitation of wisdom.—Proverbs viii.

- 1 To us the voice of wisdom cries,
—“Hearken, ye children, and be wise;
Better than gold the fruit I bear,
Rubies with me may not compare.
- 2 “Happy the man, who daily waits
To hear me, watching at my gates;
Wretched is he who scorns my voice,
Death and destruction are his choice.
- 3 “To them that love me I am kind,
And those who seek me early find;
My Son, give *me* thine heart,—and learn
Wisdom from folly to discern.
- 4 “The Lord possess’d me, ere of old
His hand the firmament unroll’d;
Before He bade the mountains stand,
Or pour’d the ocean round the land.
- 5 “Rejoicing then before his throne,
From everlasting I was known;
Rejoicing still, as in his sight,
With men on earth is my delight.
- 6 “Mark the *beginning* of my law,
—Fear ye the Lord with sacred awe:
Mark the *fulfilment* of the whole,
—Love ye the Lord with all your soul.”
- 7 We hear, we learn; may we obey;
Jesus, the life, the truth, the way,
Wisdom and righteousness, we see,
Grace and salvation, all in Thee.

502.

The universal Church.—Isa. lxvi. 12, 19, 23.

- 1 THUS saith the Lord,—“My Church, to thee
Peace, like a river, I will send;

The Gentiles, in a stream, shall see
My mercy flowing without end.

- 2 The isles, that never heard my fame,
Nor knew the glory of my might,
They shall be taught to fear my name,
—Call'd out of darkness into light.
- 3 And it shall come to pass, that vows,
From Sabbath unto Sabbath-day,
From moon to moon, in mine own house,
All nations, tribes, and tongues shall pay.

503.

The fellowship of those who fear the Lord.—Malachi iii.
16—18. and iv. 1.

- 1 WHEN those who fear'd the Lord of old
Met oft, and spake with one accord,
A book was written, and enroll'd
Their faithful names before the Lord.
- 2 They shall be mine, Jehovah said,
And as a signet on my hand,
A crown of glory for my head,
Among my chosen jewels stand.
- 3 And I will spare them in that day,
Even as a father spares his son,
When all the proud are swept away,
The wicked, root and branch, undone.
- 4 Then shall my righteousness be shown;
Then, by their good or evil lot,
The Sinner and the Saint be known,
Who served the Lord,—who served Him not.
- 5 Lord, we are taught thy name to fear;
O may we tremble to offend;
Lord, we are taught to serve Thee here;
May we be faithful to the end.
- 6 Our names are on thy Church's rolls,
But in thy Book our pardon write;
Rich was the ransom of our souls,
May they be precious in thy sight.

504.

The soul.

- 1 WHAT is the thing of greatest price,
The whole creation round?
—That, which was lost in paradise,
—That, which in Christ is found.
- 2 The Soul of Man,—Jehovah's breath!
That keeps two worlds at strife;
Hell moves beneath to work its death,
Heaven stoops to give it life.
- 3 God, to reclaim it, did not spare
His well-beloved Son;
Jesus, to save it, deign'd to bear
The sins of all in One.
- 4 The Holy Spirit seal'd the plan,
And pledged the blood divine,
To ransom every soul of man;
—That price was paid for mine.
- 5 And is this treasure borne below
In earthly vessels frail?
Can none its utmost value know,
Till flesh and spirit fail?
- 6 Then let us gather round the cross,
This knowledge to obtain,
Not by the soul's eternal loss,
But everlasting gain.

505.

Christ in the midst of his people.—John xx. 19.

- 1 ON the first Christian Sabbath-eve,
When his disciples met,
O'er his lost fellowship to grieve,
Nor knew the Scriptures yet—
- 2 Lo, in their midst his form was seen,
The form in which He died,—
Their Master's marr'd and wounded mien,
His hands, his feet, his side.

- 3 Then were they glad their Lord to know,
And worshipp'd, yet with fear ;
—Jesus, again thy presence show ;
Meet thy disciples here :
- 4 Be in our midst ;—let faith rejoice
Our risen Lord to view,
And make our spirits hear thy voice
Say—“ Peace be unto *you*.”
- 5 Then, while we hearken, O unfold
The Scriptures to our mind :
Their mysteries let us now behold,
Their hidden treasures find.
- 6 Thee it behooved to suffer thus,
And to thy glory rise ;
Instruct, confirm, and strengthen us,
And make thy servants wise ;—
- 7 Wise to win souls, may we reveal
Thy love to all around,
And in ourselves its influence feel
Yet more and more abound.
- 8 And while with Thee, in social hours,
We commune through thy word,
May our hearts burn, and all our powers
Confess—“ It is the Lord”.

506.

The Descent of the Spirit.—Acts ii. 1—4.

- 1 LORD God, the Holy Ghost,
In this accepted hour,
As on the day of Pentecost,
Descend in all thy power :
We meet with one accord
In our appointed place,
And wait the promise of our Lord,
The Spirit of all grace.
- 2 Like mighty rushing wind
Upon the waves beneath,

Move with one impulse every mind,
 One soul, one feeling breathe:
 The young, the old inspire
 With wisdom from above;
 And give us hearts and tongues of fire
 To pray, and praise, and love.

- 3 Spirit of light, explore,
 And chase our gloom away,
 With lustre shining more and more
 Unto the perfect day:
 Spirit of truth, be Thou,
 In life and death our guide;
 O spirit of adoption, *now*
 May we be sanctified!

507.

The Christian Soldier.—Eph. vi. 10—18.

- 1 THE Christian warrior,—see him stand
 In the whole armour of his God;
 The Spirit's sword is in his hand;
 His feet are with the gospel shod:
- 2 In panoply of truth complete,
 Salvation's helmet on his head,
 With righteousness, a breastplate meet,
 And faith's broad shield before him spread.
- 3 He wrestles not with flesh and blood,
 But principalities and powers,
 Rulers of darkness, like a flood,
 Nigh, and assailing at all hours.
- 4 Nor Satan's fiery darts alone,
 Quench'd on his shield, at him are hurl'd,
 The traitor in his heart is known,
 And the dire friendship of this world.
- 5 Undaunted to the field he goes,
 Yet vain were skill and valour there,
 Unless, to foil his legion-foes,
 The trustiest weapon were "all-prayer."
- 6 With this omnipotence he moves,
 From this the alien armies flee,

- Till more than conqueror he proves,
Through Christ who gives him victory.
- 7 Thus, strong in his Redeemer's strength,
Sin, death, and hell he tramples down,
Fights the good fight, and wins at length,
Through mercy, an immortal crown.

508.

The Communion of Saints.—Heb. xii. 18—26.

- 1 NOT to the mount that burn'd with fire,
To darkness, tempest, and the sound
Of trumpet waxing higher and higher,
Nor voice of words that rent the ground,
While Israel heard, with trembling awe,
Jehovah thunder forth his law :
- 2 But to Mount Zion we are come,
The city of the living God,
Jerusalem, our heavenly home,
The courts by angel-legions trod,
Where meet in everlasting love
The Church of the first-born above :
- 3 To God, the Judge of quick and dead,
The perfect spirits of the just,
Jesus, our great new-covenant Head,
The blood of sprinkling,—from the dust,
That better things than Abel's cries,
And pleads a Saviour's sacrifice.
- 4 O hearken to the healing voice,
That speaks from heaven in tones so mild :
To-day are life and death our choice ;
To-day, through mercy reconciled,
Our all to God we yet may give ;
—Now let us hear his voice and live.

509.

Motto for the Scriptures.

- 1 WORDS of eternal life to me,
O may my faith receive the whole ;

Bound with my heart-strings let them be,
Hid in the secret of my soul.

- 2 Though heaven and earth shall pass away,
These words of prophecy are sure,
Unchangeable amidst decay,
And pure as God Himself is pure.
- 3 Whoe'er to these shall add alloy,
Or take one sacred fragment thence,
Them and their works will God destroy,
His arm shall be his truth's defence.
- 4 Firm in that truth, may we abide,
Till Christ our Lord appear again;
Come, say the Spirit and the Bride,
Lord Jesus, quickly come:—Amen.

510.

“*This do in remembrance of me.*”—Luke xxii. 19.

- 1 ACCORDING to thy gracious word,
In meek humility,
This will I do, my dying Lord,
I will remember Thee.
- 2 Thy body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be;
Thy testamental cup I take,
And thus remember Thee.
- 3 Gethsemane can I forget?
Or there thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember Thee?
- 4 When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my sacrifice!
I must remember Thee:—
- 5 Remember Thee, and all thy pains,
And all thy love to me;
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember Thee.

- 6 And when these failing lips grow dumb,
 And mind and memory flee,
 When Thou shalt in thy kingdom come,
 Jesus, remember me.

511.

The Lord's Supper.

- 1 COMMUNION of my Saviour's blood,
 In Him to have my lot and part ;
 To prove the virtue of that flood
 Which burst on Calvary from his heart ;—
- 2 To feed by faith on Christ my bread,
 —His body broken on the tree ;
 To live in Him my living Head,
 Who died and rose again for me ;—
- 3 This be my joy and comfort here,
 This pledge of future glory mine ;
 Jesus, in spirit now appear,
 And break the bread, and pour the wine.
- 4 From thy dear hand may I receive
 The tokens of thy dying love,
 And, while I feast on earth, believe,
 That I shall feast with Thee above.
- 5 Ah ! there, though in the lowest place,
 Thee at thy table could I meet,
 And see Thee, know Thee, face to face,
 For such a moment death were sweet.
- 6 What then will their fruition be
 Who meet in heaven with blest accord ?
 A moment ?—No, eternity !
 They are for ever with the Lord.

512.

The value of a moment.

- 1 At every motion of our breath,
 Life trembles on the brink of death,

A taper's flame that upward turns,
While downward to the dust it burns.

- 2 A moment usher'd us to birth,
Heirs of the commonwealth of earth;
Moment by moment years are past,
And one ere long will be our last.
- 3 'Twixt that, long-fled, which gave us light,
And that which soon shall end in night,
There is a point no eye can see,
Yet on it hangs eternity.
- 4 *This* is that moment,—who shall tell
Whether it leads to heaven or hell?
This is that moment,—*as* we choose,
The immortal soul we save or lose.
- 5 Time past and time to come are not,
Time present is our only lot;
O God, henceforth our hearts incline
To seek no other love than thine.

513.

The various lots of man in life.

- 1 ONE human pair, and only one,
Were form'd in youthful prime,
All else that e'er beheld the sun
Were children in their time.
- 2 For each a mother's pangs were borne,
And many a father's eye
Wept o'er his infant born to mourn,
His infant born to die.
- 3 With millions life was but a spark,
Extinct as soon as fired;
Others, just glancing from the dark,
Wept, smiled, look'd round, retired.
- 4 Millions and millions more have pass'd
Life's various pilgrimage,
While death at all his arrows cast,
And slew of every age.

- 5 Of these what multitudes untold
Have never known their God,
But blind, and ignorant, and bold,
In paths of ruin trod !
- 6 What guiltier multitudes have known,
Yet scorn'd Him or denied,
Lived to themselves and sin alone ;
And as they lived they died !
- 7 We may not wander like the first ;
Then, lest we share the lot
Of those more awfully accurst,
Who knew but loved Him not,—
- 8 May we hold fast the faithful word,
Our future time redeem,
Live, while we live, unto the Lord,
Die, when we die, to Him.

514.

The issues of Life and Death.

- 1 O WHERE shall rest be found,
Rest for the weary soul ?
'Twere vain the ocean-depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole :
The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh ;
'Tis not the *whole* of life to live,
Nor *all* of death to die.
- 2 Beyond this vale of tears,
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years,
And all that life is love :—
There is a death, whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath ;
O what eternal horrors hang
Around " the second death !"
- 3 Lord God of truth and grace,
Teach us that death to shun,

Lest we be banish'd from thy face,
 And evermore undone ;
 Here would we end our quest ;
 Alone are found in Thee,
 The life of perfect love,—the rest
 Of immortality.

515.

The living and the dead.

- 1 *Where are the dead?* In heaven or hell,
 Their disembodied spirits dwell ;
 Their buried forms in bonds of clay,
 Reserved until the judgment day.
- 2 *Who were the dead?* The sons of time
 In every age, and state, and clime ;
 Renown'd, dishonour'd, or forgot,
 The place that knew them knows them not.
- 3 *Where are the living?* On the ground,
 Where prayer is heard, and mercy found ;
 Where, in the period of a span,
 The mortal makes the immortal man.
- 4 *Who are the living?* They whose breath
 Draws every moment nigh to death ;
 Of bliss or wo the eternal heirs ;
 O what an awful choice is theirs !
- 5 Then timely warn'd, may we begin
 To follow Christ, and flee from sin,
 Daily grow up in Him our Head,
 Lord of the living and the dead.

516.

Life, death, and judgment. Job xiv. 1—3. and 11—13.

- 1 Few, few and evil are thy days,
 Man, of a woman born !
 Peril and trouble haunt thy ways ;
 Forth, like a flower at morn,
 The tender infant springs to light,
 Youth blossoms to the breeze,

Age, withering age, is cropt ere night ;
Man like a shadow flees.

- 2 And dost Thou look on such an one?
Will God to judgment call
A worm, for what a worm hath done
Against the Lord of all?
—As fail the waters from the deep,
As summer-brooks run dry,
Man lieth down in dreamless sleep,
His life is vanity.

- 3 Man lieth down, no more to wake,
Till yonder arching sphere
Shall with a roll of thunder break,
And Nature disappear.
—O hide me till thy wrath be past,
Thou who canst slay or save !
Hide me, where hope may anchor fast,
In my Redeemer's grave.

517.

Heaven on earth.

- 1 WHILE through this changing world we roam,
From infancy to age,
Heaven is the Christian pilgrim's home,
His rest at every stage.
- 2 Thither his raptured thought ascends
Eternal joys to share ;
There his adoring spirit bends,
While here he kneels in prayer.
- 3 From earth his freed affections rise
To fixed things above,
Where all his hope of glory lies,
And love is perfect love.
- 4 Ah! there may we our treasure place,
There let our hearts be found,
That still where sin abounded, grace
May more and more abound.

- 5 Henceforth our conversation be
With Christ before the throne:
Ere long we eye to eye shall see,
And know as we are known.

518.

Preparation for heaven.

- 1 HEAVEN is a place of rest from sin,
But all who hope to enter there,
Must here that holy course begin,
Which shall their souls for rest prepare.
- 2 Clean hearts, O God, in us create,
Right spirits, Lord, in us renew;
Commence we now that higher state,
Now do Thy will as angels do.
- 3 A life in heaven!—O what is this?
The sum of all that faith believed;
Fulness of joy, and depths of bliss,
Unseen, unfathom'd, unconceived.
- 4 While thrones, dominions, principedoms, powers,
And saints made perfect, triumph thus,
A goodly heritage is ours,
There is a heaven on earth for us.
- 5 The Church of Christ, the school of grace,
The Spirit teaching by the word;
—In *those* our Saviour's steps we trace,
—By *this* his living voice is heard.
- 6 Firm in his footsteps may we tread,
Learn every lesson of his love;
And be from grace to glory led,
From heaven below to heaven above.

519.

The day after Judgment.

- 1 THE days and years of time are fled,
Sun, moon, and stars have shone their last,
The earth and sea gave up their dead,
Then vanish'd, at th' archangel's blast;

All secret things have been reveal'd,
Judgment is pass'd, the sentence seal'd,
And man to all eternity
What he is *now* henceforth must be.

- 2 From Adam to his youngest heir,
Not one escaped that muster-roll,
Each, as if he alone were there,
Stood up, and won or lost his soul;
These from the Judge's presence go
Down into everlasting wo;
Vengeance hath barr'd the gates of hell,
The scenes within no tongue can tell.
- 3 But lo! far off the righteous pass
To glory from the King's right hand;
In silence, on the sea of glass,
Heaven's numbers without number stand,
While He who bore the cross lays down
His priestly robe and victor crown;
The mediatorial reign complete,
All things are put beneath his feet.
- 4 Then every eye in Him shall see,
(While thrones and powers before Him fall,)
The fulness of the Deity,
Where God Himself is all in all:
O how eternity shall ring
With the first note the ransom'd sing!
While in that strain all voices blend,
Which once begun shall never end.
- 5 In that unutterable song,
Shall I employ immortal breath?
Or with the wicked borne along,
For ever die "the second death?"
—Jesus, my life, my light, Thou art;
Thy word is in my mouth, my heart:
Lord, I believe,—my spirit save
From sinking lower than the grave.

520.

The glory of God in creation.

- 1 THE God of nature and of grace,
In all his works appears;
His goodness through the earth we trace,
His grandeur in the spheres.
- 2 Behold this fair and fertile globe,
By Him in wisdom plann'd;
'Twas He who girded, like a robe,
The ocean round the land.
- 3 Lift to the arch of heaven your eye;
Thither his path pursue;
His glory, boundless as the sky,
O'erwhelms the wondering view.
- 4 How excellent, O Lord, thy name,
In all creation's lines!
Spread through eternity, thy fame
With rising lustre shines.
- 5 These lower works that swell thy praise,
High as man's thought can tower,
Are but a portion of thy ways,
The hiding of thy power.
- 6 O shouldst Thou rend aside the veil,
And show thy dwelling place,
The souls which Thou hast made would fail;
'Twere death to see thy face.
- 7 Can none behold that face and live?
Yea, sinners may draw near:
The Lord is kind, and will forgive,
His love shall cast out fear.
- 8 Millions amidst his Presence stand,
Who feel, while they adore,
Fulness of joy, at his right hand,
And pleasures evermore.

521.

The earth full of the goodness of God.

- 1 God, in the high and holy place,
Looks down upon the spheres;
Yet in his providence and grace,
To every eye appears.
- 2 He bows the heavens; the mountains stand,
A highway for our God;
He walks amidst the desert-land;
'Tis Eden where he trode.
- 3 The forests in his strength rejoice;
Hark! on the evening breeze,
As once of old, the Lord God's voice
Is heard among the trees.
- 4 Here, on the hills, he feeds his herds,
His flocks on yonder plains;
His praise is warbled by the birds;
—O could we catch their strains!
- 5 Mount with the lark, and bear our song
Up to the gates of light;
Or, with the nightingale, prolong
Our numbers through the night!
- 6 In every stream his bounty flows,
Diffusing joy and wealth;
In every breeze his Spirit blows,
—The breath of life and health.
- 7 His blessings fall in plenteous showers
Upon the lap of earth,
That teems with foliage, fruits, and flowers,
And rings with infant mirth.
- 8 If God hath made this world so fair,
Where sin and death abound;
How beautiful, beyond compare,
Will Paradise be found!

522.

Morning.

- 1 WHAT secret hand, at morning-light,
By stealth, unseals mine eye,
Draws back the curtain of the night,
And opens earth and sky?
- 2 'Tis thine, my God—the same that kept
My resting hours from harm;
No ill came nigh me, for I slept
Beneath th' Almighty's arm.
- 3 'Tis thine—my daily bread that brings,
Like manna scatter'd round,
And clothes me, as the lily springs
In beauty from the ground.
- 4 This is the hand that shaped my frame,
And gave my pulse to beat;
That bare me oft through flood and flame,
Through tempest, cold, and heat.
- 5 In death's dark valley though I stray,
'Twould there my steps attend,
Guide with the staff my lonely way,
And with the rod defend.
- 6 May that dear hand uphold me still,
Through life's uncertain race,
To bring me to thine holy hill,
And to thy dwelling-place.

523.

Noon.

- 1 FULL speed along the world's highway,
By crowds of eager travellers trode,
My soul, my soul! a moment stay,
To hold communion here with God.
- 2 He spake with Abraham at the oak,
He call'd Elisha from the plough,

David He from the sheep-folds took,
—*Thy* day, *thine* hour of grace, is now.

- 3 Earth, with thy vanities, depart !
My God, I stand alone with Thee ;
Thine eye is looking on my heart ;
—O what a noon is risen on me !
- 4 Struck to the ground, like conscious Saul,
And blinded with the sudden view,
Trembling, astonish'd, " Lord," I call,
" What wouldst Thou have thy servant do?"
- 5 My sins, as fresh-committed, rise ;
My secret sins, by darkness seal'd,
Before my Judge's flaming eyes,
Are all in naked guilt reveal'd.
- 6 Lord, lay thine hand upon my head,
A touch, a word will make me whole ;
Speak, with the voice that wakes the dead,
Peace, pardon, comfort to my soul.
- 7 Then, (though I shudder at this sight,)
Through Him who my offences bore,
In light, as God is in the light,
I walk by faith, and sin no more.

524.

Midnight.

- 1 In a land of strange delight,
My transported spirit stray'd ;
I awake where all is night,
Silence, solitude, and shade.
- 2 Is the dream of Nature flown ?
Is the universe destroy'd,
Man extinct, and I alone
Breathing through the formless void ?
- 3 No: my soul, in God rejoice ;
Through the gloom his light I see,
In the silence hear his voice,
And his hand is over me.

- 4 When I slumber in the tomb,
He will guard my resting-place ;
Fearless, in the day of doom,
May I see Him face to face.

525.

Mercies acknowledged.

- 1 LESS than the least of all
Thy mercies, Lord, are we ;
Yet, for the greatest we may call,
The greatest are most free.
- 2 Thy Son Thou didst not spare,
Yet us Thou sparest still ;
Him didst Thou send our guilt to bear,
Our righteousness fulfil.
- 3 For such amazing grace,
What can poor sinners give ?
At thy command, we seek thy face ;
We meet our Judge, and live.
- 4 The world we would forsake,
Our all to Thee resign ;
O save us for thy mercies' sake !
O save us,—we are thine !
- 5 Meanwhile, as pilgrims here,
Who seek our home above,
Thee may we serve with holy fear,
And love with child-like love.

526.

Providence.

- 1 THE tender mercy of our Lord,
And his long-suffering grace,
The loving-kindness of his word,
We every moment trace.
- 2 Our bread is given, our water sure,
Body and soul sustain'd

O may we to the end endure,
Till heaven itself is gain'd!

527.

The Family Altar.

- 1 FOOD, raiment, dwelling, health and friends,
Thou, Lord, hast made our lot;
With Thee our bliss begins and ends,
As we are thine, or not.
- 2 For these we bend the humble knee,
Our thankful spirits bow;
Yet from thy gifts we turn to Thee:—
Be Thou our portion, THOU!

528.

The Family Table.

- 1 BE known to us in breaking bread,
But do not then depart:
Saviour, abide with us, and spread
Thy table in our heart.
- 2 There sup with us in love divine;
—Thy body and thy blood,
That living bread, that heavenly wine,
Be our immortal food.

529.

*For a Sermon before a Society for the recovery of
persons apparently drowned.*

- 1 WHEN Israel, press'd by Pharaoh, stood
Affrighted, on the Red-Sea shore,
At thy rebuke, O Lord, the flood
Retired,—the ransom'd tribes pass'd o'er.
- 2 When Jonah was cast out to die,
And all thy storms went o'er his head,
Thou from the depths didst hear his cry,
And raise him thence as from the dead.

- 3 When Peter, walking on the wave,
Felt his faith fail, his footsteps sink,
Thy blessed Son was there to save,
And snatch'd him from destruction's brink.
- 4 Within thy courts, great God, behold
A little, grateful band appear;
O'er these the whelming waters roll'd,
But help was nigh, and they are here;
- 5 Here, in thy courts, their vows to pay,
And praise Thee with their living breath:
—Where had their spirits been this day,
Hadst Thou not rescued them from death?
- 6 Redeem'd from the devouring tomb,
Restored to life, and joy, and bliss,
O save them from a deeper doom,
And to a happier world than this!

530.

For a Female Friendly Society.

- 1 OUR soul shall magnify the Lord,
In Him our spirit shall rejoice;
Assembled here with sweet accord,
Our hearts shall praise Him with our voice.
- 2 Since He regards our low estate,
And hears his handmaids when they pray,
We humbly plead at mercy's gate,
Where none are ever turn'd away.
- 3 The poor are his peculiar care,
To them his promises are sure;
His gifts "the poor in spirit" share;
O may we always thus be poor!
- 4 God of our hope, to Thee we bow,
Thou art our refuge in distress;
The Husband of the widow Thou,
The Father of the fatherless.

- 5 May we thy law of love fulfil,
To bear each other's burdens here;
Suffer and do thy righteous will,
And walk in all thy faith and fear.
- 6 Didst Thou not give thy Son to die
For our transgressions, in our stead?
And can thy goodness ought deny
To those for whom thy Son hath bled?
- 7 Then may our union, here begun,
Endure for ever, firm and free;
At thy right hand may we be one,
One with each other, and with Thee.

531.

For a public Hospital.

- 1 WHEN, like a stranger on our sphere,
The lowly Jesus wander'd here,
Where'er he went, affliction fled,
And sickness rear'd her fainting head.
- 2 The eye that roll'd in irksome night,
Beheld his face,—for God is light;
The opening ear, the loosen'd tongue,
His precepts heard, his praises sung.
- 3 With bounding steps, the halt and lame,
To hail their great Deliverer came;
O'er the cold grave He bow'd his head,
He spake the word, and raised the dead.
- 4 Demoniac madness, dark and wild,
In his inspiring presence smiled;
The storm of horror ceased to roll,
And reason lighten'd through the soul.
- 5 Through paths of loving-kindness led,
Where Jesus triumph'd, we would tread;
To all, with willing hands, dispense
The crumbs of our benevolence.

- 6 Hark ! the sweet voice of pity calls
Misfortune to these hallow'd walls ;
The breaking heart, the wounded breast,
And helpless poverty, distress'd.
- 7 Here the whole family of wo
Shall friends, and home, and comfort know ;
The blasted form, and shipwreck'd mind
Shall here a tranquil haven find.
- 8 And Thou, dread Power, whose sovereign breath
Is health or sickness, life or death,
This favour'd mansion deign to bless ;
The cause is thine,—O send success !

532.

The poor praying for bread, in time of scarcity.

- 1 To God most awful and most high,
Who form'd the earth, the sea, the sky,
To Him, on whom all worlds depend,
Our humbled hearts in sighs we send.
- 2 Will He who hears the ravens cry,
Reject our prayers, and bid us die ?
Will He refuse his help to yield,
Who clothes the lilies of the field ?
- 3 Pale famine lifts, at his command,
Her withering arm, and blasts the land ;
The harvests perish, at her breath ;
Her train are want, disease, and death.
- 4 But when He smiles, the desert blooms,
New life is born among the tombs ;
O'er the glad plains abundance teems,,
And plenty rolls in bounteous streams.
- 5 Father of grace, whom we adore,
Bless thy large family, the poor ;
The poor on Thee alone depend,
Continue Thou the poor man's friend.
- 6 Content to live by toil and pain,
May we eternal riches gain ;

Meanwhile, by thy free goodness fed,
Give us this day our daily bread.

533.

On the death of a Minister cut off in his usefulness.

- 1 Go to the grave in all thy glorious prime,
In full activity of zeal and power;
A Christian cannot die before his time,
The Lord's appointment is the servant's hour.
- 2 Go to the grave; at noon from labour cease;
Rest on thy sheaves, thy harvest-task is done;
Come from the heart of battle, and in peace,
Soldier, go home; with thee the fight is won.
- 3 Go to the grave; though like a fallen tree,
At once with verdure, flowers, and fruitage crown'd;
Thy form may perish, and thine honours be
Lost in the mouldering bosom of the ground;—
- 4 Go to the grave, which, faithful to its trust,
The germ of immortality shall keep;
While, safe as watch'd by cherubim, thy dust
Shall to the Judgment-day in Jesus sleep.
- 5 Go to the grave, for there thy Saviour lay
In death's embraces, ere He rose on high;
And all the ransom'd, by that narrow way,
Pass to eternal life beyond the sky.
- 6 Go to the grave:—no, take thy seat above;
Be thy pure spirit present with the Lord,
Where thou for faith and hope hast perfect love,
And open vision for the written word.

534.

On the death of an aged Minister.

- 1 SERVANT of God, well done!
Rest from thy loved employ;
The battle fought, the victory won,
Enter thy Master's joy.

The voice at midnight came,
He started up to hear ;
A mortal arrow pierced his frame,
He fell,—but felt no fear.

3 Tranquil amidst alarms,
It found him on the field,
A veteran slumbering on his arms,
Beneath his red-cross shield.

4 His sword was in his hand,
Still warm with recent fight,
Ready that moment, at command,
Through rock and steel to smite.

5 It was a two-edged blade
Of heavenly temper keen ;
And double were the wounds it made,
Where'er it glanced between.

6 'Twas death to sin,—'twas life
To all who mourn'd for sin ;
It kindled and it silenced strife,
Made war and peace within.

7 Oft with its fiery force
His arm had quell'd the foe,
And laid, resistless in his course,
The alien-armies low.

8 Bent on such glorious toils,
The world to him was loss,
Yet all his trophies, all his spoils,
He hung upon the cross.

9 At midnight came the cry,
“ To meet thy God prepare !”
He woke,—and caught his Captain's eye ;
Then, strong in faith and prayer,

10 His spirit, with a bound,
Left its encumbering clay ;
His tent, at sunrise, on the ground,
A darken'd ruin lay.

11 The pains of death are past,
Labour and sorrow cease ;

And, life's long warfare closed at last,
His soul is found in peace.

- 12 Soldier of Christ, well done !
Praise be thy new employ ;
And while eternal ages run,
Rest in thy Saviour's joy.

535.

On the appointment of a Minister.

- 1 WE bid thee welcome in the name
Of Jesus, our exalted Head;—
Come as a Servant,—so *He* came,
And we receive thee in his stead.
- 2 Come as a Shepherd; guard and keep
This fold from hell, and earth, and sin;
Nourish the lambs, and feed the sheep,
The wounded heal, the lost bring in.
- 3 Come as a Watchman; take thy stand
Upon thy tower amidst the sky,
And when the sword comes on the land,
Call us to fight, or warn to fly.
- 4 Come as an Angel, hence to guide
A band of pilgrims on their way,
That safely walking at thy side,
We fail not, faint not, turn nor stray.
- 5 Come as a Teacher sent from God,
Charged his whole counsel to declare;
Lift o'er our ranks the prophet's rod,
While we uphold thy hands with prayer.
- 6 Come as a Messenger of peace,
Fill'd with the Spirit, fired with love;
Live to behold our large increase,
And die to meet us all above.

536.

Appeal from Poor Children.

- 1 FRIENDS of the poor, the young, the weak,
Regard our humble train;

- Compassion at your hands we seek ;
—Shall children plead in vain ?
- 2 Were you not children once ?—Renew
The time when young as we ;
Think of the friends that nourish'd you,
And hearken to our plea.
- 3 Are there not feelings from above,
In every heart that reign ?
The pulse, the voice, the look of love ;
—Shall nature plead in vain ?
- 4 Have you no dear ones round your hearth,
As weak and young as we ?
Think, if like ours had been *their* birth,
Could you resist their plea ?
- 5 Have you not known a Saviour's grace,
For man's redemption slain ?
Behold that Saviour in our place ;
—Shall Jesus plead in vain ?
- 6 No ;—by his early griefs and tears,
When poor and young as we ;
By all his woes in after years,
Accept your Saviour's plea.

537.

Children recalling Christ's example and his love.

- 1 WHEN Jesus left his Father's throne,
He chose an humble birth ;
Like us, unhonour'd and unknown,
He came to dwell on earth.
- 2 Like Him, may we be found below
In wisdom's paths of peace ;
Like Him, in grace and knowledge grow,
As years and strength increase.
- 3 Jesus pass'd by the rich and great,
For men of low degree ;
He sanctified our parents' state,
For poor like them was He.

- 4 Sweet were his words, and kind his look,
When mothers round Him press'd;
Their infants in his arms He took,
And on his bosom bless'd.
- 5 Safe from the world's alluring harms,
Beneath his watchful eye,
Thus in the circle of his arms,
May we for ever lie.
- 6 When Jesus into Salem rode,
The children sang around;
For joy they pluck'd the palms, and strow'd
Their garments on the ground.
- 7 Hosanna, our glad voices raise,
Hosanna to our King;
Should we forget our Saviour's praise,
The stones themselves would sing.
- 8 For we have learn'd to love his name;
That name divinely sweet,
May every pulse through life proclaim,
And our last breath repeat.

538.

Children numbering their days.

- 1 THE pure and peaceful mind,
The meek and lowly heart,
The patient will to thine resign'd,
God of all power impart.
- 2 Young though in years we be,
In health and spirits strong,
What is the life of man to Thee?
The longest is not long.
- 3 A thousand years, a day,
Are equal in thy sight;
Our generations pass away,
Like watches of the night.
- 4 Lord, make us timely wise
To know our call of grace;

And with the moment, as it flies,
Run our appointed race:—

- 5 Still keep the end in view,
Tarry nor turn aside,
Perils, allurements, bonds break through,
—Most faithful when most tried!
- 6 Thus, till we reach the goal,
All else we count but loss;
Nor, till we gain the prize,—our soul,—
Grow weary of the cross.

539.

Children acknowledging the providence and goodness of God.

- 1 THE children's Angels always view
Their heavenly Father's face;
His joyful messengers and true,
In Providence and grace:—
- 2 To guard our feeble steps; to keep
From harm our living breath,
Watch o'er our senses while we sleep,
And waft us home in death.
- 3 But not to Angels' care alone
Poor children are consign'd;
To God Himself our wants are known,
The Lord to us is kind.
- 4 Yes;—every comfort here below,
And every hope above;
All that we have and are, we owe
To his unfailing love.
- 5 Then let us act as in his sight,
And on our humble way
Walk in the liberty of light,
As children of the day.
- 6 Young though we be, and in the prime
Of life's unfolding powers,
Of all the moments of our time,
This, only this, is ours.

- 7 We seize it, Lord, before 'tis past ;
 We yield ourselves to Thee ;
 Thine be our earliest years, our last,
 And our eternity.

540.

For the children in a Charity School.

- 1 WHILE Saints and Angels, glorious King,
 Day without night, thy praises sing ;
 Thou wilt not humbler strains despise,
 The songs of children reach the skies.
- 2 Amidst the whole creation's cares,
 The meanest worm thy bounty shares,
 Thine eyes the depths of ocean see,
 The grave itself hides nought from Thee.
- 3 While want and hardship were our lot,
 Thou knew'st us, though we knew Thee not ;
 Now we adore thine hand that sends
 Our earthly comforts, home, and friends.
- 4 With these thy heavenly gifts afford,
 Thy Son, thy Spirit, and thy word :
 —Thy word, to teach our wayward youth
 Thy pure commandments, God of Truth !
- 5 —Thy Spirit, to dispel the night
 Of sin and error, God of light !
 —Thy Son, to raise our minds above
 This world's affections, God of love !
- 6 For all the good thy grace imparts,
 What shall we give Thee?—Take our hearts ;
 O seal them by thy power divine,
 In life, in death, forever thine !

541.

Poor children praying for grace.

- 1 O LORD our God, thy light and truth
 To us thy children send,

- That we may serve Thee in our youth;
And love Thee to the end.
- 2 By nature sinful, weak, and blind,
The downward path we trod,
Our wandering heart and wayward mind
Were enemies to God.
- 3 But friends and guardians now, through grace,
Our heedless steps restrain,
They teach us, Lord, to seek thy face,
Which none shall seek in vain.
- 4 Hence to the hills we lift our eyes,
From which salvation springs;
O Sun of Righteousness, arise
With healing in thy wings!
- 5 Arise,—and o'er this vale of tears,
Shine into perfect day;
Still heavenward, through progressive years,
Pointing the Christian's way.

542.

For the children of National, British, or Sunday Schools.

- 1 THY throne, O God, in righteousness,
For ever shall endure;
We bow before it; deign to bless
The children of the poor.
- 2 Thy wisdom fix'd our lowly birth,
Yet we thy goodness share;
Still make us, while we dwell on earth,
The children of thy care.
- 3 Strangers to Thee, though thine by name, . . .
We heard thy welcome voice,
And, gather'd from the world, became
The children of thy choice.
- 4 Thou art our Shepherd;—glorious God,
Thy little flock behold,
And guide us by thy staff and rod,
—The children of thy fold.

- 5 We praise thy name that we were brought
To this delightful place,
Where we are watch'd, and warn'd, and taught,
—The children of thy grace.
- 6 O may our friends, thy servants here,
Meet all our souls above,
And they and we in heaven appear,
—The children of thy love.

543.

Poor children praying for themselves and their benefactors.

- 1 God over all, the sun by day
Reveals thy glory in his light;
The moon and stars thy voice obey,
And mark thy presence through the night.
- 2 God over all, the earth that yields
Her flowers and fruits at thy command,
From mountains, rivers, woods, and fields,
Pours the rich bounties of thy hand.
- 3 To us, the poorest of the poor,
High as Thou art, thy care descends;
Thy mercies are for ever sure,
Thou art our Father, *these* our friends.
- 4 *Are* these our friends?—Thou, God of grace,
Reward their love a thousand fold;
And may they ever, in thy face,
Their best, their dearest friend behold.
- 5 *Art* Thou our Father?—we confess,
With grief and shame, our sin and guilt;
O turn from our unrighteousness,
Look on thy Son,—his blood was spilt.
- 6 He bore the chastening of thy rod,
That we might by his stripes be heal'd;
He died for us, the Lamb of God!
He rose, and our redemption seal'd.
- 7 And shall we, dare we, can we still
Resist thy fear, thy love despise?

No, take us,—soul, affection, will,—
A free and living sacrifice.

544.

Children praising God.

- 1 GLORY to the Father give,
God in whom we move and live,
Children's prayers He deigns to hear,
Children's songs delight his ear.
- 2 Glory to the Son we bring,
Christ our Prophet, Priest and King;
Children, raise your sweetest strain
To the Lamb, for He was slain.
- 3 Glory to the Holy Ghost;
Be this day a Pentecost;
Children's minds may He inspire,
Touch their tongues with holy fire.
- 4 Glory in the highest be
To the blessed Trinity,
For the gospel from above,
For the word, that "God is love."

545.

For a Sunday School Union Anniversary Meeting.

- 1 FROM year to year in love we meet,
From year to year in peace we part;
The tongues of thousands uttering sweet
The bosom-joy of every heart.
- 2 But time rolls on, and year by year,
We change, grow up, or pass away;
Not twice the same assembly here
Have hail'd the children's festal day.
- 3 Death, ere another spring, shall strike
Some in our union, mark'd to fall;
Be young and old prepared alike,
The warning is to each, to all.

- 4 This sole occasion then is ours ;
 This day we ne'er again shall see ;
 Lord God, awaken all our powers
 To spend it for eternity.
- 5 Our times, our lives, are in thine hand ;
 On Thee for all things we rely ;
 Assured, while in thy grace we stand,
 To live is Christ, and gain to die.
- 6 Meanwhile our failing ranks renew ;
 Send children, teachers, in our place,
 More humble, docile, faithful true,
 More like thy Son, from race to race.

546.

For Sunday Schools.

- 1 WITHIN these walls be peace,
 Love through our borders found ;
 In all our little palaces
 Prosperity abound.
- 2 God scorns not humble things ;
Here, though the proud despise,
 The children of the King of kings
 Are training for the skies.
- 3 May none who thus are taught
 From glory be cast down,
 But all through faith and patience brought
 To an immortal crown.

547.

For a congregation of Negroes.

- 1 OUR Master, Jesus, reign'd above,
 The Lord of all was He,
 And yet He chose to set his love,
 O wondrous love ! on me.
- 2 Our Master, Jesus,—bless his name !
 I love to hear the sound,—
 When I was lost to seek me came,
 And, O thank God ! He found.

- 3 Our Master, Jesus, from his birth
My sins and sorrow bore ;
And while He lived like me on earth,
A servant's form He wore.
- 4 Our Master, Jesus, went to preach
The gospel every where,
And by his own example teach
How we the cross should bear.
- 5 Our Master, Jesus, O how kind
Was all He did and said !
He heal'd the sick, the lame, the blind,
And raised to life the dead.
- 6 Our Master, Jesus, crucified
By hands of wicked men,
Pray'd for his murderers;—then He died,
He died, but rose again.
- 7 Our Master, Jesus, suffer'd this,
The world from hell to save,
And bring to heaven's amazing bliss
The freeman and the slave.
- 8 Our Master, Jesus, takes delight
In hearts made pure within,
Though we are black, our souls are white,
When He forgives our sin.
- 9 Our Master, Jesus, who didst give
Thyself to die for me,
Grant the poor negro grace to live,
And grace to die to Thee.

548.

The Bible a light to the Christian's feet.

- 1 WHAT is the world?—a wildering maze,
Where sin hath track'd ten thousand ways,
Her victims to ensnare ;
All broad, and winding, and aslope,
All tempting with perfidious hope,
All ending in despair.

- 2 Millions of pilgrims throng these roads,
Bearing their baubles or their loads
Down to eternal night;
One only path that never bends,
Narrow, and rough, and steep, ascends
From darkness into light.
- 3 Is there no guide to show that path?
The Bible!—He alone who hath
The Bible need not stray;
But he who hath, and will not give
That light of life to all that live,
Himself shall lose the way.

549.

Self-discoveries.

- 1 LORD, when we search the human heart,
We find a fallen world within;
There is no health in any part,
Sin reigns throughout, and death by sin.
- 2 Large provinces are Pagan still,
Where other lords dominion share,
Idols of mind, affection, will,
The powers of darkness triumph there.
- 3 Here the false prophet's wild domains,
Where lust, and cruelty, and hate,
With baleful passions fire the veins,
And seal the conscience up in fate.
- 4 'Midst all, the stubborn, stiff-neck'd Jew,
Blind like his kindred, prone to roam,
Denies the Saviour whom he slew,
Mammon his God, and earth his home.
- 5 The smallest portion of the whole
Some beams of heavenly truth pervade;
Slowly the day-spring o'er the soul
Breaks through the fogs of nature's shade.
- 6 I know a bosom, which within
Contains the world's sad counterpart;

'Tis here,—the reign of Death and Sin !
O God, evangelize my heart !

- 7 Then will I strive through earth's whole round
Thy name and knowledge to diffuse,
And send the gospel's joyful sound
To Pagans, Infidels, and Jews.
- 8 From Christian hearts, divinely changed,
Were the world's likeness thus to part,
That world, from God no more estranged,
Would soon be like the Christian's heart.

550.

Man's Fall and Restoration.

- 1 THE days of Paradise were few,
Man lived not long in innocence ;
He sinn'd, and sin his offspring slew,
Death pass'd on all for his offence.
- 2 Adam survives throughout his race,
We do our father's deeds by choice ;
Like him we shun our Maker's face,
And tremble at our Judge's voice.
- 3 Yet is our Maker still our Friend ;
Man yet may meet his Judge with joy ;
God, in our nature, did not send
His Son to punish and destroy :
- 4 He sent Him forth to seek and save
The lost, the dying, and the dead,
Cancel the curse, despoil the grave,
And bruise for ever Satan's head.
- 5 Thou, who thy Son to us didst give,
That none who trust in Him should die ;
Give us to Him, that we may live ;—
To his atoning blood we fly.
- 6 Behold his sacrifice of love,
So freely offer'd in our stead ;
Behold Him at the throne above,
And save the souls for whom He bled.

551.

The gathering of the Gentiles.

- 1 THE Heathen perish ;—day by day,
Thousands on thousands pass away !
O Christians ! to their rescue fly,
Preach Jesus to them ere they die.
- 2 Wealth, labour, talents, freely give,
Yea, life itself, that they may live ;
What hath your Saviour done for *you* ?
And what for *Him* will ye not do ?
- 3 Thou Spirit of the Lord, go forth,
Call in the south, wake up the north ;
Of every clime, from sun to sun,
Gather God's children into one.

552.

The Spirit accompanying the word of God.

- 1 O SPIRIT of the living God !
In all thy plenitude of grace,
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
Descend on our apostate race.
- 2 Give tongues of fire and hearts of love
To preach the reconciling word ;
Give power and unction from above,
Whene'er the joyful sound is heard.
- 3 Be darkness at thy coming light,
Confusion order in thy path ;
Souls without strength inspire with might ;
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.
- 4 O Spirit of the Lord ! prepare
All the round earth her God to meet ;
Breathe Thou abroad like morning air,
Till hearts of stone begin to beat.
- 5 Baptize the nations ; far and nigh,
The triumphs of the cross record ;
The name of Jesus glorify,
Till every kindred call Him Lord.

- 6 God from eternity hath will'd,
All flesh shall his salvation see;
So be the Father's love fulfill'd,
The Saviour's sufferings crown'd, through Thee.

553.

The Spirit creating all things new.

- 1 SPIRIT of power and might, behold
A world by sin destroy'd;
Creator, Spirit, as of old,
Move on the formless void.
- 2 Give Thou the word:—that healing sound
Shall quell the deadly strife,
And earth again, like Eden crown'd,
Produce the Tree of life.
- 3 If sang the morning stars for joy,
When nature rose to view,
What strains will angel-harps employ,
When Thou shalt all renew?
- 4 And if the sons of God rejoice
To hear a Saviour's name,
How will the ransom'd raise their voice,
To whom that Saviour came?
- 5 Lo, every kindred, tongue, and tribe,
Assembling round the throne,
Thy new creation shall ascribe
To sovereign love alone.

554.

The success of the Gospel in our days.

- 1 "LET there be light:"—Thus spake the Word;
The Word was God; "and there was light:"
—Still the creative voice is heard;
A day is born from every night.
- 2 And every night shall turn to day,
While months, and years, and ages roll;
—But we have seen a brighter ray
Dawn on the chaos of the soul.

- 3 Nor we alone ; its wakening smiles
Have broke the gloom of pagan sleep ;
The Word hath reach'd the utmost isles,
God's Spirit moves upon the deep.
- 4 Already from the dust of death,
Man in his Maker's image stands ;
Once more inhales immortal breath,
And stretches forth to heaven his hands.
- 5 From day to day before our eyes,
Glows and extends the work begun ;
When shall the new creation rise
On every land beneath the sun ?
- 6 When, in the Sabbath of his love,
Shall God amidst his labours rest ;
And bending from his throne above,
Again pronounce his creatures bless'd ?

555.

The restoration of Israel.

- 1 DAUGHTER of Zion, from the dust,
Exalt thy fallen head ;
Again in thy Redeemer trust,
He calls thee from the dead.
- 2 Awake, awake, put on thy strength,
Thy beautiful array ;
The day of freedom dawns at length,
The Lord's appointed day.
- 3 Rebuild thy walls, thy bounds enlarge,
And send thy heralds forth ;
Say to the south,—“ Give up thy charge,
And keep not back, O north !”
- 4 They come, they come ;—thine exiled bands,
Where'er they rest or roam,
Have heard thy voice in distant lands,
And hasten to their home.
- 5 Thus, though the universe shall burn,
And God his works destroy,

With songs thy ransom'd shall return,
And everlasting joy.

556.

The year of Jubilee.

- 1 FAIR shines the morning star ;
The silver trumpets sound,
Their notes re-echoing far,
While dawns the day around :
Joy to the slave ; the slave is free ;
It is the year of Jubilee.
- 2 Prisoners of hope, in gloom
And silence left to die,
With Christ's unfolding tomb,
Your portals open fly ;
Rise with your Lord ;—He sets you free ;
It is the year of Jubilee.
- 3 Ye, who have sold for nought
The land your Fathers won,
Behold how God hath wrought
Redemption through his Son ;
Your heritage again is free,
It is the year of Jubilee.
- 4 Ye, who yourselves have sold
For debts to justice due,
Ransom'd, but not with gold,
He gave Himself for you !
The blood of Christ hath made you free ;
It is the year of Jubilee.
- 5 Captives of sin and shame,
O'er earth and ocean, hear
An angel's voice proclaim
The Lord's accepted year :
Let Jacob rise, be Israel free,
It is the year of Jubilee.

557.

"All nations shall serve Him."—Ps. lxxii. 11.

- 1 FALL down, ye nations, and adore
Jehovah on the mercy-seat,
Like prostrate seas on every shore,
That cast their billows at your feet.
- 2 Let hallelujahs to the skies,
With ocean's everlasting sound,
(The voice of many waters) rise,
Day without night, as time goes round.
- 3 Come from the east,—with gifts, ye kings,
Gold, frankincense and myrrh;
Where'er the morning spreads her wings,
Let man to God his vows prefer.
- 4 Come from the west,—the bond, the free,
His easy service make your choice;
Ye isles of the Pacific sea,
Like halcyon-nests, in God rejoice.
- 5 Come from the south;—through desert-sands,
A highway for the Lord prepare;
Let Ethiopia stretch her hands,
And Lybia pour her soul in prayer.
- 6 Come from the north; let Europe raise
In all her languages one song;
Give God the glory, power, and praise,
That to His holy name belong.
- 7 For He hath bow'd the heavens above,
And at His feet the mountains flow'd;
He came;—but not in wrath,—in love,
To make with men his pure abode.
- 8 With smiles, O earth! thy Maker meet;
Nations, before your Saviour fall;
Redemption is in Him complete,
The gospel now is preach'd to all.

558.

Exhortation to praise and thanksgiving.

- 1 STAND up and bless the Lord,
Ye people of his choice;
Stand up, and bless the Lord your God,
With heart, and soul, and voice.
- 2 Though high above all praise,
Above all blessing high,
Who would not fear his holy name,
And laud, and magnify?
- 3 O for the living flame
From his own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our minds inspire,
And wing to heaven our thought!
- 4 There with benign regard
Our hymns He deigns to hear;
Though unreveal'd to mortal sense,
The Spirit feels Him near.
- 5 God is our strength and song,
And his salvation ours;
Then be his love in Christ proclaim'd
With all our ransom'd powers.
- 6 Stand up and bless the Lord,
The Lord your God adore;
Stand up, and bless his glorious name,
Henceforth for evermore.

559.

The song of the hundred and forty and four thousand.

- 1 WHAT are these in bright array,
This innumerable throng,
Round the altar night and day,
Hymning one triumphant song:
"Worthy is the Lamb once slain,
Blessing, honour, glory, power,
Wisdom, riches, to obtain,
New dominion every hour."

- 2 These through fiery trials trode,
These from great affliction came;
Now before the throne of God,
Seal'd with his almighty name;
Clad in raiment pure and white,
Victor-palms in every hand,
Through their dear Redeemer's might,
More than conquerors they stand.
- 3 Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,
On immortal fruits they feed;
Them, the Lamb amidst the throne,
Shall to living fountains lead:
Joy and gladness banish sighs,
Perfect love dispels all fears,
And for ever from their eyes,
God shall wipe away the tears.

560.

The Church militant learning the Church triumphant's song.

- 1 SING we the song of those who stand
Around the eternal throne,
Of every kindred, clime and land,
A multitude unknown.
- 2 Life's poor distinctions vanish here;
To-day the young, the old,
Our Saviour and his flock appear
One Shepherd and one fold.
- 3 Toil, trial, suffering, still await
On earth the pilgrim's throng,
Yet learn we in our low estate,
The Church triumphant's song.
- 4 Worthy the Lamb for sinners slain,
Cry the redeem'd above,
Blessing and honour to obtain,
And everlasting love.
- 5 Worthy the Lamb, on earth we sing,
Who died our souls to save;

Henceforth, O Death ! where is thy sting ?
Thy victory, O Grave ?

- 6 Then, hallelujah ! power and praise
To God in Christ be given ;
May all who now this anthem raise,
Renew the strain in heaven.

561.

Hallelujah.

- 1 HARK ! the song of Jubilee ;
Loud as mighty thunders roar,
Or the fulness of the sea,
When it breaks upon the shore :
Hallelujah ! for the Lord,
God omnipotent, shall reign ;
Hallelujah ! let the word
Echo round the earth and main.
- 2 Hallelujah !—hark ! the sound,
From the centre to the skies,
Wakes above, beneath, around,
All creation's harmonies :
See Jehovah's banners furl'd,
Sheath'd his sword : He speaks—'tis done,
And the kingdoms of this world
Are the kingdoms of his Son.
- 3 He shall reign from pole to pole
With illimitable sway ;
He shall reign, when like a scroll
Yonder heavens have pass'd away :
Then the end ;—beneath his rod,
Man's last enemy shall fall ;
Hallelujah ! Christ in God,
God in Christ, is all in all.

562.

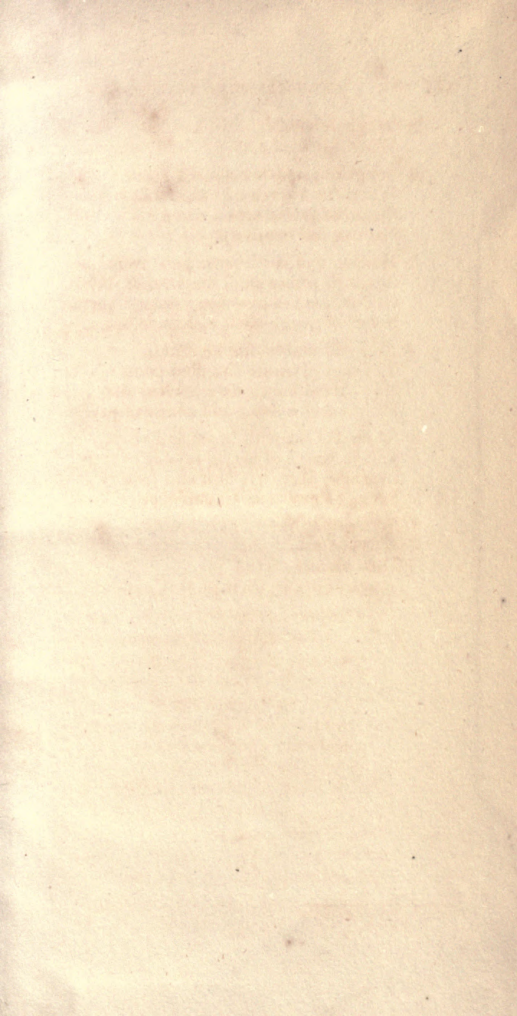
Glory to God in the highest.

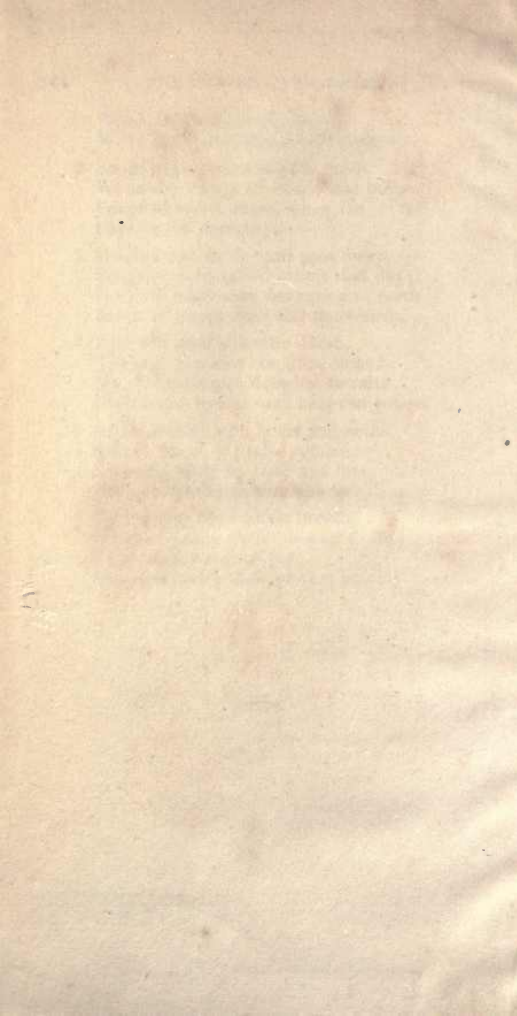
- 1 SONGS of praise the angels sang,
Heaven with Hallelujahs rang,

When Jehovah's work begun,
When He spake, and it was done.

- 2 Songs of praise awoke the morn,
When the Prince of Peace was born ;
Songs of praise arose, when He
Captive led captivity.
- 3 Heaven and earth must pass away,
Songs of praise shall crown that day ;
God will make new heavens and earth,
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.
- 4 And will man alone be dumb,
Till that glorious kingdom come ?
No ;—the Church delights to raise
Psalms and hymns, and songs of praise.
- 5 Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice ;
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.
- 6 Borne upon their latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death ;
Then amidst eternal joy
Songs of praise their powers employ.

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